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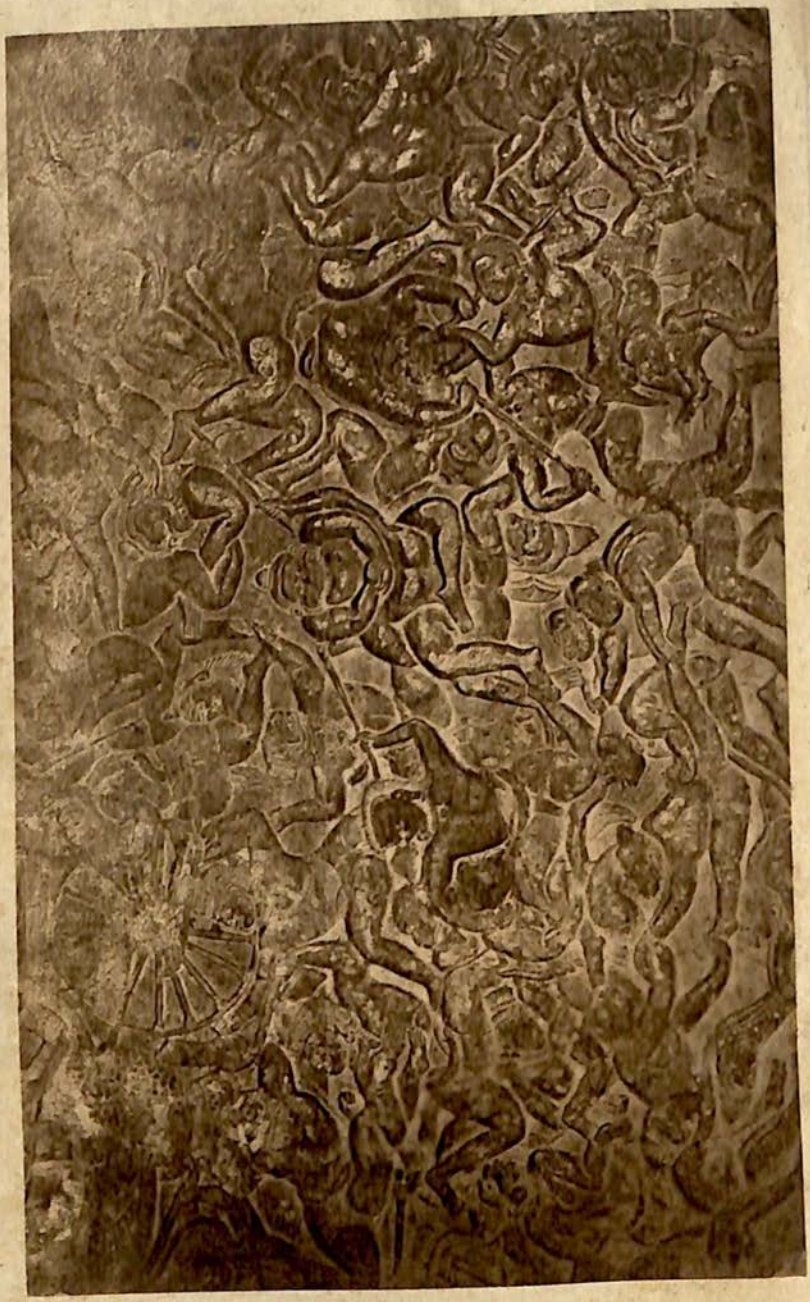

TERESINA PEREGRINA

OR,

FIFTY THOUSAND MILES

OF

60583

TRAVEL ROUND THE WORLD:

BY

THÉRÈSE YELVERTON
(VISCOUNTESS AVONMORE).

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TERESINA PEREGRINA.

CHAPTER I.

SINGAPORE.

EUROPEAN strangers arriving at Singapore would be struck with the oriental character of the place, the dazzling and luxuriant verdure, and the bewildering variety of race and costume; but, after travelling through Egypt, Asiatic Turkey, China, Siam, &c., many of the costumes and types have become too familiar to be remarkable, and Singapore presents no other very striking feature.

Singapore was taken possession of by Sir Stamford Raffles, in 1819, in virtue of a treaty with the Malayan princes. It is an island of twenty-five miles long and fourteen broad. A commercial port, of great importance as a

depôt for other countries to ship their produce from.

The principality of Johore is situated upon the southernmost point of the Malay peninsula, and has been called the Land's-End of Asia, always excepting the small island of Singapore, which has evidently split off it at some time or other, and which is now the great highway station for all eastward bound vessels, and *vice versâ*. There at Singapore, I was dropped by the Messageries Maritimes, crowded with English passengers, as usual, in a chronic state of grumble, because French people did not speak English properly; because the table was served in a different style; because claret was not as strong as port; and for various other equally pertinent reasons; and they, one and all, wished they had gone by the P. & O. Why had they not?

THE MAHA-RAJAH OF JOHORE.

The Island of Singapore failing to furnish anything of interest not quite familiar to most readers, I resolved to visit the territory of Johore, ruled over by a Rajah, the descendant of one of the princes who ceded Singapore and the adjacent island to the British. The princedom contains about ten thousand square miles, prin-

cipally covered with forests of very valuable timber—teak, ironwood, &c., the Johore teak being celebrated as the finest of the kind. From this timber his Highness derives the greater portion of his revenue. The better to develop this great resource, he has established a large saw-mill, which turns out a quarter of a million feet per month, A steamboat brings down the timber to be shipped to all parts of the world from Singapore.

I was received with every attention, and entertained by the Rajah at a champagne breakfast.

I set out one bright morning; all mornings are bright in Singapore, too bright, indeed; but this had the advantage of being a cool one; and my readers who have been living a few months within the tropics, in a temperature ranging from 80 to 90 degrees of heat, and rarely going below, will appreciate as I did a morning which could be designated cool. It is a fifteen miles' drive across the Island of Singapore to the Straits of Johore, a magnificent roll of water, like a lake, something over a mile wide, which I crossed in a sampan. Fifteen miles with an American buggy, and fast-trotting pair of horses, would have been like the waft of an eagle's wing; but

with a garry, a conveyance built on the model of the most miserable London cab, and drawn by the smallest of Sumatra ponies, which look like mice in harness, the journey becomes the undertaking of a whole day; three hours to go, three hours to rest, and three hours to come back. The go-aheadism of the American world has certainly not penetrated to Singapore; nevertheless the roads in the island can vie with, if they do not surpass, any in the New World. They are constructed of a sort of soft iron-stone, and, while the frequent showers keep the dust down, they are as smooth as paper. Their beauty also is not easily surpassed. Each side is bordered with green sward like a Jersey lane, and a luxuriant tropical foliage overhangs for several miles, forming a delightful avenue; the undergrowth being a splendid ornamentation of ferns of gigantic growth and of precious variety. Miles of the ground were carpeted by the dwarf sensitive plant, which closed its delicate bosom as our footfall approached. This is one of those unfathomed mysteries of nature, like the living pearls which are said to absorb aliment and increase in size with the nutriment of rice and benjamin placed near them. I merely give the statement of highly respectable persons in the

country. With all our science, how much mystery yet shrouds a tiny leaf or stone, and how much we need a few more Professor Tyndals and Agassizes! Thus travelling upon a good road, rich in nature's beauties, we did not even grudge the slowness of the garry or the stoppages for the three changes of ponies. Sometimes we passed through a grove of bananas, sometimes a plantation of four hundred thousand cocoa-nut trees, applied principally to the manufacture of oil, although thousands are daily consumed for their refreshing drink, and in the making of curry. I could not help reflecting what a Godsend the outside shell would be to a Dutch housewife for scrubbing brushes. I am sure they would use up every one of them, the cocoa-nut being much appreciated for scrubbing purposes in England and Holland. We also noticed the tapioca plant, which, when young, somewhat resembles cotton, but grows much higher, all the leaves extending like an umbrella at the top of the plant. The tapioca is extracted from the root. There were also plantations of the sago-palm, but not very extensive, as the island is not sufficiently large, and has a population of only seventy-four thousand, forty-six thousand of whom are Chinese; so, as a

matter of course, the chief source of revenue is opium. The monopoly, or exclusive right of preparing it and retailing it for smoking, is purchased at auction exclusively by the Chinese, and two-thirds or more of the labour and traffic is carried on by them; the coolies doing the hard work, and the wealthy merchants imitating the Europeans in style of living, equipages, &c. They are given to the same riots and disturbances amongst themselves as in California, when the British have to turn out as special constables and arrest both sides. The rioters, instead of imprisonment at the expense of the government, are bastinadoed and turned adrift. The Rajah of Johore also receives a considerable revenue from the same pernicious source.

There are no mountains on the Island of Singapore; but a few green wooded hills, or hillocks, relieve the monotony; and the country houses of the wealthy merchants are delightfully situated, well-kept, and picturesque. Yet upon this romantic road, I was quite startled to learn subsequently that a tiger had been seen promenading at leisure. It is supposed that the tigers swim across the straits from the mainland, and take up their abode upon the Singapore Island, where there is the extra attraction

of human food, which, having once tasted, they return every day to seek for more, and batten upon it. The tiger in question was accused of eating fifteen Chinamen, convicts labouring upon a new road. A reward of fifty dollars for any tiger brought in is readily paid down.

The tiger rarely denotes his presence, but steals upon his victim stealthily and silently until within reach of a spring, when, with the might of his paw and the impetus given by the bound, he knocks a man down insensible at once, frequently fracturing his skull; so that, however frightful the idea of being devoured by a tiger, the fact is that it is one of the best deaths to die. It is to die and not to know it; a dull instantaneous confusion, and the soul is freed from its earthly tenement. It is certainly better than hanging or even guillotining; and the Christian martyrs no doubt suffered the easiest death which could be inflicted on them, which is some consolation for us to know, and a set-off against the "piling up of agony" contained in the "Book of Martyrs." They sealed their faith with their blood, as hundreds and thousands had before, and have since, as well with the body as with the soul, which is often rent and torn by human tigers, not at one fell swoop, but by slow agonizing degrees, goad-

ing it to frenzy and to fainting, then by a false repose allowing it to revive, only to renewed torture, which will consummate the tragedy.

How many bodies are killed through the torturing of the soul, struggling for a truth, for justice, for some thought believed to be right, for an idea gone out of fashion, for a bran-new one not yet come in! To be too late or too soon is equally fatal to the thinker, and he gets his due reward for either. Let him go back to the strict letter of the law, and endeavour to practise it, we fall upon him with world-wisdom, "*Nous avons changé tout cela;* such antediluvian ideas are intolerable, and we will put you in prison or a moral pillory, if you attempt to execute them."

Let a man go a step too far in advance, "Sir," we say, "you are a heathen, a disgrace to your superior education; you are upsetting our cherished notions, and going to overthrow the world. We will taboo you, and procure an Act of Parliament to prosecute and persecute you to the end."

To have one's skull stove-in by a tiger, would be a blissful end in comparison with this prolonged course of persecution.

I was told of a circumstance which occurred

in the Johore jungle, sufficiently tragical for a drama. Either a Chinaman or a Malay disappeared at irregular intervals of a day or two, for about three months, and the half-devoured remains used to be found, the skull always fractured, as narrated above, showing the immediate cause of death ; but the corpse carried some distance from the place of capture. A native, taking warning by these indications, stockaded his dwelling in the jungle against the enemy, putting up a strong door, and making it, as he supposed, impregnable.

One night he was aroused by a loud thumping at the door, which finally gave way and burst open. A large tiger walked in deliberately, struck the unfortunate man down, and picking up his helpless body, walked away with it amid the heart-rending shrieks of his wife and children, who were penned up in the strong house without means of escape. They, however, were not molested ; and, with a strange fatuity, the widow still remained there with her children, but eastern *insouciance* is quite unaccountable. The tiger returned in about ten days, broke down the repaired door again, and carried off the woman. The terrified children fled to the nearest habitation, and then a trap was laid against the

return of the four-footed cormorant, who knew he had left some dainty tit-bits of children behind him.

A hole was dug in the ground, in which was placed a young pig. A second hole was made alongside, with a cage inserted, a small tunnel communicating between the two. The tiger leaps in and devours the young pig at a mouthful, but, finding some difficulty in getting out again, he runs into the other chamber, when the cage door immediately closes upon him, and he is secured. Any amount of native labour is at once forthcoming to drag him, cage and all, out of the hole, and he is taken to the Rajah's menagerie to await a tiger fight, to the great joy of the people, and one English prince in particular.

When I visited the menagerie of his Highness, the tigers were whisking their tails, and growling with awful menace, their eyes glaring ferociously. If the iron stanchions had given way they would have made mince-meat of us in an instant. I am sorry to have to chronicle that there had been a case of wife-murder the night before. The savage brute had set upon the female given to him for his comfort, and fought her for two hours, when she was so mangled and torn that she expired a few hours afterwards. I had been

under the impression that only English brutes killed their wives, and never heard that this propensity was shared with the lower (so-called) animals. The creature looked as though he was goaded by remorse, and made savage onslaught upon his own frightful paws.

There was also a peculiar black tiger, not much larger than a mastiff dog. He had the meanest sycophantic expression I ever saw, except upon a few (I say very few) lawyers I wot of. In fact, I think the black tiger must be the lawyer among tigers, unless he sets up for a Chadband missionary. He had no wife to kill, but if he had he certainly would have eaten her up, to destroy all proof, and have prayed piously after the meal that the Almighty would generously continue His benefits, and preserve him from indigestion, as I have heard a dyspeptic Presbyterian pray.*

* It must not be assumed that the Presbyterian had eaten his wife, but merely something indigestible.

JOHORE.

We took a sampan to cross from the island of Singapore to the mainland of Johore. These straits, now so still and placid, were formerly the main route of the great East Indiamen homeward bound. Right before us rose the great mountain of Goonong Poulaï, tinted in royal blue, two thousand feet high. It is a delightful sail across the straits, and combines all the freshness of salt water, without the turbulence of the ocean.

The town of Johore rises picturesquely from the sides of the green sloping hills which enshrine it, and which display to advantage a pretty little toy-like Protestant church, the Maha-Rajah's palace, a Mahomedan mosque, and several Chinese joss-houses. But its commercial importance can scarcely be over-estimated from its vicinity to Singapore, the great midway coaling station between China and Europe, where every ship touches, and many unload and reload.

The mountain is twenty-five miles from the Rajah's present palace, and there he is about to build a sanatorium, for the benefit of the Singapore people, who are undergoing the process of melting-down, or being parched-up, in a tem-

perature of from 80 to 90 degrees all the year round, whereas the mountain averages only from 60 to 70 degrees; and what the seaside is to our pent-up citizen, such will be the invigorating air of the mountain to the Singaporians. To enable them to reach it with more facility, a railway is in process of construction, and almost completed. The sleepers and rails are alike of wood, the difference of value between the iron and the iron-wood at this place being that between fifteen English pounds and fifteen dollars per ton, so that, if the wooden railroad lasts only a fourteenth part of the time of iron, there would still remain a gain. But a mile of it has been in use for a year, for carrying timber, and still appears in good condition.

Several Europeans are employed by his Highness, and, of course, a Scotchman at the head of the engineering department, who is also the genius and factotum of the place; and I was rather surprised not to find an American conducting the saw-mill. There would seem to be some mistake about that, as I have invariably noticed Americans and saw-mills combined together.

The value of property in the town of Johore has increased twenty-five-fold in four or five

years; in fact, less than ten years ago the present pretty little town was a mere swamp and jungle with a few fisher-huts, the late Rajah having his residence up the country. The British government, acting upon higher than their ordinary Christian principles, used all their influence to induce him to educate his two sons in the European fashion; and, this having been done, the results are now manifest.

The little town can well raise its youthful head with any, for its neatness and good buildings. Green hills rise around, on one of which is a pretty little Christian church, on another a mosque, and a Chinese joss-house, for the twenty thousand Chinese who form part of the population.

The gardens around the palace are all laid out in the English style, with lawns and flower-beds; of course, by a Scotch gardener. His Highness had a splendid collection of orchids, which it seemed to gratify him to point out to me. I recognised many of them as my old friends, the acanthus-shaped denizens of the Cambogian forests, from whose urn-like leaves my people used to bring me down the little fish. This *bouleversement* of natural history may sound like a traveller's tale, but the explanation is simple. The aquatic birds often drop the spawn

of the fish into the calixes of these beautiful parasites, which the next shower of rain turns into basins or pools of water, wherein the little fish first opens his eyes and receives its consciousness, probably believing firmly that it is the proper thing for a fish to live in a tree (so strong are early impressions), while all the rest of the world, fish, flesh, and fowl, view him with amazement. Many of our beliefs have not one whit more solid foundation than this fish's belief in the cornucopia of the orchid being a real fish-pond, because a few accidental fish got there through the slavering of some ill-mannered water-fowl.

The present Rajah, who received a good English education, speaks English fluently, has travelled through Great Britain, and is in no way lacking in intelligent appreciation. It will be remembered that he was received by the Queen, who presented him with the Cross of India. He is a handsome-looking man of thirty, with very fine teeth, and dark soft eyes, which yet have a merry twinkle, quite un-Asiatic—for a peculiarity of these races is that their eyes rarely laugh. His tastes seemed to be quite European. He was fond of riding and shooting, and displayed great energy in the progress of the various works

he had in hand. It is whispered also that his feelings inclined much toward a European wife, and that, during his journey to England, he might have mated himself with a fair lady, who is said to have been actually seen in Johore; but, unfortunately, the two wives he had already taken (one a Malay princess) put in a demurrer to what would have been the monopoly by the European of a whole Rajah, all to herself, whereas, according to their creed, he ought to be "biens en commune" for a score of wives. Monopoly is here tolerated in opinions, but not in husbands; and curious it is to observe that the Eastern woman is as shocked and surprised at a man being a monogamist as the Western woman is at his practising polygamy.

When in China I visited a mandarin's wife, with a lady friend and her husband, the latter remained in the outer apartment. The Chinese lady hereupon asked which of us was the first wife? And, upon being informed that only one of us was the wife, and that I was merely a friend, she seemed to regard such a state of affairs with great suspicion, and repeatedly asked the reason why I was not the second wife; and no explanation seemed to remove her

impression that there was something radically wrong about me. The idea was that every man ought to have at least three. Thus the Ranee, or first wife of the Rajah, would not only have no objection to her lord taking as many other wives as he thought fit, but would strongly resist the condition of his being faithful to one only, and regarding her as his lawful wife, "to have and to hold until death did them part."

This is a notion utterly repugnant to the Eastern mind, as is Mormonism to the Western. Nor do I for one moment believe that this polygamistic idea is confined to the feminine mind.

The Rajah might admire a European wife on account of her mental and physical superiority: but that is not any proof that he preferred constancy to change. Shakespeare affirms that man was to one thing constant never. This might have been the result of the great bard's knowledge of human nature; or experience culled from these ancient people of the East, where constancy is not a virtue but a failing.

A learned writer upon Eastern manners and customs says—that slavery and polygamy, which are twin sisters, and go hand-in-hand, are the middle stage between savagery and civilization. The true savage and primitive man is rarely

given to polygamy; and the higher civilizations repudiate it; but the Malays, and the Chinese, and a score of other intermediate nations all practise it.

The palace, like all other Eastern royal residences, consists of a number of detached buildings. The reception hall, or throne room, is a very handsome building, with terraced steps leading down to the water's edge. The view from here was exquisitely beautiful; the straits, resembling a vast lake lying placid in the mellow light, hemmed in, in the distance, by the mountains, and round the banks by rich tropical verdure; and when the sun set upon it, its glories reminded me of Geneva or Como, though in the latter, I have never witnessed the wondrous green tints which characterize Eastern sunsets. The violent but gorgeous admixture of colours, and the eccentric shaped clouds are also peculiar to this portion of the world. Here Hamlet might have seen not only a whale, but tigers, monkeys, peacocks, and alligators, clearly defined in the most vivid colours, like a panorama or phantasmagoria, every moment changing its aspect, and ravishing the beholder with new delights; and as I leaned with the Maha-Rajah on the balustrade over-

hanging the water, where waited his barque to bear me across, viewing the marvellous drop-curtain of nature's day-drama, I could not help telling him that I thought Paradise must have had its locale here instead of at Ceylon, which is reputed to be the spot.

His Highness smiled, and then related to me the following tradition:—"A great part of the interior of Johore is inhabited by a tribe called '*Jakoons*,' or '*orang-outangs*,' which signifies 'man of the forest.' This name having been adopted for the cognomen of the monkeys of the larger growth, has no doubt given rise to the fable that these Jakoons are a species of monkey, who live in trees and have short tails. There is no other foundation for the report that I know of."

"I am sorry for that, your Highness," I replied, laughing, "as this is about the fourth time that I have been disappointed when just on the point of discovering this missing link between man and monkey;—twice in China, once in Siam, and once in Borneo;—each time I was assured that I was within a day's march of these said Jakoons, who (I have been told by many Europeans and Malays) live in trees and are the identical people forming the link."

"Many of them live *under* trees," replied the Rajah; "but I doubt, though you search my territory over, if you will find them swinging by their tails, or in the tree-tops, unless to seek cocoa-nuts or doorian. But the legend is—that in the beginning of the world, a white man and woman were placed by the Creator to dwell on the top of that lofty mountain, the *Goognong Pulai*, which forms that dark, blue wavy line against the pale blue ether. They had four children, who came down from the mountain to the plain. From them descended all mankind in four tribes, called Nenek Tukol, Nenek Laudassou, Nenek Jelandong, and Nenek Korah. So you see," said his Highness smiling, "you Christians are not the only ones who have a paradise. The first man and woman got on very well together, and lived in blissful happiness."

"On the principle of new brooms, I am afraid," I said.

"I am afraid so," added he; "for all our traditions tell of a great uproar and falling off about the second generation."

We gazed upon the distant mountain in all its sunset beauty, which might or might not have been a paradise, the idea of which seems to be innate to human nature.

This strong belief in beatitude, past and yet to come, speaks of the immortality of the soul, and the truth of a better land for which we wait, where the heart will finally be satisfied.

Thus my last chance of finding monkey-men seemed at an end.

Upon further investigation of the hyperbolical accounts, they resolved themselves into the fact, that the Jakoons dwelt in the heart of the forest, subsisting upon the food the forest supplied them, both animal and vegetable—generally nomad, and making periodical excursions to where the delicious doorian grows in groups, and camping round the spot so long as the luscious fruit lasts.

The following speech is supposed to be the expression of their feelings :—

"We wish to live in our old customs, to ascend the lofty mountains, and to dive into the earth's deep caverns, to traverse the boundless forests, to repose with our heads pillowed on the knotted trunk of the doorian tree, and curtained by russam leaves; to wear garments made from the leaves of the terap tree, and head-dresses of bajah leaves. Where the meranti trees join their lofty branches, where the kompas links its knolls, there we wish to sojourn. Our weapons

are the sampitan, and the quiver of arrows imbued with the gum of the deadly telak. The fluid most delicious to us is the limpid water that lodges in the hollows of trees, where the branches unite with the trunk; and our food consists of the tender shoots of the fragrant jematong, and the delicate flesh of the bounding deer."

Whether the Jakoon language is thus poetical, I cannot say; but it bore no sort of resemblance to the various monkey languages I had been studying. Their history is very obscure, but writers and ethnologists seem to agree that they are the people mentioned by Herodotus as the inhabitants of the eastern countries of India, producing gold, ivory, and spices; though it is quite clear that they are not the same tribe as the Battaks of Sumatra, whom Herodotus and also Sir S. Raffles (late Governor of Singapore), speak of as addicted to the singular custom of eating their grandmothers and aged parents in general: but I fancy the poor old grand-dames must have got the full benefit of it.

Nevertheless the Jakoons of the present day are remarkable for their peaceful and mild character—never fighting or taking a pleasure in bloodshed, like the Dyaks and Kayans of Borneo. Nor are they such fine specimens of the human

race as the latter. Like the Digger Indians of California, they are small and degenerate, and dying out. Yet this is not astonishing, if they have the antiquity which writers accord to them. It would argue almost a Jewish tenacity of national vitality to have remained *in statu quo*, unchanged and stagnant in habits and customs, living a wild nomad life in the primeval forests, following the mere dictates of nature like the beasts of the field, the only difference being that they believe in a Supreme Being—(yet who shall say the beasts do not?)—and have, if not a form of worship, a few superstitious practices. Remaining unaffected by the vast lapse of time from the days of Herodotus through those of the Christian era and its present epoch, or even by Mahomedanism in spite of their Malay conquerors; remaining, I say, in that same immutable state for over two thousand years down to the present day, when the advent of the inquisitorial brain of a Scotchman, investigating and throwing wide the country, with the simple apparatus of two hard-wood rails and a locomotive, will change all things and astonish those ancient races of Jakoons as much as the day of judgment. But, no doubt, they will soon be conciliated to work upon it, for Scotchmen have

singular tact and talent in managing these people; and Johore will present the aspect of one of the most civilized countries in the East, ruled over by an Eastern prince.

It is proposed to carry the railway right through the land of Johore from Singapore to the other bit of British territory, Malacca. As the country along the sea-coast is pretty flat, and the teak-timber abundant, the distance (120 miles) can be done at a very moderate expense—about half a million of dollars; and the success will be secured by the Chinese farms which inevitably follow it on either side—farms of gambier, pepper, sugar, bananas, and cocoa-nut. There is also tin; and other minerals might turn up when the country is opened out by a railroad right through it. The Jakoons would also bring in rattans and gutta-percha. What would be the result upon the poor Jakoons, is hard to speculate; whether the Scotchman's railway will Christianise them or annihilate them, time alone can tell. They could not be made into Presbyterians, that is certain. The Chinese, like the hundred limbs of a great centipede, have kept pace with the railroad, so far, on either side with plantations, orchards, and vegetable-gardens, for Singapore is not half supplied.

In a climate where vegetation is almost spontaneous, and land can be had for a song, it could not fail to be a good speculation. In fact, the railway might be carried to the foot of that classical mountain, supposed by the Portuguese to be the Mount Ophir of Solomon, whose ubiquitous locale forms the subject of so much learned discussion, the Scriptures affording no direct clue; so that it is just as possible it is in Malay as anywhere else, and that a Scotchman with a locomotive is just as likely to hunt up this El Dorado of wealth. The gold and gems, ivory, almug, peacocks, and apes would now be worked by companies, and go to swell the general wealth of nations, instead of one individual for a single building.

And what has the great lonely mountain been doing these two thousand eight hundred years since Solomon rifled its gorgeous bosom? Apes and parrots, if not peacocks, it possesses still in abundance; and the almug might have been the teak, marraboo, kruen, or other equally precious woods of this country. Has it regenerated its stock of gold and precious stones during its long years of repose? Speculators will discover directly they can reach the point in so many days.

Solomon must have taken away a wonderful supply, if the figures are to be believed, and if Bishop Colenso had not made such a hash of them. Only let an enterprising Yankee or Scotchman reflect upon these biblical renderings of accounts—two million two hundred thousand pounds!

It is inconceivable that the prospecting of Mount Ophir should have been so long delayed, except on the hypothesis that Bishop Colenso has more disciples on the Stock-exchange than we wot of.

The Maha-Rajah entertained us entirely in the European style. His table service of silver was entirely English. He never takes wine himself, but has every description to offer his guests. He keeps up the eastern custom of presenting some souvenir to his visitors, as a memento of his esteem. He presented me with a very handsome sarong, of silk manufactured in the country, and his portrait in various attitudes.

His Highness is assisted in his government by several high mandarins; but I think his chief councillor is the Governor of Singapore, and his practical head man his Scotch engineer.

Subsequently I came to know him well, and to appreciate his great ability and wonderful

grasp of mind in placing himself upon a level with European statesmen, and advancing his little kingdom with every beauty and improvement as rapidly as any American Chicago or Memphis; and I should opine, upon much more substantial foundation, for he works principally with the Chinese, who whatever they do do well, and whose great forte is the cultivation of the soil, especially in respect of vegetables and fruits, and whose laborious frugal habits must tell in the long run in impressing the feature of durability on all around them, whereas the rowdy population of America will run up a town in a few weeks, and drink, and shoot themselves to death in a few months. Such is the history of many towns on the Pacific railroad.

When Prince Alfred visited Singapore, the Maha-Rajah invited him to Johore, and prepared the entertainment of a tiger-fight for his amusement. A strong circus was made of piles of wood, into which arena a wild tiger, caught from the adjoining jungle, was turned, together with a peaceful buffalo with tremendous horns, about a yard and a quarter long.

The tiger, ravenous with hunger, creeps stealthily about, and finally makes a terrific spring, which sometimes annihilates his victim, but often

the buffalo quietly turns and lifts him upon his fearful horns, and with one toss of his head throws the tiger aloft twenty feet or more. The tiger falls with a tremendous crash on the earth, and, if his bones are not broken, recovers himself after awhile. He is a good deal lacerated by the points of the horns, but they are only flesh wounds. Like all the feline species the tiger's only strategy is surprise. If he springs upon the neck of the unwary buffalo, his triumph would soon be completed, as he could gnaw him to death in a very short time; but once the buffalo gets him fairly in front, he cannot pass those tremendous horns, which act like an impenetrable barricade. Every effort then is hopeless. The buffalo stands doggedly glaring upon him; not the slightest movement escapes him; as surely as the tiger makes a spring, so certainly he catches him upon his horns, and, when he is fairly exasperated, plunges upon him at the moment of fall, and digs and gores him into a mangled bleeding mass. I can only compare the spectacle, in point of atrocity and sanguinary brutality, with a bull-fight; and I must say that I had no nerve to look upon either; and the fact of English and Russian princes enjoying it, met at the time with severe reprehension.

CHAPTER II.

ADVICE GRATIS.

HERE is one serious and never-ending difficulty which a lady encounters in travelling on her own responsibility. It is one of those hydra-headed monsters that thrust their ugly visages up on every occasion, great or small. It is always at hand on steamboats, in railway carriages, in hotels, in private houses, in banks, in sight-seeing, and in consular agencies; and I call it by the name of impertinent interference. The best and worst of persons are both guilty of it, as they might be subject to the prickly heat, or some other inevitable malady. Your best friend and your worst enemy have an insatiable desire to meddle in your affairs, even to taking the whole charge of your proceedings; if necessary, to guide your future by their advice, to spend your money for you, to chalk out your route or your demurrage, to

colour your ideas with the right tint, to spare you the trouble of opening your eyes or ears. They will mount the box of your carriage, or take the helm of your bark, or undertake the office of spiritual director or legal adviser, or the more delicate office of "candid friend," which last is the most perilous and insidious of the hydra heads. My experience of this is so keenly painful that, immediately a man prefaces his speech with "I tell you as a friend," I put myself on the defensive, buckle on my armour of determined indifference, and allow him to waste his breath.

If I go to my banker to get information as to the value of dollars in such and such a place, there it meets me in its most grandiose manner with, "Madam, if you will take my advice." I interrupt him: "No, thanks; you are too kind. I am quite over-supplied already; I have spent a fortune in six-and-eightpences." He bows, and answers my question about the dollars, which is his business. Some persons insist upon your going to certain cities, or gardens, or cemeteries, or churches, or monuments; others upon your staying away therefrom.

There is one class of people sprinkled over the world, I mean the white race, whose en-

deavour is to prevent your seeing anything, even when you have travelled hundreds of miles to see a particular object. "Take my advice, don't go; there is nothing to see; I have lived within five miles for the last ten years, and have never been there. It is no use for you to go."

These are the wet-blanket people, whom it is uncomfortable to meet. They are very tenacious, too, of their opinion; and if after receiving you do not follow their advice, they hold you in high dudgeon, censure you freely as obstinate, refractory, incorrigible; and, should a wheel come off, or a horse stumble and throw you, they rejoice extremely, declaring with the most reckless falsehood that "they told you so."

There is another class who is ever ready to start you off to one place or another.

"When did you arrive, madam?" is their first inquiry.

"To-day."

"Well, of course you will go to see S. (interesting city), thirty miles from here; you can leave to-morrow morning at six o'clock, continue your journey to N. at twelve o'clock, arrive at H. at seven, then drive and catch the night-train, which takes you on in time for breakfast at W. (you must see W.), and you can leave

again at two, time to take lunch before you start. This you must do ; stay, I'll put it down for you, that you may not forget the hours of starting."

These persons are born station-masters. They delight in starting convoys every minute. By falling into the hands of these individuals you might travel round the world without knowing more about it than the hours of starting of the various conveyances and the length of time required for each journey, and what is given for breakfast and dinner at the different hotels; and it is not uncommon to meet with individuals who have journeyed in this fashion in the course of one's travels round the world.

CHAPTER III.

ISLES OF THE EAST.

WE left the island of Singapore for Sarawak. A light breeze soon sped us to that pleasant distance which clearly defines the outlines whilst it conceals the imperfections of a place; not that Singapore has imperfections to hide, as have Constantinople, Naples, and other cities, which look best from the water, seeming very magnificent and grand thence, but disenchanting when one steps on shore. Singapore has been improved almost to its highest capacity. Its plains have been turned into beautiful roads and gardens, and its elevated spots have been taken advantage of for the sites of villa residences, monuments, &c., rendering it as picturesque as possible, and greatly enhancing the *coup d'œil* from the bay. Government House stands out and takes the lead, as it should do, over the rest of the hand-

some country residences, all more or less affecting the English country-seat style, well-to-do and comfortable, with extensive lawns and good drives, the constant showeriness of the climate fostering the grass, and keeping it green all the year round. The banyan supplies the place of our oak, the palm of the poplar, and the bread-fruit and the mango of the beech. There is no trouble in having as much garden as desirable; in fact, vegetation is rather too luxuriant than otherwise.

From the harbour, or rather the roads, Singapore presents a pleasant front, with a beautiful town-hall of considerable architectural beauty, built of light stone; a court-house, and a cathedral, forming an ensemble strikingly handsome. There is a fine sea-wall over a mile in length, one half sustaining the esplanade, which is the Hyde Park of Singapore, where the fashionables are to be seen at five o'clock lounging in their carriages, the other half forming the frontage of a handsome block of warehouses, offices, consulates, &c. Seen from this point of view Singapore is a very pretty and finished picture; and I was glad to have had this opportunity, occasioned by my visit to Borneo, of seeing this really front view of Singapore, for, landing from

either of the great mail-boat companies' wharves, the traveller is puzzled to discover where the city actually is, the island at this side is so intersected with creeks crowded with thousands of sampans, and on the banks are assembled the semi-aquatic population of Chinese, Malays, Klings, Malabars, &c., &c., which render this back-door of the place anything but gratifying at first sight. For some distance we had land on either side from the coast of Sumatra and the various islands dotted about, all beautifully green and wooded, the water of a glass-like greenness.

The ———— was a natty little steamer, something under one hundred tons, and, as we had a head-wind all the way, we were steamed, like potatoes, with the hot air from the engine, and sickened by the smell of castor oil—than which I would rather have had all the tossing and pitching of the sailing schooner, Hesperus. I never could understand how persons could prefer steam-yachts for pleasure, unless with a view to serving an apprenticeship to the smells of castor oil and other olfactory nuisances inevitable on a steamer. The engineer was a Scotchman, who lent me all his charts of the coast, and posted me up in various engineering matters in

which he had been concerned for the Borneo companies in their quicksilver mines. Next to captains of ships, I like engineers, for they are the best sources of information, because the nature of their profession makes them definite and precise, besides that their intelligence is more developed. They are a class of men, the value of whose services is incalculable. Strange it is that all over the world engineers are almost always Scotchmen. They are rarely English, and scarcely ever Irish. There were only two cabin passengers besides myself, a Chinaman and his wife (his last new wife), as pretty-looking as a Chinese woman can be, with an elaborate coiffure of flowers and jewellery.

They were the most affectionate Chinese couple I have ever known, as it is not usual to parade connubial endearments before strangers; and, even when you are on friendly terms with both parties, you are never permitted to see them together. They receive you in separate apartments, and virtually ignore each other's existence. But this couple came to the table together, sat together on deck, and conducted themselves quite as a European couple, between whom there is a good understanding. They both had their photographs taken, and presented

me with copies. I was informed that he was the richest merchant in Sarawak, owned very large property there, and was quite famous for his speculations, He had four hundred thousand palms and equally extensive groves of banana. He had also three other wives, and a number of children in China, and had just been on a visit there, killing two birds with one stone, viz., burying his father (he being the eldest son), and seeing his other wives. Yet he had taken the favourite wife with him and brought her back.

The sea route from Singapore is marked, so to speak, by natural milestones. First are the two islands, Victory and Barren ; and, though rising within a few miles of each other, the one is fertile and green, while the other is (as its name denotes) bare and barren—save of a large population of sea-birds, which render it as white as the Bass Rock, and whence is obtained guano. These islands are fifty-six miles from Singapore. Next is St. Pierce, one hundred and fifty-eight miles from Victory. The third, Cape Daton, sixty-five miles from St. Pierce, is the commencement of the Sarawak territory.

We came in sight of the Borneo coast on the second day, and a splendid country it appeared, with towering mountains three to four thousand

feet high, and foot-hills crowded with valuable timber, especially the Billian, a most precious wood, which defies the effects of earth, air, and water for prodigious periods of time, and which is largely used for ships and Chinese coffins.

Cape Api is the boundary line claimed by the Rajah of Sarawak as his territory, but Daton is the line of demarcation assigned by the Dutch.

This is a beautiful headland, forming a bay, with Sip-ang on the other side of Sarawak river. In this bay we observed a strange phenomenon—a mirage. In a direct line from one mountain to another, we could see a row of trees, each distinct from the other, as though they were piles driven into the water. Those trees were at least twenty miles away from us by the chart, yet they were brought out so distinctly as almost to enable us to count the leaves, or at least the branches. They would appear and disappear as by magic. Islands, too, would rise above the horizon, which were not islands, but part of the coast, which the mirage obscured, sometimes on one side, sometimes on another. The scene was exactly like the changing slides of a magic lanthorn.

Upon the low-lying land of the coast, no doubt there were trees; but that we could have

seen them thus separately and individually, without this mysterious microscope of nature, is utterly impossible. For hours I watched these curious phantoms, as we sailed through the green translucent water. Inland rose the peaks of the mountains, Matang three thousand feet high, and Santabong upwards of two thousand; the latter one of the most striking elevations I remember to have seen, short of Gibraltar.

It is a peaked rock, covered to the top with trees, rising almost vertically from the ocean, dwindling so small that the topmost tree looks no larger than a sprouge; yet every leaf seemed defined. On the other side, it slopes away into a ridge of mountains, which again rises into two singular cones, like a child's glove with thumb and finger. We anchored right under it for the night. Its great height is well displayed by the contrast of a small native fishing village at its foot.

CHAPTER IV.

SARAWAK.

THERE are scarcely any points of history about which persons are so much in the dark, as those events which happened during their infancy and early childhood. The interests and excitement of that period have subsided before they are of an age to note them, and not sufficient time has elapsed for the incidents to permeate history. I assume that there are many who do not remember that, in 1834, a well-manned and armed gentleman's yacht anchored off Sarawak, and that her owner, Sir J. Brooke, from being a mere tourist became greatly interested in the country, and lent such material assistance to the then Rajah in subduing one of the continual rebellions, that he made him his most trusted

friend, and finally his heir and successor. He thus became Rajah and independent sovereign of Sarawak.

Nothing of this appears in "Magnall's Questions," that venerable text-book at ladies' schools. Some, no doubt, hear of it occasionally from their grandmothers, as a romantic story; and we meet with casual allusions to it in the newspapers. Some information has been diffused by Sir Stamford Raffles' or Captain Mundy's account of Sarawak, and even Sir James' own narrative; but I am sure very little is generally known of the event, and that in spite of its recent occurrence it yields, in popularity of reference, to the battles of Cressy and Agincourt.

Sir James Brooke, who has now been dead some few years, must have been a man of splendid English physique and of remakably powerful character, necessarily cosmopolitan, for a genius, or a hero, or a great and powerful man of any kind, is never confined to the speciality of any nation. He is a man born of the world, not of any nationality. He is above and beyond the petty minutiæ of country trammels. He imbibes nothing from the soil from which he springs. A very talented man may be intensely English, or American, or German; but a great man is not

bounded by the accident of country, and, while he loves his own native land, is not enslaved by it.

Sir James Brooke became Rajah of Sarawak, the King, the absolute ruler of an extensive territory—a fifth part of Borneo, with a sea-board of six to eight hundred miles—and a scattered population of probably two millions, comprising Malays, Chinese, Boyans, and a score of tribes of Dyaks, Kanouits, Kayans, and Milianos, all in various states of semi-civilization; a motley population animated by various dangerous impulses:—the Chinese apt for business and handy at developing the resources of the country, most useful as labourers in a new land, but fractious and most dangerous when they work themselves into power.

This the English sovereign found to his cost when, in a few years, they rose in rebellion, seizing and murdering the government officials—Sir James only escaping with his life by slipping from his bath-room into the river, where he remained concealed, and whence finally he swam to the jungle, through which he could reach one of his own outposts, commanded by Europeans, that had not yet fallen. The Malays, while considering themselves the rightful in-

habitants and aristocrats of the country, and though intelligent and loving wealth, are far above taking the trouble to obtain it: and the sea Dyaks, who may be said to be the naval population, are actually pirates, whose great glory is in the number of enemy's heads they can secure. Murder is their pastime and delight; and they see no more harm in going on an expedition for hunting human heads when they feel ennui, than an English squire would do in calling a meet of the hounds and bringing home a fox's brush. It is generally the same craving for excitement and destruction; and, except as regards his own feelings, of course, there is little more consequence or result from the Dyak's head being cut off than a fox's tail. This peculiarity was the salvation of Sir James's kingdom.

The Chinese had risen en masse (for they are all united in secret societies), had surprised and taken the capital, and murdered or held captive all the Europeans. Sir James had only to send round the war-spear to the various tribes to unleash his bloodhounds, the Dyaks; and they speedily overran the country, mountain-forests, sea, and river, cutting short the rebellion by striking off every individual Chinese head. They rushed into the carnage with a gusto perfectly

refreshing from the long abstinence imposed upon them by their lord in his efforts to civilize them.

The Chinese, unaccustomed to this mode of warfare, did the very worst thing they could. Instead of massing their forces in the fortress and clearing the town with the guns, they allowed themselves to be approached in open fight, when the Dyak agility in cutting off a head with a kris, or spearing through the heart, or shooting poisoned arrows with the sumpitan (an instrument very like a long pea-shooter), told immensely, and routed the Chinese in every direction. They most injudiciously fled to the woods, where they hoped to hide their heads like the ostrich; but the nimble Dyak skipped over them with a bound, kris in hand, caught the unfortunate long tail in one hand, and slashed off the more unfortunate head with the other, and carried back his trophy; so that they had piles of heads massed like cannon balls in every direction, furnishing cooking material for weeks to come, for the Dyaks dry and smoke these heads like hams.

The whole country within fifty miles of Sarawak, Jambusan, and Bau, was strewn with headless trunks of the wretched insurgent

Chinamen; and of twelve thousand a very few hundreds escaped over the frontier into the Dutch territory, where they received protection, and finally settled, for every new country is glad to receive them, on account of their industry and plodding perseverance, in spite of their turbulence.

Thus the Chinese have again mustered several thousand inhabitants in Sarawak, and many wealthy Chinese are working both gold and sago in small quantities, and trade in billian wood, which they use to make their coffins.

Whilst at Jambusan, I had to remark the coffin-maker—a singular creature, perfectly terrible to meet by moonlight, which I believe shone through him, so perfect a living skeleton was he, for within the brown-paper like covering which served him as a skin, there could have been nothing but bone and cartilage. He was never seen without a portion or the whole of a coffin, so that he entirely resembled a body rising from the grave for the general resurrection. But, in point of fact, which is sadder than fiction, Aapong had grown thin from the general healthfulness of Jambusan. Nobody would die; and, although he kept a fancy assortment of coffins always on hand, and placed them in tempting

positions, vouched for by the Fung Suï, or Spirit of the Wind, as favourable spots, near the little Chinese pagoda, no one felt tempted to get into them. Aa-pong had no purchasers, no trade; the wood, and not the coffins, being shipped to China.

But the real wealth of the country is wrought out by the capital of the Borneo Company. They not only employ both Chinese and natives, and a score or two of Englishmen as managers, superintendents, foremen, and engineers, but the large distribution of money in the form of wages is in itself an active advantage. They keep a steamer running regularly between Sarawak and Singapore, to say nothing of the ship from their own wharf at Binting, which exports antimony, quicksilver, sago, gutta-percha, beeswax, canes, and umbrella sticks, camphor, India-rubber, &c., &c., to the other parts of the earth; the Dyaks willingly searching the forest, and bringing in valuable gums. They are also useful in tracking the uncertain course of the antimony and cinnabar, for the reader must understand that, after these *forest fiends* had thoroughly satiated themselves with gory heads, and destroyed the scorpion Chinese, the Rajah at once turned his attention to eradicating this fearful pastime of "head-hunting."

The mountain Dyaks were the first to yield to civilization; and, by mixing them with the Malays, and taking them upon expeditions against the independent tribes which had not yet submitted to any rule not admitting of private feuds being settled by personal combat, the former were brought gradually into subjection, and formed a strong attachment to their chief, whose wonderful personal influence over savage and civilized man seems to have been quite remarkable. That he was able to sustain himself, and exercise a governing power, in such a place, and amongst such a people, is in itself quite phenomenal. It required a man with a large heart and massive brain to poise himself with dignity upon the unstable material of his surroundings, and his narrow escape seemed to show the yawning gulf upon which he continued to balance his power with such unwonted skill. That he was a born leader and ruler there can be no doubt, and no matter where he had set his foot he would have left a print, but probably not anywhere so deep as in Borneo.

When we look at this one-fifth compared with the rest of the island (the largest on the globe), there can be no mistake about the true value of the man, or when we compare it with the Sultan

of Brunï and other small rajahs sunk in immovable barbarism. Even the Dutch and small English settlements of Labuan will not show favourably, in progress, and energy, and judicious government, with the principality ruled by this solitary Englishman.

The present Rajah is the nephew of Sir James, and by him (and his charming wife, a lady of high family in England) I was received with the kindly hospitality characterizing the British aristocracy. Through them, and the opportunities they placed at my service, I obtained the information which I purpose to give in this chapter.

Having expressed my desire to see the interior of the country, his Highness the Rajah of Sarawak placed his armed yacht, the "Sri-Ranee, at my service, to convey me to the different towns on the coast, and up the many rivers where the Sea-Dyak still holds his own. She had splendid accommodation, and every comfort and luxury that I could have had upon an English yacht. Her cabins were forward, which spared us all the disagreeable smell of the engine and castor oil—a great blessing in a morning. We took on board a party of naval officers to the "Zebra" (lying down the river),

just arrived from Labuan. They had been up to make a call on the Rajah, and we gave them a lift to their ship. I could not help thinking what a handsome set of men they were—some burnt brown, others red—but all with that dashing look so characteristic of English sailors —and that whilst a single English man-of-war of under a thousand tons could furnish, without any selection, such a set of men, the British navy could not be on the wane; and I would venture to back them against any men in the world for brave, earnest, and true; and the sight of the jolly British Tar reassured me as to the result of a naval war with any nation on the earth.

We soon left the picturesque Sarawak and the Rajah's palace in the distance, and presently turned into another river, which took its course more directly to the sea. It was less picturesque than the Santabang branch, lacking that most magnificent of sentinels; yet the distant cobalt-coloured chain of hills were visible, and waving oceans of green trees lined the river. The glowing tints of sunset showed forth a landscape anything but monotonous. When we reached the sea it was so calm that we scarcely noticed the difference from the smoothness of the river.

We traversed the coast for some miles before we entered the mouth of the Rajang, the most splendid stream of water in Sarawak, flowing over the country like a network, and reaching the ocean by four different *embouchures,* at the distance of fifty to a hundred miles from each other, re-uniting up country in scores of branches, large and small.

On the banks of this river are found the houses of the various tribes of Dyaks, whose different names and characteristics were at first very puzzling; but I soon learned to notice special signs and tokens, even expressions and sounds of the various languages. I remarked that a few scattered sheds indicated a Malay village; a shed, one hundred feet long, elevated on poles, a Dyak settlement; and something which resembled decayed hen-coops, a Kanouit encampment.

The same with the female form divine. When enveloped in a long table-cloth, tied underneath the arms, she would be a Malay; whereas, the said table-cloth tied round the waist, and reaching only to the knees (the upper part of the body adorned merely with rings and beads), would indicate a Dyak woman; and if the cloth dwindled to very scanty dimensions, then she would be a Keyan.

Around some of these villages, patches of the jungle had been cleared, for paddi, and grass grew very well. Except these small tracts, which were few, there was no break in the everlasting forest.

At noon we descried the white walls of the fort of Sibou, a sort of block-house sixty miles from the sea, surrounded by a fine green lawn and a laudable attempt at a garden. From the windows peered suspicious-looking occupants in the shape of great guns, and the projecting roof, instead of forming a verandah or balcony (the usual way in eastern countries), had a strong trellis-work closing it in up to the wall, admitting light and air, but neither ingress nor egress to the inhabitants, and constructed of the iron-wood of the country. It was no doubt as invulnerable to the weapons used against it as our bomb-proofs in Europe, for the natives fight only with krises, and spears, and poisoned arrows ejected from the sumpitan. The arrows penetrate the body and break off, leaving the poison to take effect, which it does so rapidly that twenty minutes or half an hour often suffices to make a victim. The poison is a compound of the upas tree and other deadly leaves.

The commander of the fort received us with

great kindness. Indeed, like the officers of the French posts in Cochin-China, he declared it was a treat to see an English face. He conducted us into his fort, which was a formidable-looking place—the walls trimmed with fire-arms, and the windows or window-places garnished in the aforesaid manner; the whole enhanced by the fierce soldiery—Sepoys, Malays, and Dyaks—in their wild and barbarous-looking costumes.

These Sepoys were some of the actual mutineers in the Lucknow and Cawnpore tragedy, and the British government had been glad to get rid of them into the service of the Rajah of Sarawak, where they can compete, but not assimilate, with the Dyaks and Chinese. They wore minacious swords of rough iron, concave on one side and convex on the other. The sheath was handsomely embroidered in beads and tassels —a strange admixture of ferocity and grace. Their spears were about eight feet long, and their javelins much lighter and shorter.

From the ground-floor we ascended a steep staircase or ladder, which could be closed with a trap-door, so that, if the enemy effected an entry through surprise, the invader could still be set at defiance by closing the stair-way into the main building, which could then only be

entered by ladders, and cutting down the trellis-work of the roof.

The commander gave me an account of an attack which had been made upon the fort about two years ago. The enemy (the Dyaks) had assembled a little before dawn, lying secreted in order to force the door directly it was opened, kill the sentinel, and rush in; in which event ten minutes would have sufficed to see every European head laid low. They have a knack of severing the head from the body at one blow of the kris.

The ruse having failed, the invaders were shot down through the lattice-work by small arms, the commander not thinking it worth while to use the guns, as it is not the Rajah's object to destroy his population, but to reduce them to submission and order.

After a tribe has been well conquered, they usually give in their adherence.

The wars and the head-hunting much resemble the old feudal system in Scotland, where a son or kinsman was obliged to revenge his father or the head of the family; and so the fight is perpetuated from generation to generation. Of course the present government do everything in their power to reconcile the tribes

and turn their attention to more peaceful occupations; but the passion is strong in every Dyak, and the only safety-valve is in leading them to fight the battles of the government instead of executing the dictates of their own petty animosities.

We were scarcely seated and taking a cup of tea, before the chiefs of the villages began to arrive, to see the European stranger. They were solemn old mén, wearing the sarong, who, after they had shaken hands (which they were very particular to do), stared at us stolidly, chewing the betel-nut very like a ruminating cow. They invited me to go to their houses, and subsequently I duly returned the state visits.

We left the pleasant compound, and crossing a very substantial wooden bridge, recently erected over the river by the Rajah, arrived in the Malay village—a number of houses or sheds, raised six or eight feet above the ground—and bordering a narrow lane overhung with foliage, soursoft, banana, bread-fruit, doorian, and pine-apple: whose lovely tints—gray and pink—just before they are ripe, excited my admiration.

It has often been a matter of conjecture whence the beautiful blending of colours which

we see in French manufactures have had their origin, but I believe that there are few which have not originally been put together by Nature herself.

Mounting a ladder, we were introduced to the house of the old chief of the Malays. It was considered very handsome for Sibou, and had massive polished flooring of ironwood; otherwise, it resembled a good barn or granary, so complete was the disorder and dirt. But the great glory of this establishment was a second story, into which it was considered the highest honour to be introduced; so we ascended another ladder to a chamber answering to a hay-loft, but where beautiful mats were instantly spread. The wife and her family appeared and squatted beside me on the floor, folding their feet much more gracefully than I was able to do; and the hospitality of the betel-nut and cigarettes was offered. These rooms were without any window places, and deprived of light, save what came in from the door below and a large aperture at the end. Circulation of air had not been thought necessary, and the atmosphere was that of a stew-pan on a slow fire.

These Malays were Mahomedans, but did not wear the yasmack, or refuse to see strange men

(the Turkish woman never allows herself to be seen by a strange man), conversing very freely with the English officer, one of the Rajah's governors, or Residents, as they are termed here.

Another evening all the ladies of the village paid me a state visit at the Residency, where my host was the Resident himself; so that even in Mahomedanism there is degeneracy as in other religions. These women, some of whom were nice-looking, with round, expressive, vivacious eyes, and rounded contours; wore a dress similar to the Annamite—that is to say, a sarong, tied under the arms and falling to the feet, which were bare. When in full dress, the upper part of the body was covered by a singlet, like a jersey, with long sleeves. These were made of silk and richly embroidered, with thin plates of gold, finely wrought and laid on. The hair was turned up and loosely gathered in a knot behind, whence it seemed to have a general inclination to slip down. The women were nearly as often occupied in putting up their back hair as are men in general in stroking long beards when they possess them.

We visited several of the best houses in the town; and in one, I found women weaving very

rich silk, with flowers of gold thread. Their method of making it was still more primitive than anything I had yet seen; for these Malays had no loom with treadles or shuttles, but merely a frame in two halves, by which they passed the thread to and fro with infinite trouble. The silk was thick, strong, and splendid. They used it for the sarong; and most of the women, when in full dress, had their sarongs or jackets made of this handsome material.

They took as much notice of my dress as I did of theirs, and became greatly interested in the lace I wore, asking how it was made, and wishing to be taught.

They had not the long nails of the Chinese, but had them tipped with henna, like the Turks. Their toe-nails were also coloured. They were more genial in their manners than is usual with Malays, and reminded me of the Cambogian women.

The Malay, who is a Mahomedan, can by his religion have several wives; but, unless he becomes very rich, does not indulge in this luxury; whereas the Dyak regards it as a shocking crime equal to murder and theft. In both tribes the woman exercises great influence over her husband and her tribe, and by no means occupies

the part of a slave, or is in complete subjection to the will of her husband. The men of both nationalities occupy themselves in fishing, hunting deer and the wild pig (a sort of boar); but the principal food is rice, fruit, and vegetables. There I first tasted fern as a salad. It was excellent; it is also very good boiled as greens.

The young children were exceedingly pretty, but seemed soon to lose their beauty. The women were very small, like most Asiatics, very few being over five feet, and the young women excessively slender.

A stranger soirée could scarcely be imagined than that in the large room of the fort, where was assembled the fashion and beauty of the Malay ladies of Sibou, about twenty in number, all squatted on the floor, chewing betel and examining my jewel-box, which I brought out for their delectation, and which, from my experience of oriental life, I rightly guessed would afford them more amusement than any other thing I could do.

We few, Europeans, sat amongst them on chairs and on cannons, which formed part of the furniture of this remarkable drawing-room. They sang Malay songs, which tired my ears very much, for it is the correct thing to sing

flat. I also sang a Scotch air, to pleasure my hospitable hosts rather than the natives, for I knew they would not like it, on account of its being in tune. The commander had joined the fortunes of Sir James Brooke almost as a boy, and had grown up amongst the semi-savages (sometimes as friends, sometimes as enemies), speaking their language as freely as his own, and thus making, I should presume, a thoroughly efficient governor, or aide to the Rajah. He apologized to me for having become partly a savage, but I found him to be as mild and gentlemanly a person as any of my carpet-knights of Europe. Only two Englishmen were in this fort, with about fifty soldiers, Sepoys and Malays. Thus it is considered well-garrisoned against the attacks of the Dyaks.

About fifteen miles farther up the river the country changed completely; the palm disappearing altogether, replaced by forest trees, wooded hillocks, and green knolls, delightful to behold; the long houses, or villages under one roof, became more frequent; for we were in the country of the deadly Dyaks. We slackened speed, and were boarded by several boat-loads of them. I must confess to a thrill of half excitement, half fear, as they leapt on board of us,

lithe, graceful, swift, like gutta-percha Apollos. Partly from the sensation which beauty always excites in me, whether it be in man, or flower, or tree, partly from the recollection of the terrible stories I had read and been told of their ferocity when in combat, I certainly regarded them with half-bated breath, which soon merged into intense curiosity to realize and comprehend this novel and interesting phase of humanity. They were not very tall men, though most of them were in the flower of youth; but their forms were beautiful in physical symmetry and roundness, such figures as are sometimes, but not often, seen in male dancers. They had the easy carriage of athletes, and the quick movements of the fawn; in no pose could they ever look awkward or stiff. Their comely limbs were always in the lines of grace, and their colour was very fine, neither olive, nor red, nor yellow, but something of a reddish bronze, a very indescribable colour, but most satisfactory to the eye. The hair was cut straight across the forehead, which was, or appeared, broad from the effect of this coiffure. The features, of handsome regularity, were neither coarse nor mean, and the general expression was dignified, self-reliant, and open. The great defect of the face

was the lack of eyelashes and eyebrows, which they destroy, thereby leaving the countenance hard and crude; perhaps with these beautiful adjuncts their eyes might be soft and gentle.

One chief, whose graceful attitudes and resplendent head-dress gave him quite the appearance of a courtier of Edward the Sixth's period, used his eyes in a way to have damaged many a heart; and, if he had had long lashes, I think at least he would have haunted my dreams, in spite of his wife, who was a regular shrew, and, I was told, henpecked him dreadfully.

I may sum up my description of costume by saying that the farther we advanced up country, the less there was to describe, until we came to the Kanouits, where a Lost Paradise dress would serve as a pattern.

My handsome friend alluded to above, wore a brilliant red-and-yellow turban or crown, the knot tied so as to represent a feather. This was placed rather on one side of the head, the short hair fringing the forehead, and the long flowing out from the centre behind, like a rooster's tail. Round his middle he wore another red-and-yellow sash, and attached to this ceinture was his shield, which was worn as, and had precisely the effect of, a lady's panier,

or "Grecian bend;" and yet these men are called savages! The shield was made of leaves and of bamboo, richly ornamented with bead-work, in which the Dyaks excel, and with feather trimming, which has lately been so *à la mode*; and I am quite convinced that I have discovered the origin of that *last elegant* fashion in the rude costume of the Dyak.

Here it has a purpose, and is suitable; but why inoffensive ladies, who do not practise head-hunting, should wear such an accoutrement, is mysterious. Under the knee the chief wore garters of brass rings, which tended to set off the shape of the leg, though not to hold his stockings, for he had none; and on the arms above the elbow a broad ring of shells cut from the conch. These, with a long knife or sword, concave and convex, in a handsomely carved wooden sheath, constituted the whole of the apparel of this noble savage. The women excited my wonder, if not my admiration, even more than the men. They were clothed in complete armour, like that one might have seen worn by the amazons sometimes on our stage, save that the Dyak women wore real armour instead of tinsel. The coat of mail reached from under the bust to a little above the knee, and

was formed of small brass rings, run closely on a piece of rattan or cane, which encircled the body, and row after row was tied together until it formed a complete shirt of mail of brass. From below the knee to the ankle the legs were incased in similar rings, and the arms down to the wrists. Under this shirt of brass was a short tunic, made of a thick cloth of cotton, grown and manufactured by themselves, resembling Kidderminster carpet, except that it was all cotton. Sometimes the skirt was made entirely of beads. This piece of work I have also seen woven on a cushion, like pillow lace. The beads are not sewn on to canvas or cloth, but worked on, which denotes considerable skill and patience. The hair was turned back into a knot, similar to the Malay.

These women are rather small, though a little taller than the Malays, and are famous sailors. To see them paddle their canoes was a treat; they shot forward like an arrow, and kept up with the steamer. The boats are long "*dug-outs*," so called from being trees, hollowed out, and the rowers crouch in the bottom, and dig the water with a vigour as though they were having a delving match. The men and women seemed equally vigorous and active, though the

latter must have been much embarrassed by the brass corsets. I should not be at all surprised, if any one were to import the brass dress to Europe or America, to find it become highly fashionable, and that we should see ladies wearing their hoops outside their skirts instead of inside. Some wore large bouquets of flowers and leaves, ferns and wild mint, upon their hair, and a small necklet of beads round their throats. Their faces were round and soft, and would have been quite interesting had they not been disfigured by the chewing of the betel-nut, and the loss of their eyelashes and eyebrows; as it was, the countenance had an unfinished putty-like appearance, resembling bad pastrycook figures, with black currants for their eyes.

The Dyaks live in large communities of two to three hundred under the same roof, which consists of one long room, two or three hundred feet long. We cast anchor before one of these singular settlements, and went to pay a visit, in order to behold the interior or human furnishing of heads. A succession of felled trees, called batongs, brought us over the water from the boat, and up a rising ground, dense with verdure, to the foot of the building, which stood on poles about twenty feet from the ground. The

ascent to this was merely a tree, with notches cut in it, up which the Dyaks skipped like monkeys, but which I with stiff boots found it no easy matter to ascend. The flooring was like my old friend the King Nořodin's sampan—pieces of rattan tied together with withes, only that to slip through twenty feet would have been something worse than getting submerged into the bilge water.

The ladies of the house took me in charge at once, and conducted me to their private boudoirs, for each family seemed to have a small nook of their own, the large drawing-room being in common; and each lady was desirous I should admire all her treasures of betel-nut, flowers, and cooked human heads. I had provided myself with strong smelling-salts, and went into the matter bravely.

To give the inventory of these closets would puzzle an auctioneer; but the greatest features and treasures were large jars of earthenware, of that peculiarly graceful shape common to all eastern countries. The jars are estimated at a fabulous value, as for instance from a hundred to a thousand dollars each, and a family is reckoned wealthy according to the number of jars they possess. They are used for no special purpose,

but are of a peculiar manufacture, which has become obsolete. I should think Staffordshire could drive a flourishing trade and overrun the market in a short time. Taxes are levied on these jars; and when the different tribes are on the "war-path," they seek to carry them off one from the other.

Heads and jars are the great wealth and splendour of a Dyak house. But it must not be imagined that the heads are put into the jars and potted down, as would seem the natural use for them; the heads are tied in bunches together with a sort of basket-work, in which they have been smoked until they resemble cinders more than human heads. Sometimes the hair was still upon the skull and the teeth in the jaws.

The Dyak idea in this curious practice is not only that he has done for his enemy in this life, (than which there is nothing more true), but that in the future the said headless enemy will be subject to his conqueror, which is apocryphal. The ambition to rule in this world and the next is comprehensible though curious. I felt more comfortable when my hostess stretched a strong mat for me to sit upon; but when all these brass-ring-armoured ladies crowded upon the square mat, I felt a little uneasy, lest we should

all go through together into that strange-looking Hades below, and so become one of the ancestral monuments of the dwelling.

We were asked to partake of refreshments placed on a mat in an enormous bowl, made of bark of trees, stained red, and elegantly embroidered in shells. They consisted of rice, fish (dry and fresh), fruits and cooked ferns, cocoa-nut milk, and various delicacies, whose flavour was somewhat deteriorated by the garnishing of heads round the *sal à manger*.

The governor of Sibou had come up to this part of the country, to meet a tribe which had been at war and had tendered a sort of submission, and our position was rendered still more critical by the fact that they were actually at the moment in this gigantic hen-coop, and the governor would not accept their terms. I was speculating whether it would be better to have our necks broken in falling through the floor, or to have them severed by the Dyaks, and I think the latter process, though the most dirty, would have been the least painful; and strangely came to my mind a poor henpecked husband who, after debating the easiest death, decided upon cutting his throat, but first ordered the servant to bring up the washing-tub, remarking "that

he was going to do something which might soil the carpet, and that her mistress would be angry." To obviate this dirty work the Dyaks smoke the heads over a slow fire, which cures them on the same principle as pig; they are then hung on strings and festooned round their dwelling-rooms. That day a Dyak had rushed on board in a terribly excited state. He had just returned from a war-path without touching an enemy; he had met with unfavourable omens, and dared not proceed. He was all impatience until he could make another trial; his eyes flashed, and he talked excitedly, relating the nature of his dream and the birds he had seen, his great reluctance to withdraw, and yet the certainty that he would not be successful. I could not feel very much interested in him, for he was not handsome, and rather small. He strutted about, agitating his "Grecian bend" in a ludicrous manner, like a New York *belle*. He was like a man who had lost a trick at cards, and felt persuaded he would win the game with the next hand. Had he carried a bleeding head with him he would have been proud indeed.

The principal feuds carried on are between the tribes on the borders of the Dutch territory and the Sultan of Bruni's people, for as all the world

over human nature is contentious, the only difference with these people is that the end of contention must be death. The river Ranjang became more beautiful as we went higher up; the tribes also became more unsettled and savage, as this was the limit of territory where tribes paid regular tribute, so many bushels of rice per year,—not a very heavy tax for a government to levy.

CHAPTER V.

THE SAGO CITY OF MUKA.

WE approached Muka by sunset, whose glories were enhanced and rendered terrible by a storm-cloud in the distance. Even before reaching the river we noticed the peculiar colour of the water—a reddish tint; but, as we advanced, it had all the appearance of water-stained with blood, a thrilling colour which made me shudder at the thought of either laving or drinking of it. I fancied there might have been headless Dyaks floating in it.

Nor was it altogether the reflection of the strangely lurid sky, whose deep bright steel colour tinged every object with an unearthly hue. A more awful sky I never beheld. Our faces looked ghastly, like corpses; lit up by the flickering death-light, every object seemed unreal. Whatever "blue blazes" may signify, this ap-

peared to be the realization. It might have been the entrance of Hades, perhaps of purgatory; and the phantom skiffs skimming about might have been souls crossing the Styx.

The blood-stained water reflected these figures with a vivid ghastliness, and if I had seen a parcel of demons instead of Dyaks issuing from the fort, whose white walls looked sepulchral in the distance, I should not have been at all surprised—it would have seemed in keeping; and it is a curious study to trace how a total change in nature produces a total change in ideas. Under that sky, and floating on that water, I felt as superstitious as any Dyak, and rather amused myself with picturing some of the bloody tragedies which have occurred on these rivers, though, historically speaking, the Muka has not such an infamous character as the Rajang, whose water in reality has been stained with human gore.

Here and there, on little sandy beaches, the drift-wood had collected and taken unto itself the most ludicrous shapes—of men struggling with wild beasts; of dissevered heads rolling far away from the still palpitating trunks, which stretched their quivering arms to catch them; of skeletons of men and beasts and fabu-

lous animals of all kinds—lit up with that steel-blue light that intensified the horrors. It shone fiercely bright across the sky like stagnant lightning, backed up with black clouds, which made the dark shadows of the picture.

I certainly made up my mind to encounter something more terrible than gutta-percha Adonises and brass Venuses of the Rajang; and of course, having nerved myself up to meet something very tragic, the whole thing turned out rather farcical.

Just as we neared the fort the scene was changed, and the light also, by the advent of a lovely rainbow having only two colours, pink and gray, beautifully shaded; and from the fort issued—not imps, or even bronze Apollos, but two gentlemanly-looking Englishmen, wearing undress military uniforms, two of the Rajah's officers, who welcomed me with the greatest courtesy, but, I fancied, some embarrassment, considering that they had been advised of my arrival. This passed off immediately, and I was let into the secret, viz., that constant hoaxes were being practised upon the two lonely exiles of Muka, in the way of bright but fallacious hopes; so that, when they were told that their solitude was about to be cheered by the presence

of a lady, they utterly cast back the false allurement, and refused to credit the representation. A lady never had been there, and *ergo* never would be there. It was a device of the jokers to mock at their woe. Now, when the lady actually appeared, they were completely taken aback and nonplussed.

"But I sent you word I was bringing you a lady," persisted the captain of the "Sri Ranee," the prime author of their numerous delusions.

"You have called 'Wolf' so often," rejoined they, "that when you really do bring us glad tidings we cannot believe you."

We had a great laugh at their Thomas Didymus sentiments, and drank to their greater credibility in bumpers of sparkling Burgundy—not a bad thing to find in purgatory, I thought, remembering my anticipations.

This was one of the strangest contrasts of my life. On the one hand, the men who stand yearning to chop off your head, as their highest glory and best pastime; and, on the other, the polished English gentlemen with their delicate, aristocratic features, their dainty nails and perfumed beards, gold-banded foraging-cap in hand, offering you devotion and hospitality in the form of sparkling Burgundy. Life, indeed, is a wild romance, if truly written.

One thing struck me very forcibly in my travels in Sarawak, that the Rajah had exercised a very keen discrimination in the selection of his officials. They were all, whom I had seen, gentlemen. Hitherto my experience had been that, in most new countries, the Europeans were invariably scamps, adventurers, rowdies, unprincipled villains, wretchedly prostituting their advantages of education and refinement. They go forth, forsooth, to teach—blinder in their want of *knowing truth* than the benighted creatures who perceive and personify the Evil Spirit in the darker phenomena of nature—more degraded than the grovelling root-eaters of the soil—most contemptible of creation! Heaven forgive me if I be wrong in saying so, but there are some "things" that walk the earth that absolutely sully it!

However, the Rajah's dominions have no trace of this element in his fifty European adjutants; and the fact speaks volumes for the character of the man himself. For his uprightness, his straightforward, earnest purpose, his high-minded aim and effort, his unflagging zeal and personal sacrifice, his determination and bravery —such a character is refreshing to meet with in these degenerate days, when "things are not

what they seem." It is verily a healthy tonic to the soul that is weary of life's ignoble ways.

The city of Muka is one of the most ancient and the most flourishing in Sarawak, apart from the Borneo Company's sago manufactory. The whole village, or I may say city (for it has two towers, a steeple, and a high-street, which is about three miles long), is employed in the manufacture of sago; and a very disgusting process it is.

In view of invalids who find it such a delicious food, I ought not, perhaps, to detail what I saw; but, on the principle of speaking of things as they are, I cannot forbear; indeed, there are few articles which have to pass through the hands or feet of the natives which would not equally deserve to be called dirty.

The sago is the pulp of a palm tree which grows like the cocoa-nut, some twenty or thirty feet high, the leaves of which, instead of bowing over like the Prince of Wales' feathers, stand upright. The tree has thus to be cut down to procure the sago; but the young shoots from the roots spring up very rapidly.

Muka in no way resembles Venice or Rotterdam, although it is essentially a water city, as there is no exit from any house except by water,

and the water-streets present the most remarkable appearance, the houses all standing on posts twelve to fourteen feet high.

On the brim of the river Muka, and all its smaller creeks and tributaries, each house has ten or twelve boats of every size moored to these posts, and hundreds of sago-trees, which form a floating side walk.

All the houses have projecting balconies of laths, covered with matting; and the soft sago-wood is scooped out and placed upon the mat. Water is then thrown upon it, and the women commence dancing upon it, forcing the saccharine gum through the mat into a boat below, the woody fibre remaining upon the mat.

This performance is very striking to a stranger descending the river-street. These rows, on either side, of curious little Malay women in blue petticoats tucked up, stepping it on the "light fantastic" little bare toes, like puppets in a punchinello-show, strike the observer as mighty odd.

Our advent had the effect of bringing them to a standstill, their curiosity overcoming their activity; and they lost nothing their eyes could take in. We swept down the long street in a thirty-four oared (or, I should say, paddled)

Beda—a boat about fifty feet long, by three or four broad, the whole of the crew singing the songs of the country, and keeping excellent time with the paddles, the helmsman singing the solos, and the crew joining in the same strain but in strangely different keys, according, possibly, to the compass of their voices; and, curious to relate, the ensemble was not discordant, and the effect rather pleasing, the Malay language lending a softness to the intonations, and the time by the rowlocks was kept with great precision.

At first it had been very difficult to start them, from their timidity at my presence, for I have always observed that the first impression that these dark men experience of a white man or woman is of considerable awe and fear. It took me but a very few minutes to relieve them of this disagreeable sensation; and I found that, by touching them, or looking straight into their eyes, my presence became pleasing, while the outsiders, whom I could not regard or approach, still gazed upon me with distrust.

This I noticed generally, when they beheld a white woman for the first time, as they often did in my case. Upon this occasion of my visit to the sago city of Muka, many a fair Ellen put off in her own canoe to get a nearer view of the

strange visitor, who was escorted by the Tuan, or ruler of the district.

At the houses where the steps were at all practicable, we visited them. The men betrayed unutterable surprise that, with my very unmasculine appearance, I should accomplish the feat of travelling through their country. The women remained dumb with amazement, until some little act which makes all humanity akin would break the spell; and then they would burst forth into a thread of questions.

The Milanos were more refined than the Dyaks or Kanouits, and are supposed to be a mixture of Chinese and aboriginal. They have a different language, but Malay is common to them all. They wore handsome gold bracelets, from two to three inches wide, tastefully wrought, and their garments, when they were arrayed in their best, were entirely of silk,—a tight chemise falling over a sarong tied round the waist.

Their boats are so small, and their hats so big, that, comparing the length with the width, they would have been of the same size, and if the boat turned bottom uppermost, the fair sailor took off her hat, and jumped into it. These hats are very pretty, stained of different colours, scarlet and yellow predominating. They

are splendid as sunshades, but the appearance of the woman under one is ludicrous; she looks like a perambulating Chinese umbrella, her thin slight figure, and the straight-cut garments being not unlike the cumbersome handle. Although only made of leaves, they are impervious to wet, and in many places the natives use nothing but baskets to carry their water!

They were Mahomedans, and the interior of their houses was arranged in the Turkish fashion; the beds or sleeping mats spread on the floor, and divided from the men's apartment by drapery richly embroidered. They also worked in gold lace and fringe, like the Turks, but did not partake of coffee, the siri taking its place, as the leaf is very pungent, and said to be a strong stimulant. The white lime and gambier make it to the uninitiated a very disgusting compound, and the appearance upon the mouth quite sickening.

Among these women I also noticed a peculiar flattening of the head about the organs of benevolence and veneration (otherwise their heads were well-shaped), the malformation being effected in infancy by tying a piece of board on the forehead, after the manner of one of the Red Indian tribes.

The Milano are a much more peaceful people than the Dyaks, and more inclined to commerce. Thus the sago is cultivated and worked out at a great deal of trouble; for, when the dancing is complete—a very laborious operation—it has to be made into cakes or blocks, the aqueous part having evaporated from it in the boat, which serves merely as a sort of vat or receptacle; after which it is ground into flour and used by them as food, the pretty little globules, in which form it presents itself in Europe, being unknown there.

That form it probably assumes in London, where the Borneo Company have their stock of raw sago-flour. They have a steam-mill at Muka, heating, treading, and grinding, the natives supplying them with the trees. As yet the latter prefer paddling their own sago, but there is no doubt that in a very few years the number of manufactories on this coast, and steam, will supersede manual and pedal labour.

At Oyer, a village on the Bruite mouth of the river, private enterprise has set up a steam-mill for the manufactory of sago. They have also a steamer of their own to convey it to Sarawak and Singapore, and a saw-mill for

cutting up the billian wood; and, no doubt, Oyer will soon rival Muka in its commercial activity. The high-street of Muka is as busy with its boats as an ordinary street would be with vehicles, many carrying jars of water for culinary purposes, obtained from a distance, for the water of the river (as before-mentioned) is of a blood-red colour; and where the sago-washing drains into it, it emits an unbearable stench of decayed vegetable matter, that, in a few minutes, turns all silver ornaments black. Other boats were towing the sago trunks; some of them were so small that it was wonderful how they floated the rower or paddler, many not being over three feet long, by about one and a half broad.

While the sago is effervescing and forming into a pulp, the stench is terrible; and it must, I should think, spread disease.

Our kind hosts took us to see everything far and near, and, in spite of the evil prognostics, we spent a few delightful days at Muka.

As it rained on the evening we had to join the ship, it was proposed to go down the river in the Beeda. This was all very satisfactory until we got on to the bar, when the waves literally sprang over us, filling us with water.

The paddlers became panic-stricken, and yelled frightfully, but did not pull a stroke. The boat, utterly unmanagable, dived about like a bottle in the water, drenching us to the skin, and jeopardizing our lives.

"By Jove!" we shall come to grief," cried Ralph the Rover, with a defiant laugh. "We shall have to swim for it; just like my luck; this will be the fourth time I have been capsized on this bar. There is not a bar fit for a boat to enter. There we go again! Hold hard, lady, if you can't swim!"

The boat quivers, rolls over, and the water submerges us. We come up again wiping our eyes, the Rover laughing.

"By Jove! that was a near shave. Off go my boots, for I am going to swim for the ship."

But the next *bain douche* was in milder form; and the captain said that if we got over the bar we should be all right in the open sea, though the ship were twice as far out; and so it proved. Two or three more lurches, and the danger was over. We did not care for the waves breaking over us now; we were just as wet as we could well be, and the fresh dash of the water prevented chills. Thus, in due time, we reached

the yacht, and soon after got up steam for Bintulu, our adventure serving for lively chat during our comfortable dinner, and eliciting self-congratulations from the captain that it was not his boat which had so nearly overset me—"For, of course," said he, "turn out a dog with a bad name, and the bar, the wind, and the waves would all have been laid on my shoulders."

Three months in the year this bar is quite impracticable for boats of any kind, and the north-east monsoon creates such a tremendous sea without, that sailing vessels cannot approach, and even steamers do not venture, unless on some great emergency.

Muka, besieged by wind and weather, is, during that time, shut out from civilized life, as there are as yet no roads across country in Sarawak; and the network of rivers are not navigable by large vessels as far as Muka, and, swollen by the heavy rains and inflamed by currents, are unsafe for small boats.

The river Muka itself rises ten to twenty feet in the streets, washing the house floors in spite of the height of the poles. This, no doubt, gives rise to their singular mode of interring the dead. High above the water is erected a sort of shed in which the body is placed deco-

rated with gay flags, and protected by umbrellas against sun and rain, in order that the corpse may dry. A large tree is then felled, and its inside scooped out; it is then planted in the earth; a jar, containing the remains, is lowered into it, and an ornamental top placed upon this natural obelisk.

They present a most singular appearance, the tree seeming perfectly natural to the view, and growing, as it were, an architectural capital. The bodies are thus preserved from being washed away, which under other circumstances they would be.

CHAPTER VI.

MY VISIT TO THE ANTIMONY MINES OF BORNEO.

THROUGH the kindness of the manager of the Borneo Company, and the hospitality of the officials, I was enabled to travel through all the country where their works are situated. I left Sarawak in a long, light boat, well provided against any and every emergency. I took the afternoon tide up to Busau, where the company have their first works for mining and smelting antimony; it is considered to be a five or six hours' pull.

The row up the river was one of varied pleasure—the cool wind, the gentle movement of the boat, the wild, uneven song of the boatmen, which alternately died off and broke out in fresh bursts, that could scarcely be called either harmony or melody, but an approximation to both, and was not disagreeable. The water,

as clear as a mirror, had the soft roll of oil; and the distant peaks of Matang, and Moi, and the square massive brow of Singi loomed nearer and nearer, with every curve in the river reflecting their leaf-crowned heads in the pellucid stream; and far beyond, meeting the roseate tints of the sunset sky, was the mighty blue range of the Bongo, which rear their lofty heads 3000 feet. This was a delightful change from the mere jungle-land of Muka and Bintulu; and after the sun went down, those marvellous tints of green, violet, and orange made the whole sky a fantastic unreality which only a Turner could paint, and which none would believe until they had seen it; and even after sundown glories had fled, the beauties were not all gone, for the crescent moon, with the kindliness characteristic of all young things, helped us as far as she could. A delicate chain of beady lightning flashed over our path and made it clear, whilst a galaxy of fireflies threw out a *feu d'artifice*, reflecting themselves in the limpid water in designs worthy of a royal illumination. If the water-nymphs had constructed an abode for themselves, they could not have decked it with more sylvan gems. Gigantic ferns fifteen feet long bowed their feathery tops in the stream,

kissing up its sweetness and dropping it back in liquid pearls. Couches of chenille-like moss were garlanded over with drooping lily-bells, and screened by the palm-leaves' graceful curve. Farther on, in the picturesque leaf-bowers, might be seen the bronze Milainos women, pitchers on their heads, turning with curious eyes to gaze on the strange white woman gliding up the river, and racking their imaginations as to what she could possibly be doing there.

But neither the moon, nor the fireflies, nor the lightning served to light us to Busau, for we had just lost the current, and it must have been midnight when we reached there; so, fearing some other practical joke might have been played upon my future entertainer there, I preferred presenting myself by daylight, that he might have a fair opportunity of judging of my bona-fideness. I lay down on my rug and slept till daylight, or rather tried to sleep, for my rowers took a sudden fancy to a night-bath, and splashed, and spluttered, and floundered, making such an uproar that I could not sleep. I bade them desist from bathing at that hour, and they were silent until I had had time to get to sleep, when, in default of being allowed

to wash themselves, they all took to washing their linen, by slapping it vigorously against the boat's sides; after which they threw it over the boat's awning, and continued in the water until it was sufficiently dry to put on again.

Thus I waited till daylight to send my messenger; but here again I had calculated without my host, for it would appear that that most amiable of men was about to enter the holy state of matrimony, and was daily and hourly expecting his *fiancée* from Europe, and it had been arranged that she should come right on to Sarawak, where, as there were two bishops and a curate for fifteen Protestants in the city, they could no doubt assist each other and accomplish the ceremony amongst them.

Let the reader on the brink of matrimony imagine the feelings of my host when roused at daylight by the screaming Malays announcing that they had brought during the night a white lady for him. Poor man! how he sprang up from his couch, dived into his bath, and rushed into his best clothes, getting always the wrong end foremost! How he tried to make himself look his very best, all the time conscious that he looked his very worst, his heart thumping the while to realize impatiently its fond dreams!

How, even at that early hour, he perspired so freely as to damp his best starched shirt! How he sprang out of the house forgetting his pocket-handkerchief, and had to return, the boatmen meanwhile repeating that the "white mem" had been waiting three hours for daylight! How he came tumbling down that muddy bank! How, being a large heavy man, he nearly upset the sampan by stepping in too suddenly! How, bending his broad shoulders, he stooped to come under the kajang or bamboo awning; and then, ye gods! to see his face o'erspread with blank bewilderment and profound disgust! I was the wrong "white mem," and he had a right to be agitated, poor man! Nevertheless, I will testify, "for a' that and a' that," the man was kind and pleasant.

Busau was in a small ravine skirted with wooded hills, and in the distance showed the higher mountain peaks before-mentioned. It is in the lower hills the antimony is found, which the Borneo Company export largely to England. Most non-mineralogical readers will at once think of the poisonous medicine, with which several sensational murders have been committed; but that is only the oxide of antimony, the result of heated air; whereas the metal deposit con-

tributes to the intellectual productiveness of type-making and to the more soothing office of britannia-metal teapots. Certainly, as most things have their good and their bad qualities, the virtues of the type and the teapot go far to outweigh the evil of medical poisoning.

The metal is found in limestone-rock, and is mixed with quartz, and has the appearance of bright blacklead, sometimes quite silvery. It is quarried by blasting, which the mountains never fail to echo with an astonished boom, as though they roared out, "What now? what now? Cannot we solid blocks remain in peace? Must we be shaken to our very bases? What now? What now?"

A tramroad, partly of the iron-wood and partly of iron-metal, had been constructed to the various quarries, and to the next station, Jambusan, about five miles distant. We rode upon this railway. The jolting could well compare with an American buggy over a corduroy road. You had to be very careful in speaking to keep your tongue within your teeth, still more careful if the teeth had not their "domicilé of origin" in the mouth.

It happened one day that a learned geologist and naturalist, who had been for some time

examining the state of the works, diving and climbing and prying into all the crevices and fissures of the mountains and valleys and rivulets and deposits of all kinds, was seen carefully examining the railroad track.

"What sort of specimen do you expect to find there?" asked one of the Cornwall miners quizzically.

"Well," replied the geologist, with a cunning smile, "I hope to find *my teeth*, which were jolted out last night!"

I think, if the company would only advertise the road sufficiently, it would become a paying concern, and quite fashionable for the invalids of this country, who nearly all suffer from inertia.

The Singapore people especially have contrived to make their roads so smooth that there is not the slightest exercise or movement in passing over them. For all the result it has upon the health, a fauteuil in a veranda would be equally useful; and the consequence is that obesity becomes the prevailing complaint. A person becomes so bloated that to move is a trouble: he ceases to exert himself, and becomes fatter and yellower, until he falls a victim to the liver complaint. Now we have establishments for every kind of cure—water cures, walking cures, steaming cures, drinking cures, starving

cures, bathing cures, high-trotting-horse-riding cures, and Banting cures; but, for reduction of unduly large corporations by jolting exercise, I can conscientiously recommend the tramroad to Jambusan.

The country is delightful, the mountain air cool and bracing, as compared with Sarawak and Singapore, and the temperature is from 70° to 75°. There are also mineral springs, which would bear writing-up as well as any other springs. A sanatorium might be built upon one of the most picturesque spots in Borneo, surrounded by an amphitheatre of wooded hills, overlooking the interesting antimony mines and furnaces, where the explosions *de temps en temps*, equal to a royal birthday salute, would be beneficial for nervous people.

Where the patient could enjoy a five-mile jolt before breakfast, and ditto after dinner, I am quite persuaded that, if it did not kill stout ladies and puffy gentlemen, it would certainly cure them. It would also restore the bloom to washed-out young ladies, for exercise and mountain mists are specifics for roseate colour; and to all these advantages the only drawback is the risk of biting one's tongue or losing one's teeth. It would be a fine remedy for some Annamite woman, whose tongue can never be stopped.

Obviously, the great advantages of the jolting cure have never been brought to light, the company having only had antimony and quicksilver in view; but I willingly give my idea up to any enterprising patent medicine man, who could undertake to cure a variety of opposite diseases by the jolting process; and I should feel bound to take a few shares, if such a Joint Stock Joggle Company were formed. Jambusan at present consists of a long row of palm-leaf houses, inhabited by the several hundred persons directly or indirectly employed by the company (Chinese, Dyaks, and Malays), and of a few pretty Swiss-looking cottages for the European superintendents, engineers, and clerks.

The work-sheds, and engine-house, and furnace-chambers, together with the brick-kiln, constitute the artificial features of Jambusan.

Its natural ones are very fine. Green hills encircle it, and are, in turn, bulwarked by more distant lofty chains of mountains, which lift their ultramarine-tinted shoulders from out a downy coat of mist.

These mountains are fantastic in their cloudy garments, sometimes having deep-pointed frills; at others, long streams of filigree. Again, without any suspicion of cold, they appear in stout

mufflers of furry clouds, and alter their dress as often in a day as a lady does her gown in these countries. It is no doubt *la mode du pays*; and the mountains, like the ladies, have nothing else to do. Both practices are very interesting to travellers, as one can speculate what colour a lady will appear in next, or what form of clothing a mountain will affect at noon. Jambusan was celebrated for the coquetry of its clouds; but, as there are no ladies there as yet, my similitude between the maids and the mists and the mountains has to be dropped short. Yet I believe, like Lord Dundreary, that if there had been maids, they would have changed their dress five or six times a day.

As for the ladies of the country—the Malays especially—so limited is their wardrobe, that it would be indiscreet to suggest any change, lest it should reduce them to *nil*; whereas the sea Dyaks, who are clothed in metal, have only to polish themselves up to resemble Joan of Arc, or perambulating brass kettles. Their costume is composed of a number of solid rings, of the thickness of a pipe stem, formed into a short tunic, rising to and supporting the bosom like a corset, tightening in at the waist, and descending over the hip nearly to the knee, like a kilt.

The arms are similarly encased, leaving a space for the elbow-bend; and the leggings, or stockings, extend from the ankle to the knee. Sometimes they also wear armlets cut from the conch. Round their necks they wear beads, some of which they prize at an immense value, and of which the history is quite mystic and fabulous.

They must have been brought into the country centuries ago by Hindoos, or I should say Venetians, as the texture of the bead perfectly resembles the old-fashioned glass, the ancient glory of Venice, if it were possible that these cosmopolite merchants had ever reached as far as Borneo. However this may be, it is certain the beads are scarce and precious; and the Dyak will not part with one, except in the very last extremity; and then he considers that he ought to receive for his dirty-looking bit of glass the same amount that he would for a diamond of the same size.

It is not yet ascertained how they came by these beads, which descend as heirlooms from generation to generation—and hence their value is not intrinsic, but hereditary, like some of the china cups of our great-grandmothers. The beads are not made of any precious stones or gems, but are bits of composition, probably glass,

inlaid with small-shaped patterns of different colours. They are extremely ugly, and, one would think, unattractive to the eye of a savage; yet they are proud to set them in necklaces of gold beads artistically worked; or, if they are not wealthy, they eke out with the common beads of Birmingham ware, distinguishing, however, very clearly the difference.

An acute and speculative Chinaman — no other, indeed, than my stout friend with the beautiful wife (to whom I have already referred) —got a *facsimile* supply of these manufactured in China, and deceived the natives, who bartered their gutta-percha, India-rubber, and sago for them. The Dyaks at first never suspected the possibility of imitation; but when this was discovered by them, the trade was at an end. They could distinguish easily between the genuine and the spurious ones. It is a curious fact that the most civilized and the most savage should both entertain a mania for ugly old crockery ware, without either beauty or intrinsic value, or even history.

Whilst I was there a strange scene occurred at the manager's bungalow. A mother, with the grandmother, came from Singapore to claim her son, who was employed in the works, but had

ran away from his home without her consent. She presented herself in that peculiar sliding manner native to Orientals.

"Tuan," she said, "your feet are as my head"—a wonderful physiological problem to announce; but she had come to ask a favour, and thought a little flattery might not be amiss. She had also brought a cooked duck, that looked very like an Egyptian mummy, and smelt strongly of the aromatic spices used in embalming. It was cut and trussed, so as to be perfectly flat, with the four limbs and neck on the surface. In spite of these peculiarities, we ate it that day at dinner, and it turned out delicious.

The mother, or mothers both combined, wished the manager to send the runaway back to Singapore, in order that he might be under the protection of his progenitors. Said the manager—

"The young man is doing very well here; and, since you are both here, why not all remain?"

"That cannot be," replied the mother's mother; "*my* mother is still in Singapore, and we must all return, and the youth must come back, in order to be under the protection of his ma's ma's ma. We wish him also to marry at once, as the ma's ma's ma is ninety years of age, and

she wishes to be a ma's ma's ma's ma before she dies."

This was such a forcible reason, that the manager, unable to withstand it, was obliged to yield, partly to the seductions of the spiced duck, and partly to the strength of the argument.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CINNABAR MINES OF BORNEO.

IN the very heart of the Bougon mountains, which are one of the great chains that intersect Borneo, three hundred miles from anywhere in any direction, if we except the city of Kuching (with which there is no connection, and to which there is no road), are situated the antimony and cinnabar mines of the famous Borneo Company. They lie in a little nook, surrounded by a labyrinth of ravines formed by a riotous little torrent, that seems not to know its own mind for twenty yards together, but rushes hither and thither, making a way for itself by overthowing and quarrelling generally with boulders and trees.

Thus situated, the works are shut in by hills of flowering creepers and ferns, and by verdure-clad mountains which rise pile upon pile

for more than three thousand feet, until the faint leaves of their clinging vines are trellised against the cerulean sky. On all sides rise vast adamantine walls of limestone, crowned by millions and millions of evergreen timber trees. There is the bilian, or ironwood, which water can neither float nor destroy, defying alike the assaults of insects and of decay. The amphibious Sea-Dyaks employ it for the foundations of their water-houses; and, because it is known that it will resist decay for hundreds of years, the Chinese use it for their most precious coffins, hoping thus to preserve their mummied ancestors till the Day of Judgment, however that day may be dated in Chinese calculations. Whether this delicate little attention will be appreciated by those ancestors when the time arrives remains to be seen. The coffins sometimes cost as much as a thousand dollars. The Borneo Company has constructed its tram-roads of this ironwood, and it answers the purpose well. Large quantities of it are also exported.

'Then there is the silver-stemmed tapang-tree, whose delicate leaves fall around it like a cloud of green lace, and shelter millions of hives, rich in golden honey, and annually yielding a vast supply of wax.

The kapur, or camphor-tree, stands here among its tropical fellows, exuding its fragrant gum, to be transported all over the world as a purifying and preserving agent.

The limestone walls are also crowned by the palaman, from whose triangular roots a "social board" is cut in one solid slab, around which twenty to forty guests could be seated; by the gutta-percha tree, which yields its heart's blood (for it has to be cut down) to preserve our marvellous Atlantic cables; by the india-rubber tree, whose uses are so infinite in number and so well known as not to need mention; by the creeper, whose slender stem overtops the tallest giants of the forest, and whose fibre makes the toughest cables known to mariners.

Here, also, are the homes of the treefern and the orchids—those picturesque parasites, whose waxy flowers are only equalled in eccentric beauty by the wild nepenthe, which here yields its cooling draught to the agile Dyak, whose foot on his native mountains is as light and as sure as that of his neighbour, the myas, or ourang-outang, who divides with him the proprietorship of the soil, attains the height of four feet eight inches, and is possessed of twice the strength of a man; and who, sharing the feeling

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of the wildest tribes of man, refuses to be utilized into slavery. From this seeming wisdom, no doubt, has arisen the fable that monkeys were able to speak at one time, but refused to do so, lest man should make them his slaves. Certain it is that, could the myas be made to work, his labour would be most valuable to man. His tremendous strength and wonderful agility would clear the jungle, construct roads and bridges, and even cultivate the soil. Other animals have been turned to various uses suitable to their capacities, but one with such gigantic strength, power of manipulation, and keen faculty of imitation, might easily be taught to supply the place of negroes upon plantations, or of Dyaks in the forests. However, the cunning brutes refuse to take the initiatory step, and thus frustrate every plan for turning their dexterity to account. There can be no doubt that the monkey has the best of the arrangement. The ourang-outang rarely attacks a man unless he gives the first offence, or approaches their young—which, unlike those of all other animals except man, are helpless, and require the mother's care for six months. The baby monkey lies on its back, and kicks and cries just like a human infant, and is equally

difficult to rear away from its mother. Perhaps, however, the experimentors never tried the modern bottle and "baby jumper." (I afterwards learned that a gentleman did try, and succeeded well.)

Into this wilderness of monstrosities and magical beauties—containing, alike, the materials to supply our daily wants, and to satisfy our scientific requirements—have penetrated the agents of the energetic Borneo Company, ascending to the cloud-capped peak, and burrowing in the bowels of the earth, acquiring timber, sago, antimony, cinnabar, gold, and diamonds. Through their kindness, I was able to enter into their wondrous workshop in the bosom of Nature.

A day's journey from Kuching, in a row-boat, or sampan, up the Sarawak river, brought me to Busan, the first of the company's antimony-works, where the ore is smelted from the solid rock. Here are the principal furnaces and the cargo-boats for conveying the purified antimony down the river to the company's wharves at Pinding, whence the cargoes are shipped to distant ports, and to Kuching, where there is a regular steam service to Singapore.

A few miles farther up the country from

Busan, is Jambusan, which is reached by a tramway. It is situated in a basin, surrounded by an amphitheatre of wooded hills, with the shadowy peaks of the great mountains, twenty or thirty miles distant, looming grandly in the blue ether. Here the principal blasting operations are carried on, and here are also smelting-furnaces, and a brickyard for the construction of the necessary buildings. Jambusan, which is entirely sustained by the company's works, contains about three hundred inhabitants, most of whom are either directly or indirectly dependent upon the company.

Another day's journey upon a mettlesome pony, which had various little dodges for throwing me out of the saddle, took me through one of the most glorious forests it has ever been my fortune to behold. A bridle path, or horse trail, had, with much engineering skill, been contrived at the foot of the mountain, following the lead of the stream; which, as I before remarked, never knew its own mind, but wriggled about like a tadpole in clear water, sometimes diving right under the mountain, and bubbling up on the other side by some hydraulic process known only to itself. Its freaks, however, had made necessary no less than forty-eight bridges in the fifteen miles to Tegora, my destination.

Here the manager kindly placed his bungalow at my service, with a Chinese cook without a chin, the materials for which had evidently gone to make extra large cheek bones; a Malay to wait upon me; a very small Dyak, with a very big sword, to defend me; and a splendid kangaroo-dog, named Tam—something between a greyhound and a staghound—in whom I placed all confidence; all reinforced by my own special Annamite follower, Nam. These composed my establishment. I was also offered the services of a young boa-constrictor, to keep the rats away; but this I declined with thanks.

"While he is young, he will not injure you," said the manager, "but only destroy the rats."

"Under those circumstances," I said, "I should require to see his baptismal register, to ascertain his exact age, as he might have some sinister motive in representing himself younger than he was."

Here, perched among the tree-tops, in a nook like a crow's-nest (for the bungalow or villa was situated upon a sugar-loaf of its own, about five hundred feet high), I could look down upon the works below, and view the useful and the practical; or, gazing upward, could behold all that was romantic and grand.

It was easy for me to imagine myself once more in Yo-Semite, without danger of snow; for the only accident which could happen here would be to be blown from the top of my Olympian eminence into the Plutonic region below, where Dyak Vulcans were tending furnaces which belched forth molten lava of antimony, smelted from the tenacious rock, and dazzling quicksilver, forced by the roaring flames from the ruddy cinnabar, which had been sent flying down from the topmost peaks by the force of gunpowder.

When an explosion takes place, the outrage is groaned, and moaned, and sighed over by every peak, far and near, for full sixteen seconds, as though they were incredulous of the fact that puny man could come with a small fusee, and absolutely shatter their adamantine gates, and steal their pent-up treasures.

Antimony is found principally as a sulphide or sulphuret, in seams of limestone, sometimes with silver, lead, and nickel. It also occurs in bright silvery streaks, in white quartz; and specimens of it, thus combined, are very pretty and ornamental. Native or pure antimony is also found, but only in small quantities. The metal was known to the ancients as "broad-

eye," from its power, when applied to the eyes, to increase their apparent size. Turkish women still use it, both for eyes and eyebrows; while the court dancers of Campuchia employ it to impart to their ordinary countenances that peculiar Assyrian expression which constitutes the witching charm of their performance.

The Borneo Company exports it in large glittering blocks, most of it being sent to England. Though the least ornamental, it is perhaps the most useful of the exports; and, under the polished guise of "Britannia Metal," it domesticates itself in candlesticks, tea-spoons, type, and teapots. Its work comes back to us, and finds its way even to the tops of these mountains, telling us upon the newspaper sheets of all that is passing in the great world below. (Not that the types always speak the truth; for I see by one of the journals, that I am in Australia, which would imply a quality of ubiquity which I do not possess. To the best of my belief, I am now at Tegora, in the Bóugon range of Borneo, though I could not swear even if cross-examined by the Attorney-General himself, where I was last week, or a month ago for

> "I take no date,
> And I pay no rate
> Under the forest trees."

And my three watches have, for the last three months, ceased to mark the time.)

Around the teapot of antimony, how many elderly ladies will congregate, talking of bygone years, and of the scandal of yesterday. With what a world of tit bits of family history that innocent antimony, now dug from the fresh mountain caverns, will become acquainted. The oxide of antimony is obtained by passing flames from the furnace over the sulphate, along several chambers, in which the fumes condense upon the walls and form the oxide.

Quicksilver is, as I have said, found in abundance. We all know the important part it plays in informing us of the temperature, and of the future state of the weather. Here, in its native earth, it must have plenty of running up and down to do, for there is a storm of rain, wind, thunder, and lightning, as I am told, on three hundred and fifty days out of the three hundred and sixty five, thus leaving only fifteen days for it to repose. Rain, more or less, there seems to be every day; but, generally speaking, it is soon over; and the atmosphere afterwards is singularly clear and brilliant. Quicksilver is found in the red cinnabar stone, in the mountain steeps and water courses.

These stones are the most valuable, as they contain frequently seventy-five per cent. of pure mercury, whereas the solid rock yields little more than five or six per cent. The process of obtaining the metal from the latter is not unlike gold quartz-mining. The rock is first blasted a little below the surface of the topmost peaks, which are fast being levelled with the ravines. Should cinnabar be found in all of them, the features of the Bougon range will exhibit a marked change in twenty or thirty years hence.

The Borneo Company will then find that it has been enacting the rather unexpected rôle of missionary, by fulfilling the scriptural prophecy concerning "exalting the valleys, and laying the hills low." No one would guess *that* to be the mission of the company's people, to look at them. The débris from the blasting is brought down from the mountains, by a tram-road, to the stamps, which pound the broken rock into pudding, or dark, chocolate-coloured dough. This is next spread over tables, or slabs, where, under the constant washing of water, each ingredient of the original rock finds its level according to its specific gravity. Now separated from its friends and adherents (especially the

iron pyrites), it passes through a retort, and comes dripping out, as that marvellous globular fluid known as quicksilver. It is secured in iron bottles, and valued at about six dollars per pound; is shipped principally to China, where it is used for making vermilion, with which colour that country is bedizened, from temples to teapots, from their celestial emperors to their portraits of imps. So few, indeed, are the articles made in China without the use of vermilion, that it would be quite as difficult to discover them as to enumerate those that are. No representation, of deity or devil, is complete without it; there is no fair damsel who does not seek to improve her beauty by laying it thickly upon her face. The disgraced mandarin swallows it as poison, while the potent official denotes his rank by it. All dragons seem to hold a mine of it in their throats; and all inscriptions are written either upon or with it; so that to receive a scarlet letter has less of portentous meaning than such a ruddy document would have in Ireland.

What shall I say of the inestimable mirror, wherein individuals look at individual selves—which shows up wrinkles and gray hairs, gives the lie to flattering tongues, and does its best to

be the "giftie," sighed for by Burns, and enables us "to see ourselves as others see us."

Mercury as a medicine, however, has nearly had its day. At the retorts salivation is very rare; I heard of only one case. A poor fellow appeared before the manager with all his teeth wrapped up in a paper parcel, asking what he was to do.

"Have them set in gold, and put them in again," replied the chief, deliberately.

No doubt that was the only thing to be done. Gold is not found in Borneo in very large quantities, except here and there, where a "luck-fall" has yielded several thousands of dollars. It is washed out of the beds of rivulets and streams. Digging is almost impracticable, owing to the excess of rain, which seizes upon any excavation, and floods it at once. Washing, by means of conduits or flumes, as they would be called in California, is carried on by the Chinese, in much the same fashion as there.

The Borneo Company has about one thousand Chinese in its service, while as many Dyaks are employed for less careful and more arduous work; the head work is of course done by Europeans. The Chinese are most prized by the company, on account of their greater industry,

ingenuity, and patience; in fact, all over the Eastern Archipelago coolie labour is in great demand, and its importation is gradually working out the progress of the world. Not only as regards labour is this the case, but in many instances the Chinese manage important commercial interests, especially in Saigon and Singapore, in which places they figure among the most influential and wealthy merchants.

The Mongolian mind, when once freed from the peculiar Chinese trammel, becomes extremely active and keenly perceptive. The Chinese are wonderful at working out details, whereas the Malay has more of the Italian or Portuguese insouciance; and there appears to be no logical sequence in his character, and no mathematical precision in his brain. The Dyaks, though they work bravely and intelligently for a time, cannot be made to understand the necessity for constant labour; they believe in six months' labour and six months' play; and, when they have saved enough to eke out a scanty subsistence for a time, they are off to their mountain fastnesses—the Dyak villages, perched up among the clouds. Here they plant a little paddi or rice, and live upon their earnings, until starvation again drives them down to the plains to labour.

They also are seekers for the diamond, the Dyak women patiently sifting the pebbly beds of the rivulets for weeks or months together, and then, perhaps, finding a small, transparent stone, which to them is a fortune. Some fine diamonds have been discovered worth several thousands of dollars. The straw-coloured is that most frequently found. A very fine one was offered to me for seventy dollars. A pale green is also often found, but of course neither is so valuable as the pure water of the clear diamond. There is an abundance of small diamonds, and these may be had very cheap. The native workmen are not very skilful lapidaries, and so the finest gems are sent to Europe to be cut.

As there is no organized system of diamond-hunting here, it is impossible to say whether gems can be found in sufficient quantity, and of good enough quality to merit the attention of such a company as the Borneo, which as yet has devoted itself to the more ready wealth of cinnabar and antimony.

Peering out from my tower on high I could also perceive, midway between zone and zenith, one of those curious habitations, like a great human nest perched on the tree-tops, containing from three to four hundred people, living like

birds of the air or beasts of the forest. I could look down the winding path cut through the jungle to the antimony and cinnabar works, with their numerous engine-houses, washing-houses, offices, tram-roads and shops, and upon the engineers', clerks', and superintendents' pretty bungalows, dotted over the sides of the mountain like Swiss cottages, with their wide-spreading palm-leaf roofs and exterior stair-ways. To that little world below I may have seemed like the Lady of Shalott,—substituting writing for weaving, but there was no Sir Launcelot, unless I could so regard a Dyak youth, who used to steal up generally with the shadows of the moon, and discourse sweet music from a species of pumpkin and half-a-dozen bamboo reeds. The melody was like the "*Cors des Alpes*" in the overture of "*Guillaume Tell*," and very soft and plaintive he could make it.

When I made my page Nam hold the lanthorn to his face, I was rejoiced to find that his large, wild eyes—like a dog's or a gazelle's—spoke only of tender rapture, without a symptom of desire to possess my head as a trophy. I gave him a dollar for his instrument, and commenced learning the Dyak *cor à pumpkin*. Thus the Dyak reapers, climbing the trees for orchids

for some enterprizing botanist, might have heard the wail of my pipes, and mistaken me for the fairy Lady of Shalott, or Antou,—a sort of Dyak *banshee*, but certainly it would not be in the morning early. I am quite content to let the birds have both the early music and the early worm.

It was a matter of wondering conjecture to those natives what I could possibly be doing up there all alone, but for me there was no romantic apprehension of being *kris*-ed, *i.e.*, of having my head taken off at one blow by a Dyak scimitar, for the mountain Dyaks now prefer taking dollars to taking heads; and their great "head-house," where the young braves were formerly nurtured, is now only ornamented with a lot of smudgy old heads of thirteen years ago, overcooked and overdried. The last grand *battue* was at the time of the Chinese insurrection in Sarawak, when most of the latter paid the penalty of their treachery to Sir James Brooke. In the limestone caves are found the edible "birds' nests," so much esteemed by the Chinese for soups and ragouts.

These natural tunnels, excavated by the action of the rivers, served in many instances for the hiding-places of the then wretched, hunted epicures, who, notwithstanding the tempting

fare around them, died of hunger, and their whitened bones now attest their miserable end. It is interesting to look down over the picturesque scene, and trace the change which, in less than two years, has been effected by the indomitable energy of the white race. First comes the pioneer, with his probing-rod or magic wand; then the buildings begin to rise, like habitable mushrooms. How the engine and machinery got here, struck me as being as great a miracle as the transport of the Holy Stable of Bethlehem to Loretto. But the Borneo Company does not seem to be composed of the sort of people who have miracles performed in their favour. Nevertheless, there they are—furnaces, and iron jars and cisterns in which to keep the mercury until it is sent off. It is a curious sensation to dip one's fingers into this iron vat, and feel the quicksilver collapse as we try to grasp it, yet sustaining a five-pound weight of iron upon its glittering bosom.

Tegora is yet in its infancy; but, should the cinnabar continue to be found in large quantities, it promises to be not only the most beautiful but the richest place in Borneo. Several hundreds of persons are at work, and improvements are going on. Valuable timber is abundant,

and Dyaks are not scarce; they are constantly coming in for employment.

These mountain Dyaks have not the magnificent physique of the sea Dyaks; but though they are small, their limbs are beautifully moulded and of perfect symmetry, the muscles fully developed. Their skin is so fine and smooth, yet so hard, that it resembles bronze rather than anything else. They also retain the special charms of eyelashes and eyebrows, which the sea Dyaks do not; and their eyes are soft, wild, passionate, and lustrous. The nose, although broad, is straight on the bridge, and the nostrils fine and dilated, like those of a thoroughbred horse. The mouth, when not disfigured by the disgusting habit of sirik-chewing, though somewhat full and heavy, is yet handsome. Their undress—that is to say, when out of their war accoutrements—is precisely what the word signifies; and yet, strange as this may appear, it fails to strike the European eye as indecorous. The missionaries have done little to clothe or Christianize them, although they are the most intelligent of savages—having no fixed religion of their own, no priesthood, and no religious worship. Omens and the signs in the heavens are their spiritual guides; and it

is curious that, after thirty years of British rule (as we may call that of Sir James Brooke), and accommodated as they have been with a bishop or two supported by some of the Exeter Hall Societies, these natives should, with the exception of a few children, have adhered to their own ideas and practices. I spent several weeks among them, going from mountain to mountain, and village to village, and met with more kindness and true politeness than I have often encountered in more civilized places. Excepting that uncomfortable national institution of "head hunting," I think the Dyaks a very pleasant and interesting people.

CHAPTER. VIII.

VIA BATONGS.

SIRAMBO is one of those isolated mountains which rise abruptly out of a vast jungle plain, looking as though they had come there by some strange freak of nature. Sirambo towers 2000 feet vertically. At a short distance, but without any communication, are its companions, Matang and Singi; the latter, singular in its square top, looks like a gigantic fortress. Moi, the loftiest of all these isolated peaks, is 3000 feet high, and wooded to the very top with magnificent timber. Sirambo was about five miles from Pakou fort, where I was staying with one of the Rajah's officials; yet, from the intense clearness of the atmosphere, it scarcely looked two, and constantly inspired me with the desire to ascend it.

After regarding this temptation for several days, it became too strong for prudence; we

yielded to that peculiar British failing of mounting to the top of everything, and set out upon the expedition.

I had been in the habit of ascending mountains four times as high on ponies, mules, or mustangs, and had therefore no experience of what a walking feat might be; and, like a child that thrusts its dimpled finger into the flame of a candle to catch it, I thought a five-mile walk amid ferns and forest trees must be both easy and delightful. For nothing but one's feet were available on this route on account of the bridges, which were neither more nor less than small trees, or sometimes bamboos, cast across the stream or precipice. Like the child, I don't feel inclined to try the experiment again—certainly not on a Dyak road.

As these bridges, or *batongs*, occurred about every hundred yards, no four-footed animals could traverse them. Even my dog, Tam, had much difficulty in crossing, and had frequently to swim for it. I do not think any other animal than a monkey can walk four miles on a round stick without apprenticeship to an acrobat or a Dyak. Most children who find their way into a timber-yard immediately commence walking narrow planks and logs, which shows that there

is an inherent propensity in human nature to balance itself in this very precarious fashion; and thus the Dyak makes all his roads of a single spar. He lays it flat through the jungle to keep him out of the mud and briars. He throws it across streams of water, and steps over it like a tight-rope dancer. When he comes to a rock or vertical hill, he notches the tree and marches up it as though it were the marble staircase to St. Peter's or the Tuileries. He places these notched trees as a ladder up several hundred feet of the mountain; he would consider it *infra dig.* to make a serpentine path and go up by easy stages. No! he takes the whole of the thousand feet in one straight line, little out of the perpendicular, by an angle of twenty-three degrees—a sort of isosceles triangle; and when I brought myself to believe that five miles of a rough forest walk would not be hard work, especially while ferning on the way, my wildest imagination never conceived the probability that it would be a promenade (*à la* Blondin) of batong-walking and of steady ladder-climbing.

Sometimes the batong, or sticks, were relieved by small holes scooped in the rock, into which you could insert your toe. Sometimes the marl was cut into steps, with a bit of bamboo on each

side, which prevented it from slipping. In fact, I may say it was a bamboo road from beginning to end. However placed—horizontal, or sloping, or perpendicular, crossways or straight—it was still bamboo.

Some of the bridges were remarkable specimens of architecture. Two piles of long bamboo were driven into the bed of the river, so as to meet and cross within a yard from the top, where a single spar was thrown across. Upon this you had to walk, supporting yourself as best you might, with the tips of your fingers on a slender reed tied on the tops of the bamboo. The whole structure looked solid enough for a good-sized fly, and creaked and swayed as you passed. The bridge in "La Sonnambula," over which Amina passes, is a solid fabric in comparison; and the suspension bridges at Crumlyn Valley and Niagara Falls are massive structures. Of these Dyak bridges traversing rapid torrents, there is scarcely any portion thicker than a man's wrist, the strength and elasticity of the bamboo alone affording the necessary support; any other wood as slender would yield at once.

Another description of bridge which we had to cross was still more fragile. Instead of supports in the ground, it was suspended from the

trees on either side of the river, exactly on the principle of our suspension bridges, only made of bamboo, and tied together with creepers or withes.

It requires a strong argumentative conviction that man in his savage state was intended to balance himself on these perilous heights, and the example of the Dyaks, before one could fairly venture upon them. Tam, my great kangaroo dog, could not manage them at all, and slipped aside, and athwart, and astride, and overboard altogether. When it was merely a stream, he swam and tore up the opposite bank, with a springing desperation that only dogs who are afraid of being left behind ever evince. But on one occasion the bridge was over a chasm of huge boulders and rocks. Poor Tam slipped through, and fell with a crash on the rocks below! Nothing daunted, he made a bold dash for the bridge; but it was far too high for even his long, elastic limbs, and he fell back, slipping between two great boulders, and disappeared with a pitiful yelp I shall never forget. I could not help stopping on my perilous rail to utter words of comfort to the poor beast as he sank out of sound and hearing. To rescue him from that vortex was impossible, even for a Dyak; and I

think the blue sky, and the green palms, and the fern-clad route, all grew dim and clouded —I felt so sick and sorry for the loss of poor Tam!

But I could not stand there with the bamboo creaking and swaying under me; I was forced to move on, and, more as a relief to my feelings than from any hope as I scaled the steep rock on the other side of the bridge, I shouted with all my might, "Tam! Tam! Tam!"

The rocks, as though anticipating my wants, echoed it again and again. My friends shook their heads, and said, "He is gone, poor fellow! he is somewhere in the bowels of the earth ere this!"

It only seemed that a short time had elapsed since his disappearance, yet it must have been twenty minutes, when one of our Dyaks pointed aloft, and there were Tam's head and fore-paws, making desperate efforts to squeeze through another fissure.

I clapped my hands with delight, and entreated the Dyak to scramble up to his assistance—for a Dyak can climb almost any surface —and away he went, springing and clinging, like a goat or gazelle, and finally dragged Tam out; and the grateful brute licked my hands

and kept close by me, as though he owed me his life. He ran a few paces before me, every moment turning back to warn me of some new danger, seeing me safely over it, and then bounding forward again. He was dreadfully bruised, but had no bones broken, fortunately.

We had started about nine o'clock in the morning, and what with the heat of the sun, at least one hundred degrees, and the tremorous excitement caused by the terrible bridges, or rather rails we had to cross, we had got over only half the distance by midday, when we made a halt to take breakfast.

It was the regular halting place, or caravansary of the Dyaks, though of a primitive fashion, consisting of a limpid stream, some mighty lichi trees, and a bamboo rail for them to rest their burdens upon. There was a *bocage* of wild pineapple, which also made the spot desirable for a noonday halt. We set out our cold chicken, boiled eggs, and sherry, and gathered a few pineapples. I culled a handful of enormous cuckoo-grass, five times as large as the English leaf, and ate it as a delicate salad.

This may sound like very luxurious camping-out in the wilderness, but chicken is the special and almost only commodity of Borneo : chicken

for breakfast, chicken for lunch, chicken for dinner; ditto repeated every day; something like rabbits in Wales, where servants make a bargain not to be compelled to eat them more than three times a week. The natives do not eat much flesh-meat, and the Europeans seem to neglect the necessary labour to obtain it in perfection; but chickens are easily hatched, easily raised, and easily killed and cooked, though, to say the truth, the Chinese and Eastern poultry generally is to Europeans most obnoxious and detestable. It tastes exactly what it is—unfed. When killed, it is held in boiling water until the feathers drop off; consequently it is half-boiled before it is roasted or grilled: in short, the usual taste and texture of chicken in Eastern countries is of very coarse, cooked table-cloth. No wonder people become weary of fowl.

One of the Rajah's officers had been trying to cultivate geese, as a change, and all his friends were watching eagerly the process, hoping that they would soon receive an invitation to partake of them. It fell to my lot to be one of the party, and I think there was but one opinion, viz. that goose was the most delicious viand that could be set before a human being. We said, like the little foxes, "that it was the very best

goose we had eaten in all our lives, and we *did* feel inclined to pick the bones, ho!" Yet I did not fail to remember the time when, in Ireland, the poor goose was tabooed at every table with any pretension to gentility. "Tel est la vie," even of a goose—despised in one country, held sacred in another, and regarded as very good eating in a third.

With the aid of the chicken, we succeeded in gaining the top of the mountain, which had now become a succession of steps, or rather want of steps. The Dyak went first, holding my hand, and taking every precaution that I did not fall; for, though I did my best to put my feet in his footsteps, I did not always succeed, not having his catlike tenacity. But another of those elastic Apollos was close behind me, and would have caught me, had I slipped.

They besought us to rest at their village all night, but, as we were wet through with a heavy shower which had fallen, we preferred to continue our route. They entertained us with cocoa-nut milk and fruit, regretting it was not the season for the doorian, whose lovely white blossom now covered the ground like flakes of snow. I did not (I would prefer not to) go within a quarter of a mile of one, if possible.

The women of Sirambo did not wear brass armour, like their river-sisters: strings of beads and the conch were their ornaments. Their great "head-house," which was at a little distance, was falling into ruin, and, the heads becoming less prized, these Dyaks were so degenerate that they had actually sold two of these capital treasures to a German ethnologist, who had recently been out in the east collecting skulls!

They made beautiful arabesque carving in wood, emblazoning with dragons'-blood and saffron. One of my gutta-percha guides—the one I admired the most—gave me a pair of sirri bags, containing betel and lime, which he had carved himself.

As we neared the Rajah's bungalow, which we reached that evening, the panorama which opened all around us would have compensated for ten times the toil. Perfectly enraptured with the glories spread around me, I resolved to remain a few days there in the bungalow to feast my eyes upon a scene I might never look upon again. My friends had, therefore, to leave me to come down when the spirit moved me.

There were in charge of the place a Dyak man, with large untrustworthy eyes, and his son, a beautiful epitome of a man, who caught brilliant

butterflies for me, with Nam, whose culinary accomplishments I have already noted, and a whole light brigade of Dyaks to fathom the streams, or climb the trees, and forage generally. I was very well off indeed, and enjoyed it to the full.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORM AT ŚIRAMBO.

I HAD been lounging in the bath-room, situated about fifty yards from the house, between two great rocks, one overhanging the other, through which a limpid stream trickled, and filled an excavation with crystal water, clear, cool, and delicious, whether for laving, or for drinking. Overhead, was an immense boulder; under the feet, another; and in the front it was screened in by a palisade of palm leaves. A bank of earth formed a divan round the bath, covered with the most exquisite fern-moss; lovely creepers festooned the roof; and for a bath-room, which is generally so uninviting and ugly, this was fit for Diana herself—vast, lofty, airy, and beautiful, in form and colouring. It was the beau idéal of a chamber in a tropical climate. True, there was, besides the music of the trickling water, a

strange hissing sound which Tam, who would never allow me out of his sight after the accident, made a furious rush towards. It was a snake; but they are generally harmless in this country. I loitered gathering the most delicate ferns, which are as fine as sea-anemones, and ascending, called Nam to climb for some tempting tamarind leaves, when I noticed the most awful appearance over the mountains. They appeared set in an atmosphere of jet black, of terrific grandeur.

The sharp jagged peaks of the Bougon chain pierced up, majestic, fierce, and dark, yet intensely visible. Matang looked frowning in its rough strength, and Singi mighty in its square, solid size; but all around the deep black was spreading, and Sirambo the only point of light that could penetrate through the deepening gloom.

The little Dyak boy, who had gone out to catch me some butterflies, could find none that day. He pointed to the storm. Where those gorgeous butterflies hide themselves during these hurricanes, only Providence knows. The father Dyak, with the big eyes not to be trusted, motioned me into the house, but I was too absorbed in the grand Plutonic scene before me. It grew wilder and wilder, and more

weirdly mysterious! Blacker and blacker loomed the heavens overhead. The mountains emerged from amidst the gloom as though they were uplifting from their base. That twenty-mile view was one of horror and dismay. Again the Dyak touched me, and Nam shouted from the balcony. I turned to go in, for I felt a sudden fright come over me, but I was too late. A howl like that of a million demons caught up the air around me, and I was tossed like a dry leaf against the steps I was trying to gain, while I saw Nam and the little Dyak blown straight in at the door. I could not regain my feet, such was the strength of the wind, but the Dyak soon came to the rescue, and, with a great struggle, hauled me up into the verandah, only to feel the house see-sawing to and fro; the whole of my eatables, wearables, writing-materials, and pressed ferns, flying in one avalanche out at the opposite side; Nam yelling in his keenest Annamite, trying to catch them, and Tam in despair barking at them. To seize my MS. book was my first effort; but, as the ataps of the roof were all standing on end, I had to sit upon it in the outer verandah, which, being very low, was the most sheltered place in the house so long as it stood upright. But the Dyak

suggested making for the bath-room, as he feared the house would come down with a crash, and be blown over the mountain bodily. We, therefore, seized each one a blanket, made a rush together, tumbling, scrambling, rolling—literally blown down the hill with the rubbish, the wind being at our backs.

There we sat huddled against the rocks—the big Dyak, the little Dyak, Nam, Tam, and myself, in red and green blankets. Nam's clothes had been blown from his back. There we sat all in a row—a strange group for a photographer—the little Dyak rejoicing extremely in his blanket, and yelling in harmony with the howl of the wind, and the shriek of the tortured trees, whose lofty summits were bowed far out of the perpendicular. Tall giants, over one hundred feet in height, bent and swayed like rushes. Tam sat up straight in his blanket, as though saying to himself in a dignified manner, "I quite appreciate this attention in being treated like any other heathen." Nam alternately grew pale and laughed between fear and the novelty of the position, and talked his smattering of five languages indefinitely; while I, with my hair standing literally on end at its full length, held by the wind,

gazed into this wild chaos, and calculated the chances of our ever getting back to the house.

Now came the flashes of lightning and the rolls of thunder; and the whole landscape from black, became, for an instant, vivid purple, ghastly and terrible to behold; the skiey artillery making our little company tremble with its deafening peals. Then came the rain in a mighty splash through the open roof, filling the chambers, and drenching the few things left behind by the wind. I had taken up my mattress in time, and thrust it under the house, the little Dyak hugging and tugging at it like a young Hercules, for which zeal I made him a present of a knife. And so till midnight we kept guard amid the howling and pelting and roaring of the storm.

Where were the poor monkeys? Probably in some other bath-room like ours; no doubt they have drawing-rooms and hold soirées too, if one could only catch them at it. The rolling and booming of the thunder sounded as though the vast mass of Singi had burst its bastion-like side under the pressure of the Borneo Company's gunpowder, and was tumbling down to the plains below.

The furious rain sped horizontally along, bearing ataps, and sticks, and leaves which, like cartloads of refuse, showered about us. The débris of the valley seemed borne straight up the mountain on the whirlwind, and, dashing down the other side, threatened to carry habitations and inhabitants all away together. The howl of the wind over that twenty miles of forest-trees could be likened only to the roar of the blast which catches up the wild waves of the Pacific in a typhoon; and their united wails and shrieks of anguish, at being thus assailed and torn from their roots, might well remind one of the fierce plaints of the despairing damned. But this crash of the elements, as of heaven and earth coming into collision, did not last very long, but sufficiently so to convert the bungalow into a dripping sponge, the roof half off, no dry thing in the place.

The storm continued all night, but in a more reasonable and subdued form. Even after we did get back, it was not until early in the morning that I dared to sleep, and I shortly after awoke to see the white mist surging in foam over the whole twenty miles of landscape, like a great ocean of eider-down, through which the green peaks of the mountains seemed float-

ing, oases-like. I watched the clouds break and disperse before the sun's rays hither and thither, showing up portions of the scene as through a mirage.

Paku Fort suddenly burst forth, as though borne away on the clouds like a Santa Casa. Then appeared in a strangely altered form the rugged sentinel rock of Jambusan; and farther down, like a storm-rod or needle, the tall chimney of the furnaces at Busau; and now and then the gleams of the sun-lit waves of the ocean round Santabong. For a moment great Singi would put in an appearance, and then be instantly enveloped by a volume of mist, its square top subsiding into the white foam more readily than the peaks which held their own in triumphant loftiness. But gradually the battle became decisive in favour of the sun. The mist finally retreated into small nooks and corners, and the grand landscape opened in all the beauty of roseate dawn, lighted up with radiant butterflies and enlivened with the joyous song of the birds, merrily telling how they had circumvented the hurricane the night before, and how they did not feel a pin the worse for it this morning, any more than we ourselves did.

Nam having prepared the coffee, which, to-

gether with the sugar melted into syrup, and the biscuits soddened into pulp, we found in an adjoining bush, I resolved to go down the mountain early in the day, in case of the recurrence of the storm, which might have blown me on to the top of Matang instead of Paku. The handsome Dyaks whom I had engaged to convey me and my baggage down the mountain, appeared on the crest of the platform on which the house stood, and took great interest in spreading my things to dry, no doubt expecting and coveting sundry presents. They were all young but the chief; and it was as good as a sculpture-gallery to see them walking about and packing my small baggage. Two of them seemed to me perfectly faultless in figure, their limbs having all the smooth rotundity of marble, and, although constantly springing through the jungle like young tigers, they had not a scratch or contusion of any kind on them.

CHAPTER X.

ANOTHER PEEP AT JOHORE.

THERE was a time when the world was young, when she was yet in her units rather than her teens—when savageism seems to have overrun and frustrated civilization—when the mountaineer ravaged the lowlander—when the hill-tops desolated the smiling plains, and the Huns and Goths swept furiously over their tamer and more peaceful neighbours, and carried out their peculiar notions of what ought to be done in the world, at the point of spears and swords—rude instruments enough, if one may judge of them by the relics in the possession of antiquarians; yet with these they demolished all that civilization had, after great expenditure of labour, reared for the benefit of mankind.

The sad havoc of the barbarian is demonstrated in patches all over the world, in the

shape of ruins of magnificent temples, pagodas, aqueducts, and shrines—monuments which attest alike the perfection of their authors and the degradation of their destroyers; the fall and defeat of civilization, and the rise and triumph of savageism—a fact which gives birth to the melancholy reflection that we also shall share the same fate in due course of time. Mournful, surely, it is to think that, however far we may advance in mechanical discoveries, in art, and in science, we are still doomed to return, in ruin and desolation, to the savage state whence we sprang—to succumb before the barbarian with his kris or sumpitan—to behold the idealess man of nature destroying our loftiest thoughts and aspirations, and the vegetable kingdom enveloping in her leafy folds our brightest gems of art and profoundest results of science—the acanthus growing over the marble-carved capital.

All this has happened, and, reasoning by analogy, might happen again. But now the world, approaching maturer years and gaining more sense and wisdom, we must hope, has quite changed her habits and customs. She has become sober, steady, consistent, no longer indulging in those flighty mischievous ways, which erst were her

infantile gambols, of knocking down with one hand what she had built up with the other, like a child with a pack of cards. She now, in the maturity of thought, sends civilization to invade the savages; despatches engineers, carpenters, schoolmasters, mineralogists, "prospectors," and a whole army of light littérateurists, who struggle right round her corpulent ceinture, zig-zagging through the tropics, and poking their inquisitorial noses into the most secret recesses; ascending the very peaks of the mountains she has hidden away in the clouds; and diving into the craters of her internal fires to ascertain for a fact if Satan and his imps do really inhabit those infernal regions; and if they did find them, what a splendid discovery it would be in the sceptical age we live in; it would make the fortune of the lucky investigator.

Never, since she was born, has the world had such a ransacking as she is undergoing in the present half century. Those "two wee bit" lines of iron, which we lay upon the ground and run vehicles upon, are the magic bridges which carry us over the earth, and under the water, and through the air as mysteriously as Jacob's ladder; and wherever these lines appear bearing their panting, screeching burden, savageism

(with a shriek only less wild than the locomotive) flies back affrighted, fades out, and dies in the darkness of the dense uninvaded forest.

As Aurora's crimson-lit chariot disperses the ashen spectres of the night, so the arrival of the first engine drags within its snake-like folds a long dazzling plain of civilization, commerce, industry, fellowship, peace and good-will to all men—Christianity. This is truly the phenomenon of the age, civilization going out to seek the savage in his wilderness, the tiger in his lair, the elephant under his high canopy of forest trees; nay, shaking hands with his mighty proboscis, and getting him to lend a "help."

Johore may be visited by the traveller who lands at Singapore from the P. and O. steamer or the French Messageries Maritimes, and views with enraptured eyes that fairy-like crescent of water, the straits of Johore, which separate the British settlement from the mainland of the Malay Peninsula, just as though Diana had dropped her bow when leaving that favoured hunting-ground, and cut off the tip of the land of Johore. To float upon the pearly ripples of its bosom, and to gaze down into the reflected shadows of the forest and starry coral reefs which clearly assert themselves as the home of

the Naiads (always assuming they had a home), becomes at once the eager desire of the wanderer.

Two miles in a paddled canoe, and he is landed on the shores of Johore, and here to the full commences that strange conjunction of the Old World and the New; of Nature as she grew, and as we have transformed her; of man as he was born and driven from Eden (fig-leaves included), and his descendant of the nineteenth century, with black hat and swallow tails.

The first thing which delights one's sense of the picturesque is the grand background of the tableau, a mountain about two thousand feet high, faintly yet clearly limned in ultra-marine against the sky, of such transparency that it might easily be mistaken for a piece of theatrical scenery a little overwrought. I have seen Chamouni in the opera-house look twice as real as Gunong-Poulai veiled in the translucent light of the tropics. There is a legend that upon the top of this mountain lived the first man and woman, so that after all we may be on the very verge of paradise without knowing it, for "man never is, but always to be, blessed." The gaze, lowering from the mountain, descends upon a raft, and here comes the first collision of the old and the new.

The raft has been floated down the river from the interior of the forest, and is composed of teak, one of the hardest woods known, impervious to rot and white ant, and is to be the substitute for iron in the railroad in course of construction, and now is at the wharf before the saw-mills, anything but a romantic building. The raft is peopled (for there are leaf tents upon it) by the "Ourang Laut" ("men of the water"), who are very good specimens of the man Adam in the year one, four thousand and three before Christ. His garments are historic, and need no description; and his ideas are of the same primeval cast. Confined to the discovery of the groves of doorian, he lives under them until the supply of this most obnoxious-smelling, penny-tallow-dip-tasting fruit is exhausted, when he betakes himself to eating those snakes which have played such a scurvy rôle in the moral chapter of man's life, and which hold out in physical venom to the present day, though I am informed when killed and roasted, they carry out Emmerson's theory of compensation, and have a very fine flavour. But the erection of a saw mill some few years ago conveyed to the Ourang Laut his first idea of commerce, and induced him to chop down those kings of the forest averaging one

hundred and fifty feet in height, and to pilot them down to the little city of Johore, which has sprung up in consequence, and which is the starting point of the railroad that is to traverse the princedom, and join the British settlement of Malacca to its sister straits of Singapore.

As the Maharajah of Johore was lately in Scotland, it may be interesting to learn that he was so far capable of appreciation as to enlist Scotch brains into his service, and to initiate the project which Scotch energy and perseverance will carry out. He is one of the few progressive Eastern princes of the present day, and as such is worthy of the highest admiration. Still, if the head comes from the far North, it is equally true that manipulation comes from the far East, for the manual labour is done by the Chinese, who have within the last four or five years immigrated voluntarily to Johore.

Not only are they the navvies of the railroad, and the builders of wharves, streets, temples, &c., but these indefatigable agriculturists keep pace with the line on either side, flanking it with gardens, orchards, and fields, planting, reaping, clearing with a truly American activity and whim.

Besides the vegetables which the Chinaman

prizes so much for his own consumption, miles of gambier (used both for the purpose of dyeing the Bismarck brown and for eating with sirri) rise over the undulating plains, varied with groves of cocoa-nut, tapioca, sugar-cane, indigo, and tobacco. The land is parcelled out at a nominal rent, and the Chinese never grudges any amount of labour if he is not required to pay rent or taxes. He cultivates his patch or his plantation, builds his house, and a village springs up insensibly. A string of small hamlets and towns follow in the wake of the locomotive, threading its way into the heart of the primeval forest, where man has dwelt alone with Nature for tens of centuries, savage still as the woods sheltering him, wild as he was in the time of Herodotus, who speaks of the race as "the savages inhabiting these coasts;" savage no doubt as our friend on the raft—the Ourang-Laut, who yet is a shade in advance of the Ourang-outang (or Jackoon), the true aboriginal of the soil, for the former builds a boat in which he lives and moves and has his being, whereas the latter makes his home under the broad branches of the sirdang, habits himself with the leaves of the tirap (an improvement certainly upon the fig, the most awkwardly-shaped leaf for a covering), drinks of the limpid

stream as it bounds from the rocks, and lives in peace and harmony with the monkeys, who share the estate, or rather the timber and the fruits thereof, and lead a life so similar that the tribes are often mistaken and confounded with each other, especially as the name which has been given to the larger species of ape, ourang-outang, signifies in Malay "wild man," or "man of the woods."

In these impenetrable forests they have roamed and fructified like the seeds of the flowers and the fruits of the trees for ages and ages, moving on through time yet unchangeable from before the days of Solomon to the present hour; for not many miles away, which our locomotive will soon reach, stands the Biblical Mount Ophir, whence Solomon, and his partner Hiram (for there seem to have been joint-stock companies (limited) even in those days) drained their unlimited gold.

Think of a locomotive at the foot of Mount Ophir! Think of the mountain having remained as unchanged and true to its nature as the Jackoon inhabitants. If it is still troussé with gold and gems, as the Jackoon is still clad in his tirap leaves, what a trouvail for the Scotsman and his railway company. There is the more probability about this, as there exists the strong

similarity between Solomon's wisdom and the Scot's, that they both know how to find and to keep gold. What, though the firm of Solomon and Co. realized the sum of two millions two hundred thousand pounds sterling from this identical "claim," which had been forming since the days of its creation, it has now had nearly five thousand years to "recuperate;" and with the application of steam machinery the mountain can be absolutely cut down, and carried away in the railway waggons, and submitted to the analysis of mineralogists, who will parcel it out variously, so much per cent. gold, iron, pyrites, quartz, mica, &c.

And thus is the hand of the nineteenth century after Christ shaking hands with the tenth before Christ, probing the same claim, pursuing the same "lead," rifling the same treasure, grown corpulent and gorgeous with five thousand years' sleep; hidden away so long from what we call the world, unknown and never dreamed of in our philosophy until this gigantic fulcrum, steam, like the Titan king Atlas, is upheaving the world. True, the locale of Ophir, as well as "accounts rendered," have been disputed by savants, as what line of the Bible has not? some placing the golden mountain in

Africa, others in Arabia or in India. Josephus, however, places Ophir in the Malay peninsula, the Golden Chersonese of Ptolemy; and Sir Emerson Tennent is of the same opinion; but the best test whether the mountain is or ever was of gold, is to run a railroad through it, and journeying through this antediluvian, pre-Adamite timber-locked domain, what may we not cover? The gold and jewels. The ivory and the apes we know are there, as also the spices, nutmeg, pepper, and precious woods; almug, possibly camphor, birds of brightest plumage, if not peacocks, yet certainly parrots and argus pheasants, elephants and rhinoceroses.

But to return to our starting-point of Johore. Eight years ago it presented itself to the eye only as a dense swamp, with half a dozen atap huts; now we behold a palatial residence of the rajah's, which extends for more than a mile along a fine sea wall, with an English church, a mosque, and a pagoda, the largest saw-mills in Asia, a tapioca factory, and last, but greatest of all, a railway station. Upon a machine called a trolly (for the engine was as yet only employed in doing the dirty work, carrying earth and stones here and there) we set out on our journey. It is a curious sensation to find oneself skim-

ming along upon a railroad, though even a wooden one, in such a country as this. The contrast is so strange, the whole aspect so incongruous and out of keeping, as though the rail had got there by some curious mistake.

We pass a couple of young elephants, who look up in wonderment from the bananas they are munching, and evidently consider that our speeding along at that rate is a great mistake. They never heard tell of their ancestors carrying palanquins at anything like the pace, and they niddle-noddle their wise young heads together, and prognosticate evil.

We overtake a buffalo-waggon, the cize driver (a Madras man) crouched on the top of a load of grass, his long, bare, black limbs looking like a well black-leaded fire-grate, and his head, with its gay-coloured kerchief, resembling the ornaments placed there in summer time. He and the buffaloes regard us with ruminative eyes, and come to the sapient conclusion that, if we can travel so easily without their aid, the millennium of perpetual holiday must be close at hand for buffaloes. But, like the coach and stage drivers in Europe, they will find out their mistake, and that railroads only serve to increase, instead of diminishing labour. We hear

a fearful roar. It is a tiger: but we know he is safely caged in the rajah's menagerie, awaiting a combat with the buffalo in presence of some foreign prince — perhaps the Duke of Edinburgh, or the Grand Duke Alexis.

And now we have left the town behind. Yet, on either side the rail, are plantations of Gambia sugar, indigo, pepper, and tobacco. Suddenly, there is a hitch and a jolt; we have passed over something. It is a large snake, ten feet long, and its pointed head, with quivering venomed tongue, is still erect, and challenging fight, though its body is crushed flat in two places.

Then we pass through a narrow cutting in the woods, where the virgin trees are still standing, without a branch or leaf for one hundred feet up, blushing for the audacity which has let in the glaring sunlight upon their naked trunks. They are doing their best to clothe themselves with creepers, and the long-leaved orchids improvise a graceful screen when the sunlight penetrates in golden colours, as if to make up in brilliancy for the long years he has been shut out from that secluded spot.

More gambier, and still more gambier, for miles, until it occurs to me that all the world

has resolved on dressing in the famous Bismarck brown.

Now we pass through long patches of soft clay of the most vivid colours, pink, white, and gray, which is used for the finest porcelain, and would be invaluable in the civilized region of Sévres, instead of here in Johore.

We are forcibly reminded of our Asiatic locale by viewing on the plastic surface the imprints of the tiger—a most dangerous highway man to meet upon a trolly. He would merely have to stand by, and, as we passed, pick us off by the arm, as is their wont; for, amid the annals of tiger feats, the few victims who have escaped death have done so with the loss of an arm. A story is told which illustrates the lines:

> "It is said that a lion will turn and flee,
> From a maid in the pride of her purity."

A woman had gone out with her husband into the jungle to gather rattans, when a tiger sprang out and seized the husband by the arm, and attempted to carry him off. The courageous woman, instead of flying for her own safety, caught the other arm, and struggled with the beast for possession. And here, if I were writing "The Lives of the Saints," I should say

occurred the miracle. The woman's sole garment (her sarong) fell off, and left her in her native beauty, like Aphrodite rising from the sea. The brute regarded her for an instant, released the man's arm, dropped his tail between his legs, and quietly walked away.

Twenty miles of the exceedingly interesting railway are now laid out, and about fifty more will bring it to the base of Mount Ophir, tracing out, after five thousand years, the footsteps of King Solomon.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHINDRAS GOLD MINES.

CORNERS of the earth having been suggested to me as hiding the most interesting gems for literary diadems of the now well-searched world, I ferreted out a Chinese steamer, nameless, I believe, but with two large eyes painted on either side her prow, for the reason, as I had it explained to me by a Celestial, "No eyes, no can see, no sabbe go."

The captain's name was Tan Guan Hin, and she traded from Singapore to Penang, and touched at Malacca, that world-abandoned place, which seems to have sunk out of time into the depths of eternity. I was run ashore there on a green lawn, shadowed over with senna-trees, hoary old sentinels, and witnesses of its former grandeur.

This once mistress of the Eastern world now lies dying in a back attic—the fate of many a

great mind as well as many a great city. There was no wharf, or pier, or jetty, or landing-place of any kind. The boat had to thrust her broken prow into the greensward at high tide, or the passengers had to wade through interminable pools of muddy water at low.

But, this landing having been effected, there were more shoals ahead. There was no hotel, nor restaurant, nor boarding-house, nor even a bar-room; not a house where there was bite or sup to be purchased, and not an inhabitant who would offer hospitality to a stranger, though he sat upon that grass till Doomsday.

As a British subject, I thought I had some claim to be put in the way of food and shelter. But the British governor of Malacca, having so few subjects to protect, spends most of his time at a shooting-box in the country, and whiles away his leisure in the best way he can.

After sitting on my boxes upon the green esplanade for an hour or two, dreaming a day-dream of what Malacca might have been two centuries ago, I bethought me to apply to the Chinese owners of the steamer; and they, with great politeness, showed me through several of their houses.

Albeit, my advent operated so actively upon

the organs of wonder in the numerous households, that I could do nothing there but drink tea and be stared at by a multitude of women and children.

Having delicately hinted to my host, that I should like a closed, shut-up room, with a door I could lock, he brilliantly suggested the police-station.

The inspector was sent for, and, upon his appearance, I stated that a shut-up room to myself I must have, and asked if it would be necessary to break windows or destroy property (I suggested a 'tumbler) in order to obtain this desideratum, which could not be had for love or money.

He most gallantly waived the necessity for criminal action on my part, and procured me a clean, airy room in the station-house, where I remained until I could make my preparations for visiting the gold mines of Chindras, at the foot of Mount Ophir.

In the meantime, I became deeply initiated into police matters, "taking in charge," and "bailing in," and "bailing out," and ascertained that nearly all the dark-skinned Indian men were convicts, and that the principal business of the police in Malacca was to look after these and

the ticket-of-leave men, who were sent from India; and that, were it not for thus being made the receptacle of the iniquity of other countries, Malacca would do very much better without either the police or the governor and his seven officials.

In Malacca there is no bank, no newspaper, no post-office: nothing indeed available for a traveller. Thus I found myself literally "in charge of the police." The superintendent drove me out for twenty miles, and the other fifty were to be accomplished in an oxen-cart, with an escort of two policemen, armed with carbines and cutlasses, a Kling convict (a murderer) for driver, or rather conductor, for the actual driver was a Chinese, a petty larceny man.

This I subsequently discovered was a piece of good fortune, for the only way to make a bullock bestir himself out of a snail's crawl, is to ring his tail about, and the only method of making the Chinese swing the bullock's tail is to catch *his* and flourish it about his head like a whip. Under this *régime* we progressed favourably.

The fable of the old woman whose pig would not go over the bridge having occurred to me, I adopted the receipt of making the stick beat the dog, and the dog bite the pig.

Still midnight must have been proclaimed by all the clocks striking in Malacca (due allowance being made for horological outrages), ere we reached our destination, the police-office.

In spite of ox-tail pulling, and vehement exhortations, and dangers threatened by tigers, our oxen barely moved on their way, and I afterwards discovered that my old convict-conductor had a word or two in his vocabulary which, uttered in the most plaintive voice, effectively soothed them into a slumbering placitude. Moreover, after dark, my mode of accelerating progress was defeated by the Chinaman slipping a rope's-end into my hand, in place of his pigtail, which he allowed me to pull away at ineffectually, without his passing on the compliment to the bullock.

There was no moon, and but few stars; but the fire-flies ever and anon lit up the road, like revolving lights, suddenly showing their little lanterns gleaming like diamonds, and then letting down their slides, and leaving all in darkness. By what telegraphic signal they contrived to act simultaneously, is a question for a naturalist. I never saw fire-flies go through this wonderful evolution before. I have seen them sparkling all over a tree, like a bouquet of

fireworks, fading and getting bright; but this revolving light is the most marvellous military drill conceivable. Yet, if there was little light, there was plenty of noise: millions of crickets, locusts, and beetles filled the air with their incessant song, and even now and then seemed inclined to make an attack on our waggon, or at least to question where we were going, what we were doing, how much it cost to do it, how many children we had, how old we were, and where our husband was, and why he had not come, too.

Having run the gauntlet of these questions so often, I am quite au fait, and gabble my string of answers off, as a child does its catechism.

The horned beetles, or those with elephant probosces, were trifles beside snakes winding quietly up into our wraps and mattrass, and the constant anticipation of the arrival of that tiger, which was reported to have carried away here a buffalo, there sundry goats, and a man in another place. I must say I made the selfish calculation that, being inside the waggon, with a matchlock laid beside me, I should have the best chance, as the tiger would naturally seize upon the bullocks, or the driver, or Mr. Murderer, or my policemen.

In the midst of the danger, I could not help reflecting how all these creatures of the midnight world seemed to be enjoying themselves, their lively chirps and mischievous whistles bespeaking the essence of frolic and fun. By the light of the stars or the silver moon, they chatter away all sorts of compliments and pleasant things to each other. The "katydids" play a laughable game of contradiction:—"She did; she did;" and "She didn't; she didn't"—seeing who could say it fastest; and the sweet melancholy note of the whip-poor-will sounds like the murmur of consummated bliss.

The tiger, roaming the cool midnight jungle, has his special gratification. What a world of glory there must be in his elastic spring upon his prey, how delicious the scrunch of his ivory fangs!

The very mosquitoes and beetles seemed filled with delight as they hummed and buzzed around; and the cockroaches were the jolliest fellows that ever were, running and racing with an exuberance of vitality.

Contrasted with these, man seems to me the most miserable, doleful, discontented, suffering, unhappy creature on the earth. Our very buffaloes have a semi-somnolent enjoyment, from which they can be diverted only by wringing

their tails, whereas I, poor human creature, have fifty things to torment me at the moment. The waggon had no springs, and the road was rough, so that sixty miles of jolting through deep ruts and over tree-roots left me in the condition of feeling that my bones were nearly ready for use as manure. Yet there remained to me the comfortable conviction that they were still all safe in my skin somewhere, but where or how was extremely dubious, they felt so strangely out of place.

Danger, like trouble, usually comes when least anticipated. Thus, we saw no tiger that night, and my terror was only superstitiously aroused about dusk by a procession of terrible-looking things, which I took for bloody ghosts or ghouls, but which turned out to be Malay women, in their scarlet sarongs, which they draw across their faces, leaving only their eyes visible, like the Yashmak, and extend them to the full length of their arms, stretched on either side with nothing denoting humanity but their dark eyes.

They were fearful objects to meet at twilight, and seemed to realize Poe's song:

> "They are neither man nor woman,
> Neither beast nor human,
> Neither of hell nor heaven.
> *They are Ghouls.*"

Besides these, we saw the horrible beasts called flying-foxes. At first I took them for palm branches falling, but when they suddenly ceased to float and ran up another tree, I at once experienced a feeling that there was something uncanny about them. The following day I had the opportunity to examine a dead one. It was geometrically square, the feet forming acute corners, and stretching out a parchment-like skin, which it can extend or close up like an umbrella; the body is as large, and the fur of the same colour, as the jack-rabbit of America: but the head is more pointed, and this is the only resemblance it bears to a fox, having no brush or tail of any kind; the parchment skin extends from foot to foot, and upon these it ascends the trees. I had been very anxious to see this animal, as I had so frequently found that the English name given to a thing is exactly the reverse of what it resembles.

The flying-fox is an enormous bat, varying from half a yard to three-quarters square, with long legs, more resembling a rat or rabbit than a fox. It would be a horrible thing to fly in your face; it could wrap itself round, sticking its claws into the back of your neck, and suffocate you easily; but these, I am told, are not

the blood-sucking species, called vampires. Still the look of them caused a cringing sensation, and made me resolve never to travel in these jungle forests at night again. But, as I have remarked, being all on the qui vive for dangers, nothing happened, and we reached the police station in safety an hour after midnight; and I was only too glad to be "locked up" in a large, clean, white-washed cell, which the prisoners of these regions must regard almost as a palace, so superior is it to their own huts. The sergeant gave me a long rattan chair to sleep upon, and, putting up my umbrella, I threw over it a blue gauze skirt, and so improvised a mosquito curtain, and slept as upon eider-down after the jolting of the buffalo cart. The walls of the room did not reach the lofty roof of atap leaves by a good many feet, so that there was a fine circulating draught of air; and if it had only rained the next morning at the right time, I could also have had a shower bath without much difficulty.

The bright morning beams came twinkling through, with the mellifluous song of a bird that warbled like a nightingale, but which, if you inquire about it, you are told is a magpie, simply because it is black with some patches of white,

though it is not so large as a thrush. The sergeant unlocked my prison, and made me some coffee, and opening a trap door, displayed a dark cavity, with an enormous tub or jar filled with water; there was a ladder by which I could descend. I lost no time in availing myself of this luxury. But, alas! my desire overcame my judgment, and in an evil moment, instead of pouring the water over me, I concluded to get in. The jar must have been nearly four feet deep, and the water was as cold as ice; it was delicious at first, but when I endeavoured to get out, it was in vain—the sides were so slippery and so high that every effort proved ineffectual. I was literally "potted;" and without female aid my doom seemed to be to remain there, to end my career like Marat in a bath without a Charlotte Corday, who would have been a godsend to me. After struggling for a length of time the bright idea occurred to me to bail the water out with my hands; by this means I succeeded in swaying the jar which enabled me to catch hold of the side of the ladder and thus effect my exit, making a nota bene, *never get into a jar unless you intend being pickled!*

This was my first night in a police-station. I passed several others, similarly, without trying

another jar-bath. We set out next morning, travelling under the shadow of Mount Ophir, through a dense jungle, where the trees had been felled to make a passage, and which for the most part lay across the road, and with the roots, mud, and branches, formed anything but a macadam pavement. Moreover, we crossed the ridges of a series of short steep hills which rose like waves of the ocean, and, after another day's journey, level ground began to be quite scarce, and we were either ascending or descending. On either side, the tall, bare-stemmed trees with bushy tops made a magnificent colonnade, every now and again filled up with fruit trees or jungle flowering shrubs. When the jolting became unbearable, I got out and walked, and gathered ferns from a perfect wilderness of exquisite beauty. I also entered into an investigation of my convict conductor. He was a wonderfully picturesque-looking old man, singularly costumed in a long, white, roller towel, I believe, with a red scarf round his head. He was of a fine blacklead colour—a native of Madras; his voice was the most pathetic-toned I have ever heard, and his elocutionary power most effective. His gesticulations, as he narrated to me how he committed the murder for which he

had served twenty-five years in the galleys, was worthy of a Kean or Macready. He had not the smallest shame or embarrassment at entering into all the details of his crime, but, like an old soldier fighting his battles over again, dwelt on them with great gusto. His story ran thus :—

"I had a friend and companion who offended me by loving the same woman that I loved. He had thought to deceive me, but I discovered the treachery. As a young man I was strong and powerful."

(I could see that from his broad chest and square shoulders even now, at the age of sixty.)

"We quarrelled; I rushed upon my adversary, intending to strangle him; he drew a weapon; I wrenched it from him, and drove it through his heart. I knew I had killed him, but I sent it through again and again; it gave me the greatest joy; then, while his heart's blood was still warm upon his blade, I turned to his partner in guilt."

"Hold!" I said. "Was she your wife?"

"Never mind, never mind; she died by the same weapon. Then I would have been content: but her brother drew his knife, and attacked me. I killed him by accident. Then, *his* brother, my treacherous friend's brother, de-

manded vengeance; and now I was desperate and furious. I wounded him mortally before I was secured and disarmed."

"Killed four?" I exclaimed.

"Only four," added he; "all but her brother deserved it."

And the old man stood up before me, a noble picture of self-justification. Twenty-five years of convict labour had not produced repentance of his crime. Poor old man! how violent his passion must have been to retain its bitterness so long!

I resolved to give him a dollar for the lesson in elocution he had unconsciously afforded me. Why he had been left unhanged, I do not know, except that hanging is not very frequent in India, while murder is.*

I said, "If I had not an escort, would you like to murder me?"

"Teda, mem, Teda. No, lady; no, lady," he exclaimed, in a voice of injured innocence.

He crossed his arms over his broad, bare chest, and walked on in silence, like a misunderstood man.

* I ought to mention that India used to send her convicts to Malacca previous to the Straits Settlement having a government of its own.

At mid-day, we stopped at a stream and picturesque waterfall, which has its source in the summit of Mount Ophir. It was cool and sweet; but the fall seemed a miniature, and after Yo-Semite I am irretrievably blasé for waterfalls.

Old Murderer went into the woods, and, in spite of my non-appreciation of his gallantry, brought me mangoes, and cats'-eyes, and bright pink flowers, like the hollyhock, save that they grow upon hard fibrous trees.

My escort lighted a few sticks, and boiled my coffee and eggs, and under the shadow of those dark, heavy trees, I ate my breakfast, to the equal enjoyment of my native policemen, murderer, and petty-larceny-man, who all smoked their little cigarettes or long pipes around me, and regarded me with that strange, tender solicitude which dark skins often conceive for fair ones. To see me writing and sketching seemed rather to puzzle and impress them; but to watch me eat, and to listen to me singing, rejoiced them amazingly: there was something of fellowship in that. Two Chinese, tramping to the diggings, stopped to gaze their fill upon the "white mem" taking chow-chow in the jungle. But old Kling was a monopolist, and declared

they had no right to stare at me; that they should remove their profane eyes from this high and mighty mem whom he had the honour to conduct, or he (Kling) would pitch them into the stream. The Chinamen withdrew to a distance, and stood again, until Master Murderer made a rush at them, when they fled, none of the party, evidently, knowing the adage that a cat may look at a king.

We continued our journey after an hour's rest, and were within about half an hour of our destination (another police-station) about five in the evening, when, Kling having taken a skirmish into the forest upon his own account, I took the opportunity of a long down-hill slope to wring the petty-larceny Chinaman's tail, which he reciprocated with interest upon the bullocks, and we went rattling down at a terrible pace, bounding over trees and stumps, dashing into ruts and out again, and slightly dislodging every bone in my body. The driver yelled "Yah! yah! hesh!" the bullocks tore away for their lives, the great heavy yoke forcing them on literally by the scruff of the neck, and my guards, a little behind, hooting and cheering. Ah! Old Murderer will have a fine run to catch us now, and we may get in half an hour before

him; but, lo! suddenly a cry arose, fraught with terror and dismay. "Remoo! remoo! tiger!" was uttered by all in accents of affright. The driver let fall his reins, and attempted to scramble into the waggon. I, at the same instant, springing from my cushions, came in collision with him, who, slipping, fell under the waggon and picked himself up on the other side. I saw a movement and trembling of the bushes, and in another instant the yellow and black stripes of a tiger in full spring. What a crash it was! My heart stood still, and my eyes were rooted on the spot. The shock took away my breath, and, in all probability, had the creature come towards us, instead of going away, I should have been paralysed, and have died of heart disease rather than fear, for the deadly sickness which came over me was like death; but I was roused by the jolting of the waggon and the shouts of the men, who were belabouring the oxen with all their might, and urging them on to full speed. We saw no more of the tiger, save his tracks, but I felt very uneasy about my old murderer, until he arrived in a towering passion about driving his oxen so fast. He pished and pahed about the recital of the tiger, which he had not seen.

We passed another night in the police-station, and reached our destination the following day. The Chindras gold mines are a number of ravines, which intersect the foot-hills of Mount Ophir, and have all the picturesqueness which this uneven, wildly-wooded country displays. They are probably the oldest "diggings" on record, if we adopt the assumption that the triple peaks above us are those of the Mount Ophir from which Solomon drew his gold.

A new company has been recently formed in Singapore, and it promises fair to turn out a "big thing." A first-class practical engineer, of twenty-four years' experience in Australia, declares his belief that there are riches still there to rival Ballarat and the Comstock.

Whether the Jackoons, the aborigines of this country, have ever attempted mining, is not satisfactorily ascertained; but probably, as they could not eat gold, they would not trouble to obtain it, satisfied as they are with living upon the natural fruits of the earth. But, directly the Malays obtained possession of the country, they evidently mined it; and there are Malay families who have still in their possession large lumps of nugget-gold found by their ancestors hundreds of years ago. There are grounds for

thinking that the surface part of the country had been dug over before for gold, with what success is not known; but it is probable, from the lazy character of the Malays, that they would dig until they got a good haul, and then abandon the labour, to live upon or gamble away their earnings.

A few scattered huts, which we passed, were said formerly to have been a town of three thousand inhabitants, all miners. The gold which they found by day would be gambled for at night; or, just as frequently, the datoo (which answers to head magistrate) or mandarin would seize the whole of the proceeds for himself and the rajah.

The old Oriental custom prevails, that sufficient for the day is the labour thereof; and they are not "solicitous for the morrow." If this be true wisdom, they certainly possess it, and we do not. The Christian man toils for months and years together. If he finds a gold mine, he overtaxes his strength, and loses his health just as he has laid up the treasure he had designed to enjoy in rest.

Chindras is honey-combed with extinct gold-diggings, and it may be confidently assumed that neither Solomon nor the Malays have

drained it, owing to the necessarily defective character of their mechanical appliances.

I was fortunate in meeting with the Australian engineer. As the country has never been thoroughly investigated by Europeans, he was sanguine of fine results when the undertaking should be fairly set a-working. He invited me to take a walk one morning before breakfast over the scene of his future labours. A promenade seemed no great matter: but I observed that our guide had a very ominous-looking weapon, resembling a short broad sickle. He led us straight up the hill without diverging to right or left, where there was not a trace of a road or any human footprints; and, as he wound up the very steep ascent, slashed right and left at the trees, creepers, ferns, bamboos, and rattans, so dense that it did not seem possible for anything larger than a monkey to get through. Here and there was a perfect *chevaux de frise* of the prickly pineapple tribe, and Spanish bayonette species; and now and again we came upon deep holes or shafts, sunk by whom we knew not. They were fringed over with rare and exquisite ferns, and concealed with creepers of infinite variety. It required great caution to steer safely through these terrible pitfalls, worse

than any precipice, and more like deep wells (minus the bucket and rope), and many of them half filled with water, whence exit would have been next to impossible. Above us rose tall trees, averaging one hundred and fifty feet, without a branch or leaf until within ten feet of the top, and which shut out from our view the blue, wooded peaks of Mount Ophir, for I have frequently noticed that the more wooded the mountain is the deeper does the blue appear at a little distance.

My engineering friend was a little over six feet, and broad in proportion, and I took the precaution of sending him en avant, for his great bulk rendered it quite easy for me to follow in the vacuum, I do not mean in the way of air, but of prickly sticks, and sharp thorns, and possibly of the insidious leeches which infest these jungles. I wondered if this was the identical ground where Solomon dug his gold; and if he ever escorted Madame the Queen of Sheba on a matutinal walk, to inspect his great possessions; and if they stumbled through the jungle as rudely as we did now, with two or three choppers going on ahead, and Solomon holding her hand in the legitimate mountain-climbing fashion, fingers reversed to fingers (for Solomon was very

gallant to the queen, there is no doubt, from the way she subsequently complimented him); or whether he was tasteful and sentimental, and had her path carpeted with those wonderful ferns. I think I am the next woman, at least, after the Queen of Sheba, who has traversed these diggings of Mount Ophir, for I did not even find any trace of Madame Ida Pffeiffer, my only feminine precursor in many places.

Once only did we hear a great plunge in the bushes: but, as it was not a tiger, we recovered our equanimity with the comforting assurance, conveyed by our olfactory nerves, that it was a pole-cat! Into some of the shafts searched by the men employed by the engineer, we ventured on small explorations; and the engineer gave it as his opinion that the seam ran in a slanting direction, and would have to be tunnelled.

The gold, as far as I could see, was not in as heavy lumps as I have seen it in California, but seemed to be embedded in the quartz pretty generally; and, in a whole basketful which I gathered, there was scarcely a piece which did not show some trace, especially through the microscope, and if not actually Solomon's gold mountain, that it is a gold mountain there can be little doubt.

CHAPTER XII.

THE JACKOONS.

FAIR Malacca! How has her glory fallen! The very sound of the word still has a ring about it as of precious metals, and glittering gems, and balmy spices—of merchant ships, laden with all the treasures of the Eastern world, paying tribute to the queen of commerce as she sat on her throne of golden mountains of Bukit, Bertam, Panchur, with the triple-peaked Gunong Ladong, the classical Mount Ophir as her crown; and the limpid green Straits of Sunda laving the pearls and corals of her footstool.

Such was Malacca in the days of her prime, when she kept the great toll-gate of the world, and exacted rate and tax from the two hemispheres; when her vast fortresses, dominating the opposite coast of Sumatra, defied any escape or evasion of her power. Those impregnable

fortifications, which had cost seven hundred thousand dollars to erect, required two hundred and sixty thousand, to pull down, when the British, in 1807, set up Penang as her rival.

Such was the sovereign mistress of the East and West, fashioned by the hands of the poetic Portuguese who, under the famous Albuquerque, were the first European settlers upon this Asiatic Chersonese, in the fifteenth century, shortly after the route round the Cape had been re-discovered. This great soldier, with seven hundred men, captured the city from ten thousand Malays who, some two centuries before, had established themselves there, and wrested this beautiful spot from the aborigines, the Jackoons, who fled back into the interior to their mountains, where, in a perfectly savage state, they have vegetated like the fruits of the earth.

They are called Ourang-outangs (which signifies in Malay "wild man of the woods") and are believed, by most people, to be apes, from the accident of that name being applied to monkeys. The Portuguese, however, fraternized and intermarried with the Malays whom they dispossessed: but not so with the Jackoons; and at this period, the population of Malacca—city

and environs—was one hundred and ninety thousand, now reduced to twenty-five thousand. Yet the King of Malacca, who, with his nobles, had been driven from the peninsula to the islands of Singapore, never ceased his attempts to regain their lost city, vainly indeed, for more than a century, while, at last, they allied themselves with the Dutch, then beginning to make their conquests in the Western world. Malacca fell again into strange hands, for the allies, like most strong arms called in to help the weaker ones, retained the city for themselves, increasing their fortifications, and making more tyrannical exactions.

At the close of the seventeenth century, Malacca was still in her glory and power, when a British fleet cruising about, and infringing some naval regulation of the place, was fired upon. The compliment was returned with interest, no doubt, and the end was that Malacca surrendered to the British admiral. The magnificent stronghold was razed to the ground; the terrible fortifications destroyed; and an attempt was made to expatriate the inhabitants—now a strange jumble of Malays, Portuguese, Jackoons, Battaks, Javanese, Dutch, &c., &c.—to Penang. But this time the English

had counted without their host, or, rather, the Penang host had reckoned without his guests, for they utterly refused to go, despite the custom of the country to sell each other as slaves—a man being able to sell or pawn his wife, child, or even himself for money, and regain possession of his property when he can refund. But this species of slavery did not comprehend deportation. This scheme having miscarried, a diplomatic negotiation took place between the British and Dutch for the restoration of Malacca, which looks as strange on paper as the question of the Alabama claims will do a century hence. The British having held the place for thirty years, and utterly destroyed its commercial and military importance, begged to restore it upon a vast sum being paid for their guardianship, maintaining that they had only held it as stewards for the Prince of Orange.

The Dutch retaliated by a demand for damages done to "fixtures;" and the financiers squabbled over Dutch guilders and English farthings for another twenty years. Meantime, the Dutch returned, but Malacca—the gorgeous and great—was no more: she is dead and buried in the beautiful ruin I am about to describe. Subsequently an exchange was effected, the

English giving up a piece of Sumatra to the Dutch, in order to be allowed to keep the murdered Malacca in her grave. She is now nominally incorporated in the Straits Settlement with Penang and Singapore. Nevertheless, it has a governor of its own at a salary of fifteen hundred a year, and seven officials to assist him; a clergyman at the rate of thirty-five hundred dollars a year, making exactly five hundred dollars a year for the care of each soul in his parish: for there are no English in Malacca except officials—such as judge, lawyer, doctor, police-superintendent, and inspector, &c. And it may be surely inferred, that after this large governmental outlay on religious apparatus, every official will go straight to heaven when he dies—a destination which otherwise they could scarcely have expected to reach.

The population at the present day is a "pot pourri," which an ethnologist would hardly venture to define, every century having added its quota of new races, and each government introducing some of its citizens—such as Bengalees, Malabars, Javanese, Borgans, and Arabians; the Eurasians being a sort of leaven of the whole. The bulk are Chinese—the mainstay of the industry of Malacca, which extends thirty miles

round the city. It is they who do the trading and own the steamers, who live in the tasteful villas, in the suburbs of the city, who work the tin and gold mines, who grow and manufacture tapioca, and plant the interminable groves of cocoa-nut which shroud Malácca in a wavy ocean of palm leaves, only a few shades darker than her own emerald straits, that hem her in like a bent bow, and once gave her the reputation of having the finest harbour in the Indies. But now the ships have disappeared, and no sail is to be seen except the square matting of the piratical prahoo gliding round the wooded island, and playing hide-and-seek with the government cutters and officials. Some have been bold enough to attack the launch of a British gun-boat, and maintain a fierce fight, refusing to surrender upon any terms.

Some time ago, a British cruiser having chased a suspicious-looking craft, she took refuge in Salangore; and, a disturbance having occurred in the attempt to seize her, the rajah took part with the pirates (for there is no doubt he did a little business in that line himself), and fired upon the British flag from the heights of Salangore—an ancient fortress built by the Dutch. This was curiously coincident with the

same eventful insult offered from Malacca a century ago. A man-of-war was sent down and landed her blue jackets, several of whom were killed in the fight which ensued. The rajah was driven from his stronghold, and the English, occupying the country, placed another rajah upon the throne and sustained him as ruler of the principality. Two parties immediately formed in the country, and a miniature civil war commenced. But strange to say, the dethroned rajah made his appearance in Singapore, where he recruited his forces with men and ammunition, and sailed out of the roads with several very well-armed prahoos, and the fight is still going on briskly, at least for the Malays, who hate hard work, and are as naturally born pirates as gypsies are born wanderers.

Malacca, the golden, is now but an interesting record to the archæologist and antiquarian, with interest ranging from the various epochs through which she has passed, and the different nationalities which she has assumed. Beautiful she looks even in her decay, with her ruined old gateways, peculiar in their double triangular form, which enabled the defenders when the outer gate was carried by the enemy, still to meet them with terrible effect when attempting to force

the corner. The façades of the gates are elaborately carved in floral decorations, and figures, life-size, of Peace and War—a female, as Ceres, bearing sheaves, fruits, and flowers; and a male, as Mars, armed cap-à-pie. These gates of the city, attesting the genius of Albuquerque, must have been splendid as specimens of Portuguese, begot of Moorish, architecture. A greensward of the softest moss-grass surrounds the crescent bay, and a fine road overshadowed with umbrageous old senna-trees, with their gigantic gnarled roots, like the pillar bases of some ancient cathedral, denoted the monastic period when St. Francis Xavier first brought his enthusiastic genius to bear upon the heathen land. Under these very trees, four centuries ago, he walked in deep meditation of his great purpose—the Christianizing of the wonderful and still mysterious peninsula. Alas! did his prescience not admonish him that three centuries thence the *same* gospel would be preached by his successors to seven Christians only, at the modest rate of five hundred dollars per annum per head? True, that in leaving he shook the dirt from his feet, and Malacca was accursed; but if she has fallen in commercial importance, and national grandeur and maritime power, if she no longer forms the

"highway" of the world, if the P. and O. pass her by and ignore her, at least her *religious* value has risen in the market. Apostolic successors of the poor fishermen can now command their two or three thousand a year for the simple effort of dropping, not their h's (oh, no! that were infamy), but their r's, [and indulging in "We wead in the scwiptures" every Sabbath day.

If Sir C. Dilke, turning his energy into the channel of colonial-salary discovery, could show exactly how much wrung from the British taxed poor goes to pay these Rev. Dawdle Donothings for the salvation of the souls of government officials, he would effect a greater service for the state than by fussing about how much salary the queen gives her coachman. True that, in the heart of the forests which spread over the whole centre of the peninsula, a few Portuguese and French missionaries still strive to civilize and Christianize the Ourang-outangs by inducing them to plant paddi, and exercise other regular labour, and so have gathered a small nucleus together, in much the same way as the French priest in the interior of Cochin China had formed a whole village of Catholic Annamites by silk-worm culture; but the great work of spreading the gospel over the whole world, the great pro-

ject of the great saint, has crumbled away with the ruins of the splendid cathedral, probably the most venerable in Asia, which stands on St. Paul's Hill, and overshadows Malacca, one of the "footprints on the sands of time," which every revolving year helps to efface.

At the present day Buddhism and Mahometanism prevail, with a sprinkling of supposed Catholicism, which has such a strong dash of the two former, that strange combinations arise; for instance, Portuguese of descent suck in Paganism with mother's milk, or take Islamism with the partners of their bosoms—a most fatal means of "taking religion," as testified by experience even in Great Britain; in which, in the eighteenth century, a law was passed prohibiting men from taking Catholic wives, to the great peril of their souls; and further enacting that such marriages should be null and void, and the offspring considered unlawful.

Hence, out of these intermarriages of Dutch and Chinese, Malays and Portugese, a mongrel religion has been struck up, which is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, but, like the turtle, is an inscrutable medley of all three, which would bewilder even Saint Francis Xavier if he could look down upon it. Still more would he be astonished if

he could penetrate, as I did, to the heart of these mighty wild woods in search of the Jackoons, who are said to be the link between men and monkeys, and have lived in a perfectly wild state from time immemorial, under much the same influences as the latter animals.

We drove under the cathedral-like aisles of majestic trees for miles and miles; and the long reaches of rice fields, as smooth as lawns, and as brightly green, and the trees planted at the water-courses or dykes constructed for their irrigation, reminded me of the fair pasture land of Holland; only, instead of the clean milk cow, we saw the gigantic-horned water-buffalo wallowing up to his eyes in mud—which proves that what is one man's drink is another man's poison, for the buffalo in these countries could no more live without his luxurious roll in his mud-bath than the Dutch cow without the refreshing scrub of the shippen.

When we had passed out from the cultivated land, the groves of cocoa-nut and bowers of tapioca belonging to the Chinese, we entered the forest, where the birds were yet warbling their joyous matins, and probably breakfasting on the luscious fruits plentiful around—dookoos, doorians, and custard-apples.

There is a beauty about these virgin forests which, to my eye, never seems to fade—the glorious trees one gorgeous mass of scarlet, or the pale-green drooping tendrils a fretwork of exquisite curves and lines; the delicious odour of the living earth teeming with vegetation; the superb confusion and apparent carelessness, and yet the minute regularity of all. But now it was not nature alone, but human nature, which had to be investigated; and the Jackoons are a rare study.

Upon arriving at the pretty shed, dignified by the name of mission-house, a French priest came out to receive me, and brightened up all over when he heard his mother tongue, so long silent to him. He was a native of la belle Normandie, and his Jackoon home was a terrible exile to him, the more so as, like poor Xavier, his enthusiasm had met with little to feed upon. He said there was little hope, unless the children could be taken when babies, like birds from their nests, and reared artificially. He had succeeded in getting possession of about thirty children, whom he had reared, trained, and educated. But that was very little for the sacrifice and devotion of a man's life, and that such a noble one as his. He was delighted to

exhibit the results of his labours, and gratified with my astonishment; yet I could not help thinking how much more he might have done in a better sphere.

The physiognomy of these Jackoons is quite unique, and distinct from any I had observed before. The lower jaw projects half as far again as in a white man, and quite as far as the tailless apes of Birmah. The difference is as apparent at once to the eye of a stranger as the prints of monkey and man on the phrenological charts of comparison. The head is long, and strongly developed behind, though the front recedes but slightly. The eyes are large, almond-shaped, vivaciously expressive, and glowingly black. They had a rich bronze or copper-coloured skin, and were very small in stature and ill-made. The toes were considerably longer, and the foot much shorter and flatter, than a white man's, or even a negro's, and with scarcely any instep. They also make use of it as a hand to hold or pick up any object.

The children were just as advanced in school learning as the pupils of the ragged schools of Europe, and answered the usual series of questions so apt to puzzle the well-educated visitor. They were fluent in the Malay language, which

was the medium of communication between them and the padre. They sang cantiques both in French and Malay; but their great feature was the service of the Mass, sung and responded to in Latin. They were perfect as *enfants du chœur*, with their queer large black heads peeping out of their white surplices. Their only difficulty seemed to be "Jesu," which they pronounced "Zezu," with the most funny and charming lisp. They went through the Gregorian chant with surprising time and precision; and a small harmonium was creditably played by a very projecting-chinned young gentleman. Only fancy a monkey playing the Gregorian Mass on the organ! I could scarcely believe either my eyes or my ears as I looked upon his jaw, projecting so far in advance of his eyes that I wondered how he could see the keys of the instrument; the hands so short, and the fingers such long, thin, queer little brown bones, it is surprising they did not rattle like sticks.

The little church, built of wood, was as neat and gracefully adorned with flowers as any village church in France, and the ceremonies were as decorously conducted; only one little fellow, admirably adapted for sitting on a grind-organ in London, amused himself by eating the

wax of his long acolyte candle! The priest, who sang the Mass charmingly, gave a short homily in Malay, and, as he stood with his fine figure fronting us, I could not help contrasting the two races of man: the Norman, with fine, delicate features, perhaps the very finest of the European type—(in Normandy, this high-class beauty is remarkable, and our English aristocracy have retained it in its plenitude)—and the members of his congregation. The comparison was odious, indeed. There was less difference between the Jackoon and his friend, the monkey, than between the Norman pastor and the Ourang-outangs he was preaching to.

Their unkempt, shock heads of hair, tangled like horses' manes; coarse, projecting mouths; meagre, ill-formed figures, and furtive, beast-like eyes, presented one of the most vivid contrasts possible to imagine. The thirty children formed the larger part of the congregation, for the Jackoons are gregarious and wander about the forests, gathering the fruits and living around the trees until they have exhausted the supply —sometimes, under the special persuasion of the padre, planting a little paddi, and returning when they think it is ripe.

They have no village or special habitation,

but locate themselves up the trees, wherever convenient. My wish to see the Jackoon, *chez-lui*—even up in his crow's-nest—was kindly gratified by the missionary, who conducted me upon the excursions which he was in the habit of taking to discover his flock. Thus we started on foot through jungles and muddy paddi fields, over hills and through ravines—taking promenades such as are described by Shakespeare's midsummer night fairies—following the Jackoon trail, which was no road at all.

My strength was well-nigh exhausted when my conductor pointed out to me a large bundle of rattan or bamboo ataps placed midway up some magnificent gum-trees, from which a sort of oil is extracted. This bundle was a Jackoon country residence or seat—literally, a seat and nothing more—and upon it half-a-dozen of a family and two monkeys were squatted.

Upon close examination, this habitation resembled a couple of dilapidated garden-benches, with very long legs, about fifteen or twenty feet, shaded by a last year's haystack-shed; but this particular one was quite a mansion, as they usually trust to the broad leaves of the tree for a roof, the leaves growing thick at the top like an umbrella. Thus the ordinary house has

neither sides nor roof, nor doors nor floors, and is really a wooden grating fixed up aloft. At first these creatures regarded me with affrighted amazement, and scrambled up the tree; but, the pastor having signified that I was harmless and of the same species as himself, they began to open their wide mouths and grin a welcome. I had considerable difficulty in accepting their hospitable invitation to enter their airy abode of ease and freedom.

It required the exercise of all the skill acquired in my Dyak experience in climbing and walking batongs, to accomplish the feat; nor, when I had ascended the drawing-room floor, or grating, was it easy to retain my position. My feet slipped through the sticks, for they had not been carefully selected or placed with any geometrical precision; some were split bamboo, others were forest sticks; some stiff, others elastic; and, to avoid getting astride on the rails, I crouched down, like a tailor or a Turk, on the small mat which was spread for me.

I had now time to examine the furniture, which consisted of a few stones holding a heap of ashes, upon which were a few cocoa-nut shells for cooking utensils, which also served both as plates and dishes, and a hollow bamboo for water-jug.

The full-dress costume of the Jackoons is barely worth mentioning; its infinitesimal smallness can hardly be described. It was made of a thin bark, and was extremely scanty in longitude and latitude, and their long hair, like the Lady Godiva's, formed the trimming: it stood out around them as though they had run through a prickly fence and carried the twigs along with them. Nevertheless, they were imbued with the spirit of hospitality. The youngsters clambered up the trees for cocoanuts, like monkeys; indeed, in another establishment which I visited, the child and the monkey stepped up in precisely the same way, and apparently with equal facility, not climbing, as boys at home, but clasping the tree with the palms of the hands and feet and so walking up on all-fours.

But the monkey had a superior knack of twisting the fruit round and round, applying his foot as a fulcrum to turn this miniature world, until down it fell with a crash, when he looked after it and grinned with pleasure. The fruit was not considered sufficiently ripe by the Jackoon, who ordered the monkey to "pick ripe ones," which he did with great judgment and discretion. The nut was speedily cut open,

and the fine white husk looked fresh and tempting. But now arose a difficulty. I did not quite fancy the family drinking-cup, or cocoa-nut shell, which the Jackoon dame wiped out with her fingers in default of a glass cloth, and the only alternative was to drink from the cocoa-nut itself. It was a monster, as big as a fashionable lady's head, only very much weightier. With some effort I succeeded in getting a little into my mouth, and a good deal down the front of my dress, at which we all laughed, Jackoons, priest, myself, and the monkey, who gave one of the black babies a punch in its very rotund gàstric organs, which sent him off howling, while Jacko got a front seat, where he sat staring at the novel guest with as much intense wonderment as the rest of the children.

The very young and the very old were the most apeish in their features, which are said to acquire more favour in the prime of life; and their expression was mild and gentle. Unlike the Dyaks, these tribes never go to war. They wish to live and let live, whereas the Dyak theory is to kill and be killed. Like the old French revolutionary exile, who regretted "ces beaux jours quand nous etions si misérables,"

the Dyak is never living up to his desire until he is marching to his death in a fray.

The monkey is kept like a dog or a pig in the family until his hour comes, when he is eaten. The boa-constrictor is also considered a rare treat, not only from the quality of his flavour, but the quantity there is of him; a whole Jackoon tribe can gorge upon him for weeks together. The doorian season is their great feast. They then picnic up in the trees, and devour the fruit as it falls ripe. The doorian is one of those subjects upon which the *vox populi* is divided and extremely bitter—one half contending that it is manna fit for the gods, the perfection of all edibles, and the food to become a perfect glutton upon (which is absolutely true), and for this opinion they are prepared to do battle *à l'outrance;* the other half contending that it is filth unmitigated, absolutely disgusting and sickening. One author thus describes it:—"A rich, butter-like custard, highly flavoured with almonds, with wafts of flavour that call to mind cream-cheese, onion-sauce, and brown sherry; a rich, glutinous smoothness in the pulp which nothing else possesses, but which adds to its delicacy. It is neither acid, nor sweet, nor juicy; yet one feels the want of none

of these qualities, for it is perfect as it is. In fact, to eat doorian is a new sensation worth a voyage to the East to experience."

Others describe this "sensation" as a stench that nearly knocks you down immediately the outer coating is removed, rivalling in loathsomeness a New Orleans sewer or Limbourg cheese (even admirers can scarcely deny this). "The consistency is slimy, and difficult to eat, as it adheres stickily to the seed, which is about twice as large as a chestnut. It has to be stuffed into the mouth and rolled about until the pulp is sucked off, which gives the eater the appearance of a pig trying to munch a too-large potato; the eyes, dilating with the unctuous fulness of the mouth, represent a coarse animalism anything but impressive. The taste is a combination of strong garlic, Limbourg cheese, Chinese rotten fish, and old tallow candles, and the aggravation is that this poisonous taste returns to the mouth persistently during twenty-four hours after the horrid mess has been swallowed."

Few foreigners can be induced to taste, or remain in the same house with, this fruit, owing to its nauseating smell, and such as *are* inclined to try it rarely return to the charge; but some few really acquire the taste, and to see a party

of epicures at their feast is a curious sight—their mouths full, their cheeks puffed out, and their eyes starting, yet sparkling with pleasure, unable to articulate a syllable, yet grunting out their satisfaction, gurgling over the big seeds and the fatty slime around them. And yet there is no other way to eat them. Merely to scrape a bit off with a spoon and taste it, is to cause a shudder through the whole system. The whole seed must go in at once, and be slushed about; and, with the exception of gnawing the corn-stalk with the teeth, as is practised in America, it is the most gross, vulgar method of eating I have ever witnessed in any country. I have noted the drunkard unexpectedly presented with a glass, gloat over it with greedy thirst, and the epicure over truffle in pâté de foie gras, but never beheld such intense gluttonous satisfaction as in the doorian eater. Seed after seed goes in, and is ejected when it has been well sucked; a whole fruit of ten or twelve seeds is devoured; but he cannot stop: he must have another, and another, until his plate is piled up with the seeds, and he begins to feel a little ashamed of himself; but he still declares that he *could* eat half a dozen more.

Both descriptions are true, and realize the adage, "Chacun à son goût." There are, however, a hundred other fruits upon which these savages live, for they neither sow nor reap, but take the goods the gods provide them; such as the dookoo, the ramboostan, the jack-fruit, and breadfruit, with an endless variety of mangoes, pomelo, and wild orange, the plentiful banana taking the place of rice. There are also the tapioca and taro roots, from which the Pacific Ocean islanders make their curious "poï;" but the Jackoons do not indulge in any such elaborate cooking; the sun being their chief "cuisinière."

Sometimes they slay a pig or a deer, and thus eke out their existence. In shooting, they use the sumpitan, which is fired by the mouth; and they are said to be dead shots, for the quill or arrow is poisoned at the tip with a deadly poison extracted from herbs and the cocoa-nut-tree, destroying animal life in a few minutes, yet not affecting the flesh. For implements they have a rude knife or chopper, with which they cut wood and carve meat, and which they use for general purposes.

We visited a great many of these roosts, more or less difficult of ascent, resembling large crows'-

nests—indeed, those sagacious creatures have far more comfortable quarters for themselves.

The pastor confided to me that he entertained little hope of Christianizing these Ourang-outangs, except by educating them from the cradle. It did seem hopeless, indeed, if these aborigines be the identical race which inhabited the environs of Mount Ophir in the days of Solomon, and have never emerged from their monkeyism since that period.

'Various nationalities and religions have swept over them, begirt and hemmed them in, without changing them one iota. What is, is God's will. What a momentous reflection!

Xavier made no more impression upon them than the fashionable chaplain who officiates on the Malay Peninsula. He is not paid to attend to Jackoons; of course not; he does his duty by reading the words of Christ, with the latest haut ton lisp, to the seven persons of gentility he cares for exclusively.

And thus the Jackoons continue in the same primitive state in which their progenitors were born thousands of years ago. They affect no virtuous actions; they commit no evil ones. They neither steal, nor lie, nor murder, nor take each other's wives or husbands, without mutual

consent thereto. They have an indefinite idea of a Supreme Spirit, whom they propitiate to the best of their ability with formal offerings.

To return to the padre, who was buying and raising the young Jackoons after his own special lights. As I have said, they did him infinite credit. The poor man trafficked in these little ones as the only hope of saving their souls. If a child's parents died, he would contrive to have it delivered over to him. If the parents had too many, they would give him one. If doorians ran scarce, or the child was unhealthy or deformed, a chopper, or a few beads, or a packing-needle would be regarded as equivalent.

Thus bargaining, he had collected together about thirty. When a child was brought into the establishment, a patch of ground was set aside for it as its patrimony; it was gradually cleared and planted by the bigger children with cocoa-nuts, bananas, and rice (thus they are made almost self-supporting); and by the time the child is sixteen, the cocoa-nut-trees are beginning to bear, supplying oil, meat, drink, leaves for his house, and string to tie with. It is curious how little one absolutely needs in life beyond a cocoa-nut grove.

No doubt, when these children come to ma-

turity, they will form a village; but many, following the instincts of nature, will roost in the trees, like the birds which, despising the comfortable hen-houses built for them, persist in spending their nights on the boughs of trees, in defiance of foxes and niggers alike.

But this is slow work, civilizing a peninsula by Christianizing occasional children. I was fortunate in witnessing the great step which was to lay the foundation of this noble work, namely, the marriage of two Catholic Ourang-outangs. The female was fifteen, and the male seventeen. Their united fortune was two cocoa-nut groves and a paddi-field, surrounded by a plentiful supply of bananas, planted by the groom and his companion. They had also built a house of bark of trees, the floors and walls tied together with strings of bamboo. As the priest had been the architect, the house consisted of two rooms, a verandah, and a kitchen, with an earthenware stove, resembling in form and size a man's hat, but invaluable in these latitudes, where you only need the fire to last so long as the cooking is in operation.

The domicile was regarded by the whole district—Malays and such Jackoons as were tempted to come in to see it—as a *chef d'œuvre*

of architectural grandeur; and the wedding had been looked forward to as a mighty event. The little church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the Jackoon bride was tricked out with wonderful finery. She wore the Malay dress—the cobaya and sarong. The former is a long loose coat like a paletôt, or waterproof, reaching about the knee; and the latter a straight piece of cloth tied round the waist under the cobaya. The bride's was of brilliant green cotton, fastened with the usual gold brooches, the first lyre-shaped and the two others round. The sarong, which is always check, was of purple, blue, and yellow.

Her luxuriant hair, equal to two ponies' manes and tails, was smoothed over, I think, with a pint of cocoa-nut oil, twisted in rolls round her not ill-shaped head, and held together by long silver skewers. But the crowning glory of all was the white net veil, which the padre had procured for this occasion. It certainly threw a sort of mist or glamour over the whole personality, very bewitching to the assembled crowd of Ourang-outangs. They imagined her to be, pro tem. at least, related to those blessed spirits and angels the priest was so constantly preaching about. Sundry monkeys, habitués of the differ-

ent families, winked, and blinked, and pushed their way forward, and enjoyed the fun as much as any one.

Her friends and company now regarded her with something approaching to awe. To be dressed out in bright-coloured garments, gold brooches, and that mysterious cobweb veil over all; to live in a bonâ fide house, with sides, roof, and a door with an enormous padlock, was the acme of magnificence to which Ourang-outangs had never yet aspired.

The padre had done his utmost to make this wedding a wonderful success, *pour encourager les autres*, as he said. But I replied: "You have accomplished that end so brilliantly, that I should not be surprised that all your children, even to the babies with long clothes, desire to perpetrate matrimony forthwith."

He retorted something to the effect of Mrs. Glass's receipt for hare soup—"First catch your heathen;" for the Jackoons love their wild woods better than anything; and their nomad life par excellence, and, except under stress of famine or sickness, can rarely be brought to remain in any settlement, and bribery as an inducement is absolutely essential. And as for that, who shall say that bribery is not

employed by the Church in our enlightened country?

In contrast with this Jackoon-bribery by the padre, was one of my experiences.

I once lodged in the house of a strict church-woman who had suddenly had a great accession of good fortuue, which enabled her (as she told me) to conduct herself "as good as any lady."

"Do you not go to church?" I said.

"No," she replied, "nor neither do I intend. I have never been inside the doors of one for two years and a half; and if that clergyman don't see it is his duty to call upon me like any other lady of his congregation, I don't see that it is mine to sit under him at his church."

So that, to keep this individual of his flock in the practice of Christianity, the pastor would have to bribe with the conventional etiquette of morning calls, &c.; and such attentions, as we all know, are very effective agents.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COOLIE QUESTION.

"Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,
How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas."

BUT the seas, White, Black, Red, and Blue (Pacific and Typhonic), have been so thoroughly explored and described since the date of the ballad, that the old gentlemen need but little imagination to picture their dangers and delights.

It is somewhat otherwise with the trials, perplexities, torments, sufferings, and perils of a new settlement, say on the coast of Sumatra, where a few enterprising individuals are about to realize large fortunes in the shortest possible space of time by tobacco-growing. I say about to realize, with some confidence, as the few now there have not been there more than three years, the older experimentalists having gone away with their pockets well lined.

Deli is assumed to belong to the Sultan of Deli; the Datons, however, thought otherwise, and this difference of opinion caused the late disturbance. It is ostensibly a Dutch settlement, but the score of planters now established are of nearly as many nationalities—Swiss, Danish, French, Polish, Prussian, and Austrian. There are no English or Scotch, strange to say; but if they went, they would be made extremely welcome.

There are miles and miles more jungle to be had almost for the asking, with a soil that produces the finest tobacco-leaf in the world for cigar covering, so that the amount of realizable fortune depends simply upon the extent of capital invested—I will not say in buying coolies, for that would shock the elderly gentlemen aforesaid, who, combining ease with verbal morality, indulge themselves with well-turned periods about "free labour," &c., forgetting that this is a country where the natives will not labour if they can possibly help it, and would choose rather to starve, but prefer vegetating on roots and plants, and smoking the tobacco which others have produced. Such are the Malays, and the intractable Battaks, neither of whom can be forced to labour. The former are naturally born and bred pirates; the latter, man-eating savages.

Ergo, labour being "free," there is no labour at all.

To bring this remarkably fertile island under cultivation, Chinese labour is a necessity. The Chinese alone can stand the heat and oppressivenses of the climate in planting this narcotic shrub. They best have the ingenuity for sorting, and the deftness of finger for picking it when dry.

They come of their own free will, just as a soldier enlists in the army, with the same amount of persuasion and enticement, and the same glowing description of the future ease and riches—the vast difficulties to be encountered ere his aspirations can be realized being carefully shirked. As the private soldier occasionally becomes a general, so the coolie sometimes scrapes together a fortune; but, should he, after his engagement, change his mind, he is compelled to labour, nolens volens, just as a soldier has to go through his term of service. Flogging in the army was abolished in the year ——.

This forced labour (or, as Exeter Hall philanthropists phrase it, slavery) is much the same in both cases. Both the soldier and the Chinese coolie make a contract to do certain service on certain terms, for a certain length of time; and it would be monstrous that one party should be

allowed at will to break his contract, without incurring any penalty, whilst the planter is bound to fulfil his under any circumstances; for, if the coolie is sick, he must be maintained and doctored; and if he dies, it is the planter's loss; and this loss is a serious calculation in the matter, for the Chinese are singularly given to suicide, frequently adopting that means of getting a change.

If the man is a natural idiot, the planter is saddled with him, for it is no use returning him: he is sure to turn up again in the next shipment of coolies, if not to the same planter, to his neighbour; and, as there seems to be a considerable sprinkling of these unfortunates sent from China, the masters have agreed amongst themselves, each to keep his own lunatics. The relations of labour and capital are the same here as elsewhere. Labour makes a living; capital makes a fortune. True, this is the whole question of capital and labour: it is the duty and wisdom to save and become a capitalist.

The coolie does not work more hours than the European agriculturist or craftsman; and while the one gets his drink and his pipe, the other gets his opium.

There is this difference between the planters

of the Eastern Archipelago and the American farmers and West India planters—that the former do not raise slaves, nor are children born into slavery, and no women or children are employed. The man sells himself; and, strangely enough (for they are mostly Buddhists) the operation is conducted after the Scriptural form laid down in the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus.

The coolie has to work from six o'clock in the morning till six at night, with two hours' rest during the middle of the day, for five dollars a month. Out of this he has to buy food, and it is almost idle to mention clothing: a hat, costing him six cents, which will last for several years, and a pair of trousers, made of strong blue cotton, which is equally durable, being all his requirements in that way. His house, or shed, is furnished for him, as is medicine in time of sickness, so that he has nothing to buy but rice, fish, and the sort of vegetable he eats (a plot of land even is given him); and of fruit he can gather in the forest as much as he likes.

Now, the rice and fish are so excessively cheap, that he can save two or three dollars a month, if he does not smoke opium, and is thus better off than our British labourer, who has very little more wages, and has to find house,

firing, food, and clothing for himself, wife, and children.

Tobacco planting and picking is infinitely lighter work than either ploughing, reaping, or delving. But even this contract, upon which the Chinese is said to become a slave, is usually re-arranged by the contracting parties. The labourer plants a piece of ground with tobacco, gathers and picks it, and sells it to his master for so much a "picul." Thus he can labour as much or as little as he pleases. In this fashion the Chinese, who are the most economical people in the world, when they do not smoke opium, soon put by money, and frequently go home, at the end of their bondship, with a considerable sum.

But there are men who are innately evil, who prefer stealing to working; the inveterate opium-smoker needs scarcely to eat, and is consequently unable to work. He even disposes of his rice, and buys opium. Others are passionate and vindictive, and delight in fighting and murdering.

Now there is no rule or police, except the sultan's, which is probably worse than none. Consequently, the planter, however unwilling, is necessitated to take the law into his own hands.

To imprison in this country, is merely to re-

lieve from labour; and, where a man eats nothing but rice, it is difficult to diet him below that; and to stop the opium altogether would in many instances endanger life. From the great difficulty there is in procuring coolies, every planter, in his own interest, is careful not to do the one or the other. Flogging thus becomes a necessary punishment.

That this may be abused, is as certain as that we have abuses in our own courts of law; and it is resorted to in all the colonies as the most effective punishment for Asiatics. Most vessels, trading on the China coast and archipelago, take a Malay crew under the immediate command of a serang, or head man, who exercises exclusive and uncontrolled power over the men. The captain does not interfere with the sailors, addressing himself entirely to the serang; and this man uses a rope's end at his pleasure.

These are exceptional positions, which the law cannot control, and the sailor over-beaten has no more succour than the coolie; yet the ships must be sailed by these men, who alone know the coast. On the other hand, we must consider the question in the light of the planter's interest. He throws himself into this wilderness of wild beasts and savage vegetation, deprived of

every comfort and social pleasure, compelled to make a fortune or a competence in a few years; for, in case his health breaks down, he is unfitted for any other occupation. The luxuries and the necessities of our homes depend upon him—sugar, tobacco, cotton, coffee, &c.; yet we are the first to cry out against the barbarities of the planter, the horrors of the lash, the woes of bondage, and the grandeur of "free labour." We sit at home, and smoke our pipes, and stir our sugar in our tea, and descant upon the best mode for suppressing slavery, the wholesale kidnapping of coolies, as we are pleased to call it, because it sounds better.

But very few Manchester merchants rejoiced when the cotton failed from the Southern States; and, if government vessels were to stop every coolie-ship bound for a tobacco plantation, the lovers of "freedom" would considerably moderate their views. "Well," they would say, "if the thing must be, and the coolie really wishes to go and plant tobacco, we don't see any objection; but we would have it fairly ascertained that such is his wish."

So a British consul, at one of the British sailing ports, proposed that every coolie should, before embarking, be brought to the Consulate, and

questioned as to his desire—for which the fee was to be one dollar. Not a bad idea of the consul's, to increase his own receipts about a thousand or two a year, by seeing that the coolie got British protection!

Very well; this is done: the broker is dispensed with; the coolie receives his passage-money and an advance of wages into his own hands, thus contracting a debt with his future master which he is to pay in labour. He goes on board, and, just as the vessel has heaved anchor, he jumps overboard.

Chinese have something of the fish nature; they live both upon it and in its element; therefore the swim is as much a pastime to our coolie as to schoolboys. What redress has the planter who has lost both his money and his man? He goes to the philanthropic head-superintendent of police, who informs him "that Britons never shall be slaves," that even the "heathen Chinee," if he is sufficiently amphibious to have rolled himself up those slimy banks of the free island, "his shackles fall;" he is a free man. He may spread his ten fingers at any planter: he is a free man—free to repeat the process, and earn another twenty dollars.

According to law, a man cannot be a slave;

so his contract is null and void to the planter, but exceedingly profitable to himself.

This outcry about kidnapping coolies is one of the greatest troubles of the planter's life. It enables the slave to outwit his master, and commit this legal fraud, to say nothing of others, such as having his sheds and tobacco burnt by the Battaks, or of receiving a box on the ear from some evil-disposed elephant, who, having quarrelled with all his mates, revenges himself, for his expulsion from their society, upon the first man he meets. Then the tiger carries off his ponies and his dogs, and the rhinoceros "guesses" he will take a "chaw," and destroys a hundred pounds' worth of tobacco in his fastidious selection; while the river rises suddenly and washes away the pegs upon which his atap dwelling is perched, and he lives in a perpetual bath for some time to come. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, he makes money—makes a fortune in a very short time, if he does not meet with an accumulation of these evils, and would do so with considerably more ease, if he were not hampered by the interference of the fine old gentlemen sitting at home at ease, and judging from one side of the question, in considerable ignorance of the other.

In Malacca, it was formerly quite usual for persons to sell themselves for slaves, under the name of debtors. They were to give their services and work for a certain length of time to their masters; but, instead of paying off their debt and becoming free, they would continue or renew their condition to the end of their lives. They also pledged their children. The Annamite women are guilty of this to the present day; and the Chinese coolie makes himself over in bondage in California and other countries.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

THE Indian Archipelago is one of those geological and geographical phenomena which puzzle the world, and, while it defies description so as to convey to the mind of the non-beholder any very definite idea, it yet inspires even the unscientific visitor with the desire to tell of its wonders, its beauties, its unknown resources, and unexplored wealth. To regard it upon the map, or to sail among its many islands, its teeming lakes and inland seas, would force the impression upon any reflective mind that these floating green gems, large and small, had once formed part and parcel of the mainland of Asia, and been riven from her by Plutonic upheavals, or that the mighty flooding of waters had engulphed all save the higher portions, left as sentinels to attest what once had been.

Any person having witnessed a great inundation, with the tops of trees, church steeples, portions of high land peering out of the general desolation and waste of waters, could not fail to come to the conclusion, upon viewing the archipelago, that in the depths of ages the mighty floods had been let out over the land of the Asiatic continent, and had shorn it of much of its fair proportions; that great islands, such as Sumatra, have been cut from the mainland of Malay, which all but shared the same fate as its parallel neighbour.

Land and water are most whimsically interspersed and twisted in and out. The brilliant green island of Singapore is severed from the mainland by the silver crescent straits of Johore, which is itself again studded with emerald islets —for this is the world of ever-perennial spring, where the lotus-eaters might have found "the land where it was always afternoon."

The wonderful freshness and inexhaustible vigour of the vegetable kingdom communicates an exhilaration to the human mind. Even the birds woo and warble and bring forth their nestlings all the year round irrespective of season; trees put forth their fruits every month, and many crops are yielded twice and thrice in the year. No waste

stretch of land is allowed to remain arid in this tropical region. Nature sows and reaps every inch, and covers it with glowing woodland carpets and umbrageous canopies, with luscious fruit and purling streams of limpid water. Food and shelter and raiment are all plentifully provided for her children. Over these toys of the earth, these pet isles of the sea, the zephyrs also lavish their caresses in a daily breeze, imbibing the perfume from their spice-exhaling bosoms. The white clouds lend their shade to temper the ardent glances of the sun, and cast floods of sparkling water to quench the thirsting ground and lave the translucent green.

The mother islands, such as Borneo, Sumatra, Java, Papua, are surrounded with a swarm of progeny clinging still to the hem of the parental garment, but, gradually waxing strong and fair and enterprising, form in groups together like the Celebes, Moluccas, &c., &c. They, again, have often clusters of starry satellites, or—to continue the simile—small families of their own. These little ones are exquisite in their bloom and freshness, peeping out from the pellucid water, which mirrors in its loving breast their young, tufted, leaf-crowned heads.

The large islands have all been invaded at

different periods by European colonists; Sumatra by the Dutch, who have two settlements, one on the west side and another on the east; the latter (Deli) is the more recent, being only about four years old. Some score of planters are cultivating tobacco, which, from the great excellence of the soil, is considered a most remunerative speculation.

My desire to visit Deli met with more opposition than usual; for, although it is a recognized axiom that travelling is beneficial to mind and body, renovating the one and enlightening the other, yet it is strongly urged upon every traveller to wear blinkers!—never to look to the right or to the left—to journey upon established companies' roads (such as the P. and O. or the Messageries)—never to diverge from the well-established lines—and to see no more of Nature's wild and freakish moods than can be observed in your own village. But now there was a war in Deli, and that fact was considered a clincher as against me. But I replied gaily:

"I have been to the wars before, and rather like it. Like the minstrel boy,

> 'My father's sword I have girded on,
> And my wild harp slung behind me.'"

(This was slightly incorrect, as it was a "fiddle!")

Thus I set out from Penang on the smallest of steamers, which had her boiler, cabin, and engine decks mixed up in the most hopeless confusion. I placed my chair lounge upon a flat piece, which I at first mistook for a dining-table, but which turned out to be the quarter-deck; yet even here I was afraid to sleep lest, my feet or head projecting over the sides, I might roll overboard. Nevertheless, the next morning showed us the great blue jagged chain of the Sumatra mountains, which traverse the island in its full length, and which, as they rise to fifteen thousand feet, and the island is very long and narrow, give it the appearance of some gigantic Saurian sunning its back out of the ocean. We were sixty miles distant, yet they were distinctly painted against the sky. But the clouds soon muffled them up in a variety of mantles, cloaks, caps, and crowns, so that, long before we reached Sumatra, there was nothing visible but a low swampy coast, densely fringed with mangrove.

We entered a broad river which, at low tide, displayed slimy shoals alive with alligators, but, at full water, giving such splendid reflections, and mirroring every tree, leaf, and twig with such bewitching exactness, that it might be a matter of doubt which was the right side up of

the world, and if, after all, we were not living topsy-turvy.

The steamer could not go very far up at ebb tide, so that we had to continue our voyage in a sampan, or, more properly speaking, were poled along. It is asserted by the Malays that their city of Deli, where resides the sultan, was formerly a maritime place, but that the water has gradually receded, forced back by the rapacious greed of the mangrove, which puts out millions of roots, dividing rivers into mere streams, and forming islands and swampy ground, which, subsequently uniting, constitute the main lowland of Deli.

This singular tree presents in some instances the most curious appearance, its nucleus root being in the middle of the tree, like the box of a wheel spreading out its spokes all round, the upper ones green and flourishing, and the lower ones dry and gnarled, sucking in the mud and water. How the root forms up in the air instead of germinating in the ground, to commence with, is inexplicable to me, unless the seed grafts itself upon another tree to start with, and then casts down its roots after the manner of the banyan; for plants live upon and destroy each other, even as in the animal

kingdom. The most delicate creeper or lichen will attack a giant tree, cling to, feast and batten upon him, until it has sucked out the monster's vitality. The picturesque orchid will clasp a tree in such close embrace that it will squeeze out the breath of life. Where these handsome but fatal lovers come from is another of Nature's mysteries.

The mangrove was now in flower, and the river was dotted over with coral-like seeds in the shape of a trumpet. The monkeys were gambolling from bough to bough, and seemed to be cracking jokes at us as we passed. One tiny fellow, who ventured to the very end of a mere twig, the better to see and sauce us, was seized by his mother by the back of the neck, and soundly shaken and rated for his impudence.

Shortly after, we met the eight-oared boat of the Dutch governor, or contrôleur as he is called, which he had kindly sent to fetch me; and this brought us to the Residency in a very short time. A *clean* breakfast awaited us, which was a real luxury after forty-eight hours on the Chinese steamer, where everything was cooked, I am persuaded, with the engine oil—even the samsou, which in my despair I attempted to drink, tasted of it. There were also a number

of officers from the Dutch men-of-war lying outside; and who so gay and pleasant as officers in war time, when off duty for a while?

The house of the contrôleur was close to the river, where lay several prahoos, taken from the rebel chiefs, laden with fire-arms, on their way to the Battak insurgents. The city was populated entirely by Malay and Chinese, with whom I was now quite familiar, and I therefore resolved to see the true Battak Campong, with its crescent-shaped roofs and buffalo horns tipping the gable-ends. Here the officers interposed with a thousand objections—bad roads, nowhere to sleep, elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, last, not least, being eaten by the Battaks. I battled every objector, and having made prisoner of one, a man convinced against his will, I induced him to escort me at least twenty miles into the interior.

Mounted on one of the Deli ponies, which are celebrated both for their fine proportions and good qualities, we despised alike the mud and water, and all the rest of the threatened calamities, clearing everything at a hand gallop. The road for miles was an avenue of nutmeg-trees. I tasted the green nutmeg, which is sweet and aromatic, and I am surprised the

natives do not eat it instead of the betel-nut, which has no flavour at all. It also makes the most delicious preserve. Hundreds of acres of bananas protect with their broad palm leaves the infant nutmegs, and are, in fact, the nurseries where the small plants are raised. The tree resembles an orange or rather lemon tree. Morning glories of every tint and hue garlanded in their turn the banana-palm, and, together with the sumptuous gladiolus, made the road appear as if decked for some gala day. The whole country presented a strong resemblance to the Malay Peninsula, and gave the idea of a slice from the same cake. But the cleared land, instead of rice, was covered with the more valuable tobacco, yet still showing the same brilliant green surface, with the same luxuriant growth of forest and fruit trees, the bee-hive tree, and the india-rubber. I also made the acquaintance of a shrub novel to me, but which was more extraordinary and mysterious than agreeable. I noticed a rich, cream-coloured flower, delicately tinged with pink and blue. I was in the act of examining its form and texture, and smelling its perfume, when I was startled by the exclamation, "For God's sake, throw away that flower; it is 'bella donna;' it will poison you

or drive you mad!" I supposed that the irritation produced by poison-oak was alluded to, and replied that I was not susceptible. I dropped that flower, but retained another, together with some seed which I had wrapt up and placed in my pocket. That night I awoke several times with a strange sensation in my head. The following morning when I arose, I experienced a sudden vertigo and most mysterious loss of memory, so that at intervals I did not know what I was doing or where I was. My senses seemed to fluctuate to and fro. I thought I would bathe to refresh myself. Then I could not tell for the life of me if I had already bathed or no. At one moment I felt unhappy and apprehensive about my condition, and resolved to seek help; but the next, threw myself down in a chair perfectly indifferent as to a remedy. I had a strange fit of indecision as to which shoe I should put on first, and subsequently discovered that I had only put on one, after all. I had to question myself seriously as to my intention to dress or not. To arrange my hair became a bewildering dream: my fingers worked mechanically as in sleep, but the judgment which should have guided them was absent, and several times I became conscious

that I had only accomplished one half of my coiffure. Suddenly the articles in the room seemed to take a fancy to whirl round in a mazy dance; and I had to hold on fast to my chair. I felt inclined to laugh boisterously, but was very much ashamed of myself and resisted the temptation. After this, I believe I had a long interval of sanity, and came to the conclusion that there was something wrong with me, and that it might be the first stage of cerebral or other fever, as my head felt so strange. These sensations continued for several hours, before I had the power to leave my room; but, at last, having succeeded, I procured quinine and very strong coffee, and immediately felt quite natural.

During the course of the day, having returned to my room, the same insane fit again took possession of me, and I felt a strange dread that I might have committed some folly in the presence of the friends with whom I was stopping. I became overpowerd with a deadly faintness. As I lay on the bed, my eyes fell upon the parcel of belladonna. I sprang up, seized it, threw it out of the window, and rushed from the room; whether this last act was sane or insane, my readers are as good

judges as I, but I suffered no more from aberration of mind. It occurs to me that it was reported that the unfortunate Empress Charlotte had been poisoned in a similar manner by some insidious plant which affected her brain to insanity. Subsequently, when I became more familiar, I explained the whole case to my very intellectual host, giving him, at the same time, clearly to understand that I had never been the inmate of a lunatic asylum, and had never been charged with madness except by my enemies, who, nevertheless, hinted "there was method in it." He assured me that such cases were not unfrequent in Java.

To return from this digression to the nutmeg groves. It must not be supposed they are all used for negus, or pudding, though the Dutch put nutmeg into potatoes, and almost everything else. This beautiful spice is distilled largely into oil, and the first plantation I visited was a nutmeg distillery. It was situated in the midst of a wilderness, where we could often hear the tiger at night, and see the trace of the rhinoceros by day in the crushed jungle and tall lallang grass; where monkeys skip from bough to bough, and snakes of every colour occasionally variegate the path; where acres of banana

are pulled up and felled, as though a hundred woodsmen had been at work with their axes, by great herds of elephants, their enormous foot-prints leaving perfect wells in the road, which are carefully avoided by the sagacious ponies.

In the midst of the savage Battaks and the treacherous Chinese, the Dutch love of flowers still prevailed over all. Every dwelling I visited had its roses, blue-peas, balsams, and dahlias, in strange contrast with the bastions, earth-works, fosses, and stockades, which now made a fortress of every planter's house that was not destroyed at the first émeute. Some of these had stood their ground and bravely defended their hearths and homes, or, to be less poetical, their tobacco sheds. Others had fled, leaving their wives to follow, or witness the devouring flames which consumed everything they possessed, and in their cowardice had sacrificed all. In the words of the Scotch ballad, they had

"Lost their love and their sixpence too,"

the latter being specially lamented. It is to be hoped this was a singular case. Of the planters who had sent off their ladies to the protection of the contrôleur and then, like men, stood to

the defence of their own until they were relieved by the Dutch troops, not a man perished. But one unfortunate man, weighing twenty stone, fully impressed with the conviction that he could not run if pursued by the Battaks, and equally certain that they would roast and eat him if caught, made good his retreat in time. He had learned that when first the troops came to the island, they had with them a corpulent sergeant, whom the Battaks instantly spied out and cast longing eyes upon, and that they proposed to the commander, as the soldiers were much in need of beef rations, the exchange of two cows for the fat sergeant. This offer being refused, and their appetite becoming more voracious, the bargain ran high: three, four, five cows were quoted for the bloated sergeant.

The Dutch, with their usual good luck and talent for colonization, have thriven well in Deli. Still the planters are not exclusively Dutch: they are of various nations—Danish, Swiss, Polish, German, and French—as yet no Americans, which is a wonder, seeing that money is to be made. The sultan has encouraged the settlement, and has made large grants of land (of several thousand acres) for terms of fifty and seventy years. The forest is not of

very heavy timber, so that it is easily felled, and then the land is ready for the tobacco, which grows luxuriantly, in large fine leaves, excelling every other leaf for the purpose of cigar covering. I have passed through many tobacco sheds which contained, according to a rough calculation, six millions of cigar-wrappers of the finest quality, dried, picked, fermented, pressed, and packed ready for exportation.

In the few years during which the plantations have been working, three millions of pounds of tobacco have been shipped for Europe by one company. As yet there are not more than twenty planters, and they all speak confidently of their success; and it is not difficult to see that, with moderate luck, their hopes are not vain. I would very much rather take shares in a tobacco plantation than in a gold mine.

The war, which is now happily terminated, has been, of course, a serious injury to the planters. For even where the plantations had not been destroyed, it was difficult to induce the Chinese to labour, for fear of the cannibals—for such they actually are, though, as I shrewdly suspect, only as a matter of hereditary custom—eating their grandmothers

out of reverence for those ancient ladies, and their enemies out of revenge. Nevertheless, this custom has inspired an absolute dread in the country, as any novel atrocity is sure to do; in point of fact there is not much choice between being cut up after death by a savage, or by a surgeon, or being subsequently eaten by men or maggots. It cannot make the slightest difference in the great hereafter. The Battaks do not eat men alive, or kill them *à cent coups*, as in China.

Amongst the planters the fear and real danger was of being picked off at any moment from behind the bushes, or from the overhanging boughs of trees, as were two gentlemen while walking in their plantations; and it is almost unaccountable that every individual European did not meet the same fate. No precaution could have saved them; no defence could have averted the catastrophe. It would have been quite easy for the Battak, with his wonderful suppleness and agility, to creep to the planter's house and shoot him as he sat quietly smoking upon his open verandah; nay, more, there is not a house that really closes. The Battak could penetrate to his bedroom, and murder him while sleeping; and that they did not adopt this very simple means of getting rid of the interlopers,

strongly favours the hypothesis that the object of the war was not really to sweep the planters from the country, but to extract stricter leases and more benefits from them.

The sultan, against whom the Datous first revolted, had granted leases of fifty and seventy years' duration, without rent or taxes, but with merely the condition to plant the land, a small sum being exacted as tax upon each coolie yearly. It is asserted that sixty per cent. of the Chinese consume opium, and this fearful drug is heavily taxed, and, together with the spirit warehouses, renders a handsome income to the sultan. To civilized ears it may sound like a paradox to say that, by giving away land, a fortune may be realized; but so it is in this country. The Datou chiefs took umbrage at the smallness of their share, and this disturbance might have resulted in the ruin of the planters, had not the Dutch government intervened, and sent out men-of-war and about one thousand troops, placing a small detachment with each planter, and turning their dwellings into so many small fortresses, while the main body pushed on into the forest and endeavoured to follow the rebels into the jungle—a difficult operation, for these savages were armed with flint-lock blunderbusses, be-

sides their sumpitans. They were also pretty well versed in the art of warfare, throwing up fortresses with covered escapes which only savages could thread, while the soldiers were ineffectually floundering in the swamps, where they were easily picked off by their concealed foes: but these fortifications once sighted, shells were thrown in, which astonished the Battaks not a little. They had supposed that their flint locks were the perfection of firearms. They now believed that the bursting of the shells was the work of the Evil Spirit, who had been propitiated by the enemy, and the exploding grenades soon quelled the insurrection. The Daton chiefs yielded themselves prisoners, and were shipped off to Batavia, no doubt as a sort of State prisoners or hostages—like Abd-el-Kader by the French.

It is a curious circumstance that the Battaks fought merely as mercenaries engaged by the Malay rebels, the latter having become too effeminate and hopelessly lazy to fight their own battles, while the Dutch, on the other hand, were ostensibly espousing the Malay sultan's cause; so that neither of the contending parties had an individual interest in the quarrel. Had the Battaks been fighting for their own possessions in the mountain fastnesses,

the affair might have proved very much otherwise, for, like all savage mountaineers, they have more powerful characters than the lowlanders, and, amid their almost inaccessible mountains, a small band could keep at bay a large army.

This plantation-life of Sumatra contained a combination of the wildest incongruities imaginable. The place (I cannot say the house we lived in, for it was, in truth, nothing more than a very large barn or stable) was thatched with ataps upon unhewn rafters, without any ceiling. On either side were stalls partitioned off, something higher than a man's head, which we regarded as our bedrooms; and in mine I had a pink and gold French bedstead, elaborately flounced and curtained in lace, with the finest linen sheets and pillow-cases to match; and, once inside this nest, I could imagine myself in Paris. The flooring was of a species of teak which had taken a high polish, like oak, from the constant treading of the bare feet of the servants and natives. Windows we had none, Venetian shutters serving all needs for keeping out the rain; and the wooden rails, to prevent our falling through the wide apertures, reminded one of a manger. In the centre were the drawing and dining rooms all in a piece, which in a barn

would have been the threshing-floor; and at the open end might usually be seen seated the ladies of the family—notably, a pretty Javanese demoiselle embroidering caps, satchels, and cigar cases for her numerous admirers, for she was a tiny coquettish creature with mishievous gray eyes, mellowed into tender light by long dark fringes: she was the belle of Sumatra, and would have been a gem anywhere.

At the other and closed end of the apartment, rather dim from lack of windows, was the dining-room, or, I should say, the dining-table—a mighty slab cut from a single tree—at which we could easily dine twelve persons, covered by a fine damask tablecloth, the remains of official state in the court of the Netherlands, for our host was a Dutch nobleman. Here we feasted somewhat sumptuously (being served upon rich, old-fashioned plate) upon fish, game, fowl, Dutch condiments of every variety, Java curries, and wine from all the ends of the earth, and of course excellent Java coffee.

We were attended upon by a retinue of Javanese and Malays, the former wearing white trousers, with the red sarong twisted round their middles, blue jackets, and yellow kerchiefs round the head, tied with the ends drooping on

one side, or sticking up so as to resemble feathers, and their brown feet bare—rendering the whole scene wildly picturesque. The bamboo chairs, which were of Chinese make, had to be covered with the hide of some wild animal, to prevent the mosquitoes, and a swarm of such like insects, from dining off us whilst we did justice to the good fare, for the Dutch have an objection to the punka, which alone, in the East, gives peace at meal-times.

Beetles of every form, hue, and size, invaded us in troops, but flew off, beyond the reach of our fans and missiles, into the top of the hay-loft or rafters. Myriads of stumpy grasshoppers, of a transparent green, like emerald dissolved in dew, jumped round the Parian lamp; beasts, all legs, or with invisible bodies, stalked about the vacant spaces of the table-cloth; creatures, with immense gossamer wings and ruby-scintillating bosoms, fluttered around the very morsel of fruit being conveyed to the lips; and a flying squadron of cockchafers rushed across the table, bounding into one's lap; enormous moths, as big as swallows, flapped languidly about in the loft, or leisurely descended to inspect articles on the table, or to ascertain what was the matter, when some elephant-beetle had floundered into one's

wine, causing a vast spluttering and commotion. Altogether, we had a lively time of it.

The structure was elevated about thirty feet on pegs; by pegs, I mean bamboo-sticks, very slender in proportion to the bulk they sustained, not guitar-pegs, or clothes-pegs, or cribbage-pegs, or the drinks I have heard men call "pegs," or the old-fashioned implements for washing clothes, called "peggys." There are moral pegs, too; the pegs too high, and the pegs too low, with the disagreeable process of being taken down "a peg or two;" in fact, the English language is detestable to write, as there are a dozen meanings to the same word. But upon bamboo stilts stood our domicile, often swaying and oscillating as under a San Francisco earthquake. The elevation was necessary on account of the damp during the rainy season, and as a safeguard against the tigers at all times.

Through the apertures or mangers we could see the virgin forest closing round us, the distant line of mountains to the west, and hear the tigers, too, not quite so distant as we could have wished them.

The principal adornment of the drawing-room was a splendid grand piano, on which the Juno-like mistress of the mansion performed Beetho-

ven's sonatas and Mendelssohn's pathetic music. She was a large, stately woman, to whom quick movements were unknown. She had large, soft, white hands and feet, *sans bas* wore the Javanese slippers, which, as they have only toes and no heels, display a pretty white foot to advantage, besides being the greatest luxury one can have in this warm climate. She had also a large, soft, white face, which expressed gentleness, talent, and helplessness. She had nine white lap-dogs, which fringed the hem of her garment when she moved, and settled upon it when she sat down, and which barked in chorus when any one entered the barn, no matter whether friend or foe, but immediately became reconciled, and welcomed the stranger by jumping upon him in every direction, and inundating him with fleas.

These quadrupeds I found more desirable as foes than friends. There was one amongst them (Ma'mselle Mammie), the prime favourite and mother of several generations, numbering, as I afterwards discovered, sixty-two offspring: her place was Madame Juno's capacious lap.

As these poodles formed a large portion of the canine population of Deli, a short sketch of their history may not be uninteresting.

They overran every planter's abode, and every hole and corner in each barn, stable, stall, or drawing-room, and made impromptu onslaughts upon the stranger occupant of any bed, with a view to sharing it, or, if not allowed so to do, then to eject him by repeated snaps and snarls. The poodles, though wonderfully prolific in quantity, seemed to degenerate in quality, elongating in legs to the entanglement of themselves in one's feet, and never barking at the right time, so much so that a daring tiger marched up on to the drawing-room verandah while the family were at their siesta—as indeed were the poodles; one of whom was munched up before he could utter a yell; and only a few drops of blood and a patch of white fur denoted where poor Ninon had breathed her last.

The latter editions of the race had become so small that a gentleman who had been made a present of one (every one gets a present of a dog and a pony in Deli), put it into his side pocket; but, as he was crossing the river with a swollen current, the water rose higher than the pocket, and drowned the youngest born. Another, own brother to the one who lived for a month on the baked Chinaman, was more enterprising than his family in general, and habituated himself to

visiting the tobacco-sheds, especially at the meal-hour of the Chinese, and upon the days on which they received pork with their rice. At last he was missing: he returned not to the hem of Juno's robe. Great inquiries were made, and a strict search instituted. A fine white furry skin was discovered, but his little body had been devoured by the Chinamen at the feast of the full moon.

Of course, I had one presented to me, which I owned for a week, and his future has yet to be chronicled. Another of these indiscreet poodles, having discovered a Westphalian ham (a great delicacy in Sumatra), ate so much of it, lime, sacking, and all, that he died of a surfeit, in spite of the medical aid which I administered to him.

Besides the officer quartered in the house, with about twenty men to guard our palisades, others from the front were constantly passing backwards and forwards, ostensibly on duty, but actually in quest of the mischievous glances of mademoiselle. Several of them were fine musicians, and it was many a long month since I had heard such classical music so scientifically handled.

Neighbouring planters—German and Swiss—would arrive from ten or twenty miles off, and be put up for the night in a vacant stall; such

a miscellaneous gathering of all nations was never witnessed in any barn. All languages went rattling about, like dice in a dice-box:—French, English, Dutch, Danish, German, Portuguese, Malay, Javanese, Polish. We played duets, and sang quartets, in the midst of those forests, where the rhinoceros and elephant must have listened in astonishment to the chorus of "Der Wacht am Rhein."

But one evening, when I was singing "Robert, toi que j'aime," and had reached the most impassioned "Ah gra—ce," on the top "do," an agonized yell, more piercing than my own, startled our ears. It came from the region of my stall, like a fiendish echo of my song-prayer.

Some of the poodles were missing. Every man rushed to his arms: there was a tiger upon us. Juno threw up her arms in majestic despair. But Ma'mselle Mammie! where was she? Bang! bang! went a dozen rifles and revolvers, for each one fired at something, but hit nothing. The servants presently appeared, bearing up all the pets, save one, and Ma'mselle Mammie was soon restored to her cozy corner on madame's lap. It was mine that was missing, and he had been taken right out from my manger. There were the traces of blood and of the tiger's paws.

The brute had already carried off five dogs and a pony; and it was probable he would soon venture on human food, and, prowling into our bedrooms, and even our beds, serve us like Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother.

Coolies, and great fires lit at night, and patrols, we had; but the creature had braved all these, and our only safety consisted in the shere ignorance or innocence of the brute. Like Eve, before she had eaten the apple, he knew not the delight of evil, and, never having tasted human flesh, he would run from man in great fear.

I have met two tigers in my travels. They were not man-eaters, and avoided me as much as I did them. But, when once he has tasted the sweet draught of human blood, he will carry off a coolie every few days, so long as there is a plantation to be plundered.

Nevertheless there was one handsome bungalow where resided the manager of the Deli Maatchaappi, whose hospitality, like that of all the planters of Deli, was unbounded. There was a high-toned culture about the place which stood out in strong relief against the wild barbarism of the situation. It was a phase of life seldom met with in any country.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BATTAKS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the risk and danger of travelling through the jungle, owing to the facility with which one could be popped at any moment from behind some gigantic flower, or attacked from an ambush in the tall lallang grass which everywhere takes possession of the open waste in this country, we made excursions through the forests, visited neighbouring planters, and got up impromptu concerts and dances, regardless of Battaks and bugaboos of every kind, so true it is that danger becomes a mere matter of habit, which we adopt like any other.

A sailor has no more fear in his perilous position on the yards than a soldier waiting the command to go into action, or a miner blasting a new shaft. I have known the time when a bomb-shell would only cause an exclamation,

"Ah, there it goes!" and when a hundred cases of cholera would not have deterred me one instant from entering a room. Yet, now, if one of our party had suddenly turned blue, or a shell burst over our dwelling, I should have experienced something very like terror. Braving thus the Battak stray shots and sumpitans, galloping for miles and miles up to our middles in lallang, we startled flocks of birds—quails, partridges, the white-headed Java sparrows, which flew through the air, like a miniature snowstorm (in such thousands they seemed), the gigantic rhinoceros-bird, whose devotion to his wife is unparalleled in bird annals (or, I should say, perhaps, in human history), and many other species, whose names have defied my ornithological powers of translation.

Sometimes we followed the track of the Battaks through the almost impenetrable tangle of jungle-trees, where prickly creepers insidiously caught us by the hair, and persistently retained their hold until prickles or hair had to be severed by a knife.

Now we came to a clear pool of water, which looked only like a nice bath for the horses' feet, but which, when they invaded its stilly depths, turned out a bottomless pit, which necessitated

first a sudden pulling up and a scrambling off his tail, and then a tremendous plunging and hauling to get him back the way he came on to terra firma, probably a very slippery log at best. It was impossible to cross. We skirted the pool by leaping over fallen trees, or by lying flat under others which bridged us over.

Then came the fording of numerous intersecting rivers which are the roads, frequently (with a flood-tide and rapid current) the railroads of the country, conveying sampans and water bucephali at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour.

Owing to the mountains of Sumatra running the full length of the island, the rivers are numerous; but the course from the mountains is very eccentric, and we frequently had to cross the same river four or five times in a day's excursion. They were mostly hidden between deep embankments thickly wooded with a gorgeous lavishness of flowers only seen in our choicest conservatories—the Cape jessamine rivalling in size and texture the camelia japonica, and quite outvying it in exquisite perfume: gigantic petunias, and other apocryphal-looking flowers which hitherto one had seen only at the French flower maker's.

If the river was fordable, still the steep descent of the banks was most perilous. But, if the water were too high, then there was usually a small dugout—a boat made of a half-tree, scooped out. These small skiffs are of perilous contrivance, requiring the greatest agility and caution in effecting one's entrée and exit: somewhat like the Turkish caïque, which unless the voyager places his foot fairly in the centre, instantly dives under water and deluges him. But, if there had been heavy rains in the mountains, even these sampans were carried away, and then there remained no alternative but a desperate plunge into the current and a firm grip to the saddle, when the horse, breasting the water and losing his feet, would swim to the opposite side, and with a vigorous bound, effect a landing. I need not say a lady-rider would be thoroughly drenched; but such was the beauty of the climate that there was little danger of taking cold. Indeed, one tribe of the Battaks, called Ourang-lauts, almost live in the water, partly in the sampans, and using for transit down stream their river-horses, which are long pieces of bamboo, or banana, upon which they mount astride as on a horse, contriving by means of a rein to keep one end

out of the water, like a horse's head: they paddle or tread the water with their feet as if trotting or galloping; and the appearance was just as though a horse were progressing through the water, with the same movement as on land. A troop of these aquatic cavaliers presented the strangest aspect, and it would be no stretch of the imagination to picture them as a river god and his suite, or water kelpies out on a frolic. The current is so rapid that they can frequently ride eight or nine miles an hour, and these happy savages have only to mount their river-horses and progress with the rapidity of the rail or the steamer. Others tie a number of bamboos together, which forms a carriage or raft upon the velocipede principle, which they move with their feet or hands.

Getting up the river is quite another matter. The horse is no longer available, and a sampan has to be used and pulled up laboriously. Nevertheless, the inhabitants have little difficulty in going about the country, as the rivers intersect it in every direction—turning and twisting in and out, and running off in various branches. They know exactly where there is a probable ford, and, should it prove too deep, they merely disrobe, taking off their sarong,

folding it and placing it upon their heads, and make a swim to the opposite bank.

Dress is such a matter of indifference with these races that half the trouble of life is avoided thereby. People do not have consumption from wet feet or damp clothing. Wives are not extravagant, and husbands do not grumble at the number of their dresses, and ladies are not obliged to remain indoors because they have "nothing to wear;" still, I am bound to remark, that the love of finery and adornment of the person is common to the human race, and to that race only. I will not comment upon what this fact involves, that we spend and sacrifice our lives, nay, sometimes our souls, in order to trick ourselves out in endless variety of raiment, or "fixings," as the Americans term them: that we rack our own brains, and tease and torment all about us, to obtain eternally fresh changes in their quality, form, texture, and colour, prizing the articles exactly in proportion to the expenditure of time, labour, and money upon them. If a lace has cost a number of our fellow-creatures their eyesight in its making, or a piece of steel, a number of men their lungs, we consider the product superb, and gloat over them, while all other creatures are content with the state in

which the Lord has made them. Fancy a bird of paradise wanting to wear a skirt, or a tiger a pair of trousers! Their covers suffice for their wants. But the distinction of dress, with all its accompanying ramifications of evil, has been impressed upon man from the Fall. Even the wildest savage does something to adorn his person, either by painting his skin, sticking feathers in his hair, or decorating himself with beads, flowers, and shells. Some disguise he must have, and dress is the first bond of union between the savage and the civilized man, so that wherever the European settles down, the native invariably begins to dress. After the American civil war, it was one of the drollest sights in the world to see the negroes who had suddenly rushed into the garments of their former owners and masters, affecting at the same time to put on their airs and graces. The mountebank spectacle was supremely absurd.

The inhabitants of Sumatra having perpetually to ford, swim, and float upon their numerous rivers, find that the smallest modicum of clothing is the most convenient. To have to divest themselves of thirty-eight articles of clothing—the minimum of a European lady's accoutrements—would never do at every river's

bank for the Malay ladies. They, no doubt, consider their dark skins, as the peacock does his feathers, sufficiently beautiful.

These rivers are useful to the planters of tobacco to carry their produce to the sea, and, although treacherous risings of the water sometimes swamp the whole cargo, yet without them nothing could be done, as there are no roads for vehicles through the island: even oxen-carts, which are not supposed to need roads, can traverse only a few miles.

So soon as the news reached us that the Battak chiefs—father and son—had surrendered, we set off upon an excursion to the mountains—the Battak stronghold. We followed a very intricate trail, rendered still more arduous by felled trees, and fosse traps made by the Battaks to intercept the march of the Dutch troops. We took an advance guard of choppers, who felled right and left before us, and warned us of the pit-falls. Our ponies seemed quite to understand that we were in an enemy's country, and took great precautions. We frequently saw Battak earth-works, constructed on the European principle. They were very quick in learning the art of warfare, and when they gave themselves up, and were informed that they

would be conducted to Batavia, nonchalantly remarked, that "such was exactly what they wanted; that it would give them the opportunity to learn a great deal; and that upon their return they would be a match for their present conquerors." And, in truth, with a very little science of war they would be most formidable enemies to any civilized power, so greatly in their favour are the natural savage advantages of their country—rugged mountains, rising to fourteen thousand feet, with ravines and occasional plateaus, whereon their campongs (villages) are perched. Upon one of the latter is a large lake, five thousand feet above the level of the sea. For a European army to act with any sort of effect in such a country, roads would have to be made, as they had to be made in Spain during the Peninsular War, in order that troops might traverse these mountains, and temporary barracks would have to be erected at the different stations; otherwise they would die, like flies on a winter day, of jungle fever. It is impossible that soldiers can march through such a country, and carry their rations and accoutrements, much less tents and stores; and thus the first battalions which went out to meet the Battaks saw nothing of them, but were, never-

theless picked off, man by man, while floundering in the swamps or struggling through the dense growth of underbrush with which the forest is encumbered.

These terrible disadvantages under which civilized warfare labours against savage, were bitterly experienced by the troops of the United States when seeking to dislodge a mere handful of Red Indians from their own beautiful land of Florida. It was only effected at the price of hundreds of lives and eight years' labour, and it is probable that the government of the Netherlands, though equally rapacious with the Americans for increase of territory, will not be more successful in acquiring it, at least from the Battaks.

Upon our road to the Battak campong, we stopped with a neighbouring planter, who dwelt nearest to the enemy's country, and where we found the two branches of the river so swollen that neither sampan nor horses could stem the current. We had therefore to wait until it had subsided a little, which it does in a few hours. This gentleman has suffered severely from the war, and barely escaped with his life. The Battaks had swam the river and attacked his plantation during his temporary absence in some distant part of his tobacco-fields, and he only

became aware of the disaster on perceiving the flames which rose high in the air, fed by the results of his hard labour of three years—his premises, dwelling, and tobacco-sheds, wherein was stored the dry tobacco. The Chinese servant had been murdered, and the coolie tobacco-pickers had fled into the jungle or the nearest plantation. One poor man, who—having had wounds upon his feet, caused by an insect which infests the tobacco-plant—could not run with the rest, was caught by the Battaks, and, it is asserted, thrown into the fire, to be cooked without the preliminary of being killed. His charred remains were found several weeks afterwards, watched over by a white poodle, one of the sixty-two children of the fair Ma'mselle Mammie, who escaped the fire, but only to meet a famine; and, from dire necessity and to revenge the death of his brother, devoured by the Chinaman, and his wretched mamma's feelings, daily took his meal off the cooked coolie, reasoning, no doubt, with logical severity, that if Chinamen may eat dogs, dogs may eat Chinamen; and the only point which a legal adversary could have made against him was that the Chinese usually eat black dogs, and not white poodles. However, so it was: the poodle lived

on the Chinaman, he being too much overdone to suit the sanguinary taste of the tigers.

But now all was overgrown with lallang and wild flowers, so rapid and luxuriant is the vegetation in this delightful country. The planter had returned, and again set to work with his tobacco crops, and hoped for better luck next time. He made us as comfortable as he could in the fortified shed, where the Dutch troops had recently been quartered, and where a few were still on guard, in spite of the peace which was supposed to have taken place.

The following day the water had subsided considerably; we picked out our tallest men to try if the river could be forded, for, having a few hard days' travel before us, and no change of clothing, we were anxious to keep dry at the outset, if possible. I suggested we should be carried over on the highest heads or shoulders, as in Arab fashion, over the Nile; and in a very short time riders and saddles were all mid-stream, laughing, screaming, and cautioning them to be careful of the holes into which, had our trusty bearers stumbled, they would have sent us all swimming down stream with a bare chance of stopping before we reached the sea. But we all landed high and dry, and were now

fairly in the Battak land; the horses came swimming after. Then there was drying them, re-saddling, and mounting; and we set off on the Battak track, amid brambles and thorns below, catching our feet and skirts; creepers pendant above, tearing our faces and hair (for creepers in this country all grow downwards instead of upwards, and are nearly all parasites). A strange rough ride it proved, almost incredible to Rotten Row equestrians: fallen trees are no obstacle, water is no impediment, a tangle of prickly brambles or a mass of pineapples no object; sometimes a deep, straight gully obliges us to dismount, scramble down, and pull our horses after; and then we discover that to descend was easy, but to ascend quite another matter—in fact, impossible, for it is rock and overhangs. We must therefore traverse it in length until we can find an exit.

All the time, however, the vegetation and scenery are wondrously beautiful, and recall the fairy grandeur of a pantomime. But patience and determination bring us at last to the Battak campong, and, looking up through the brambles and branches of trees right over my head, I see the village high up among the tree tops, a number of gigantic French work-boxes or bon-

bonnières—a sight more astonishing than I could have anticipated.

They are constructed of plaited bamboo, in a very exact check pattern, the bottom or floor supported by long poles from ten to twenty feet from the ground. The houses were narrow at the bottom, the walls extending outwards until they touched the roof, which was high-peaked gables with the roof-trees sloping inwards and forming almost a semicircle between the two gable ends, which at their extremity were adorned with a buffalo's head and horns, forming a fine-shaped crescent.

There were neither windows nor doors to these habitations; but a portion of the gable-end could be raised up or let down at pleasure. There was no chimney; though, upon entering subsequently, we found there were both fire and fireplace—a square heap of stones, which served to keep the ashes together, whereon the wood fire was built, as in France, and the pot of rice boiled, the smoke making its exit wherever it found an aperture.

We were at once conducted to the most imposing-looking of the work-boxes, the Daton's dwelling, and requested to enter, while the old chief stood salaaming at the door or shutter;

and a swarm of Battaks seized upon our horses' heads and tails, and offered us indiscriminately their shaggy heads and bare brown backs to help to dismount. They were perfectly civil, and even polite. We came as guests to their campong, and they treated us as though we had been their best friends in the world.

It was no easy matter to mount into these bonbonnières, as invited by the chief. The primitive ladder was of most wide and unequal steps; some crooked sticks, some broken, some wide apart, others close together. Such steps would have been despised by the poultry in Europe. But, finally, we got in, and were seated on the best seats beside the chief. Fruits, and fresh water in bamboo-pipes, were at once set before us, together with a suspicious-looking bottle, very fat and oily, which we thought at first might be kerosene, but which, upon trial, turned out to be scheidam, obtained, by fair means or foul, from the Dutch troops.

The place was like a large stewpan, and we felt like rather aged fowls undergoing the process of being made tender, or condensed into chicken broth or beef tea, so palpable was the extract from the substance of flesh and blood. Some medical men are of opinion that this stew-

ing process is beneficial to health: but I rather opine that any one who has had to live on preserved meat, whence the fluid had been extracted to make soup, would probably differ; and Liebig's Essence of Meat is a clenching argument in my favour. Animals we are, and to extract our essence by process of heat from the substance is assuredly to leave one in the texture of an over-boiled neck of mutton, or French bouilli from which the bouillon has been taken.

Be this as it may, the Battaks live in this atmosphere when they are at home, which is rarely, the most of their time being spent in the open air. The Datou was the nearest approach to a skeleton that I have held communication with: his bones seemed to rattle as he walked. Of course, I have seen skeletons in doctors' sanctums, mummies in museums, and the mortal remains of King Cheops (or somebody else) in the mausoleums of the pyramids; but they did not offer to shake hands, or clatter their toothless gums in the act of articulation. He wore a dark blue sarong tied round his middle, but nothing else; and it would have been easy to study anatomy on his person, every bone and sinew was so clearly defined through the parched brown

skin, which looked as though it was about to crackle, and peal off.

One could not help feeling sorry for the man, although he was strongly suspected of having been the leader in the party who had burnt the plantation and roasted the Chinaman. His daughter, a handsome woman for a Battak, with fiery eyes and broad dilated nostrils, and hoop ear-rings as large as saucers, was attending to the rice cooking. As her father's guests she paid us all honour, but the glance of her wild eyes bespoke implacable hatred.

Unfortunately, we had omitted to bring some little present, such as beads, or needles and thread, to conciliate her, and I believe that her feeling was, that she would very much like to have us inside the pot and cook us along with the rice.

There were several other females, all so horribly disfigured with enormous goitres, that it was difficult to overcome the revulsion of feeling which deformity naturally inspires. Out of twenty women, nine seemed to be affected with this terrible disease. One, in particular, was perfectly hideous, with a protuberance larger than her head, which hung down from beneath her chin, and descended, over her breast, almost

to her waist. There was also a gleam in her dark eyes which denoted insanity.

It is asserted in Switzerland that the prevalence of these goitres is attributable to the people climbing mountains and carrying weights upon their heads. Now, the Battaks do not carry on their heads, but on their backs; and this tribe, in particular, never ascend above the first spur of their mountain; whereas, the Dyaks of Borneo, who scale high mountains, and carry heavy weights, are not subject to this malady.

The Battaks live en famille, each occupying a separate *work-box* of their own. The village consisted of a number of these strange edifices; some so very narrow at the bottom that it would be impossible for more than two persons to stretch themselves therein.

There were bachelor's quarters; for, like the Dyaks, it is usual for boys and unmarried men to live together. One house we noticed, a perfect toy, so tiny that surely, thought we, it could only be a baby-house. It was not so lofty as the rest; and, by rising in my stirrup, I could put my head in at the open shutter. But I speedily took it out again, finding myself vis-à-vis with a hideous skull, stuck on a stand,

whereon there yet remained the hair, some skin, and terrific teeth. It was the venerable head of a Datou chief, preserved in the village as a kind of relic, even as one sees in Catholic countries the remains of some saint held sacred by the people. Sometimes the whole body is preserved, I may say, by being destroyed. It is shut up in a house until the insects have devoured the moist portions of the flesh—not a long process where they swarm by the myriad, especially the white ant, which would eat a house down in a few months.* Hence, when the bones of the dead chiefs become dry, they are placed; out of the reach of the insects, in some secure place, and reverenced like those of any other saint, as the bones of the late Queen of Naples, the wife of King Bomba (the ugliest of women in the flesh), whom the pope has lately canonized, possibly for her abandonment of the graces, and the cheerfulness of her resignation to her cruel fate.

The Battaks all speak the Malay language, and the lowlanders are greatly mixed up and

* I remember to have seen a staircase in a modern European house of the Rajah Kitchie of Johore, which was almost in powder six months after it had been erected, from the insidious operations of the white ant.

intermarried with the Malays, who affect a sort of superiority; and the sultan considers them as tributary, which they submit to just as long as it suits them to do so, and no longer; and they, no doubt, would have proved their superior prowess had not the Dutch government intervened.

We had not been long in the village, ere a number of ponies were driven into a compound for our inspection, and we soon engaged in a brisk horse sale. These ponies are indigenous to Sumatra, and are fostered and reared by the Battaks, and their sale is their principal source of revenue. The whole of the Straits Settlements, even as far as Cochin China, are supplied hence. Owing to the late disturbance, they have now a great number of very handsome animals to offer. They are well-bred ponies, with very round quarters, and slender legs, surefooted, full of spirit, and with splendid manes and tails. They are admirably adapted for the country, scaling mountains like cats, swimming rivers, and wonderfully agile in clearing logs and elephant holes.

Beyond the village the great chain of mountains rose blue and jagged against the sky, and from one of the loftiest peaks we could

descry a light wreath of smoke curling upwards like a serpent rising from his hole. This volcano bursts forth in flames every now and again, but had been quiet for more than twelve months.

Upon the east side of the mountains one comes suddenly upon a great lake, four thousand feet above the level plains, again dominated by mountains rising in peaks six and eight thousand feet above it.

These mountains are known to contain both coal and petroleum. The latter is found and used by the natives in sufficient quantities to offer a fair field for adventurous speculators; and, ere many years are over, we shall doubtless hear of lucky explorers "striking oil," and making large fortunes in a few months, as in Pennsylvania. Large lumps of gold have also from time to time been found in the streams. But, for the present, tobacco is the great attraction, and no one thinks or speaks of anything else.

On the west side of the island coal is very plentiful, and of the finest quality for engines; yet such is the tenacity of prejudice, that, rather than avail ourselves of the local supply, we would carry coals from Newcastle all round the world, even though we sailed over a belt of them.

Deli is about the last and least-explored country in the world; even the Jesuits have not reached there, so that there is no church, and, consequently, no Sunday. Mademoiselles continued the embroidery of their lovers' smoking-caps and cigar-cases in blissful ignorance of the dread punishment inflicted or threatened by good Presbyterians upon the wicked and wanton breakers of the Sabbath, and the planter gathered in his tobacco in utter defiance of the terrible fate of the man exiled to the moon for gathering sticks on a Sunday. Indeed, in spite of almanacs, Sunday became a matter of great uncertainty. The soldiers quartered on the various plantations generally knew it pretty well, as they usually received an extra ration in the shape of drink on that day; but even they were not reliable informants as to the seventh day, for, if the douceur had been forgotten, they were quite canny enough to put Sunday on a day or so, and have the Sabbath on the Monday or Tuesday. And I could not help reflecting that there was some logic in the American farmer's reply to the reproofs of the minister who lectured him for getting in his harvest upon the day set apart by the Lord:

"Well, muster, I guess that if th' Almighty

meant the day to be so different from the other six, he would ha' made it so hissel."

We had, nevertheless, a Sunday, or holiday, every two weeks—the Chinese feast, held at the new and the full moon—which, of course, made the day variable. Not that the Chinese have any particular worship during these days, but they abstain from labour. They indulge in a greater array of baked meats, especially pork, which may be said to form part and parcel of a Chinaman's prayer, for he never attempts any religious ceremony without it. Joss-sticks are also burned in greater profusion, and, after the dead ancestors have been duly honoured by the presentation of meats, fruits, tea, samshoo, joss-sticks, and vermilion-papers, the living descendants fall to and devour the edibles.

They keep up the feast all night with tom-toms and singing; for, with that singular wisdom which marks so many of their customs and modes of life, they regard the night as the pleasantest portion of the twenty-four hours, and the time for enjoyment. Now, my Christian friend, we, with our prosaic notions, are inclined to frown down any midnight pleasure, as the path leading to mortal sin; and the lover who invites his belle with

"Arise, the heavens are bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,"

is reprobated by all proper-minded people. But, under such moonlight, could any one fail to become romantic?—to say nothing of the fact that the full moon vibrates upon the lunacy cord of every imaginative person, and determines the predisposition to insanity. It is one of Nature's mysteries. You might as well drink champagne and try not to feel elated, or smoke opium and not become excited, as live under this tropical moonlight, and not be subject to the influence of love—of love past, of love present, or the yearning for that divine, fickle deity in the future. Oh, the moonlight nights, with the perfumed air, the glistening rivers, the gleaming palms, the waving plantains, and the distant trumpeting of the elephants!

Then the oppressive heat is tempered to a delicious sense of existence; you can afford to move without melting, to eat and to drink without the vain aspiration that it were possible to live without it—the thought which invariably follows a repast in the day; to which may be added the soundest reason of all for so enjoying the night, that you could not then sleep in Deli if you would. For the sentinels testified

their wakefulness and attention to duty by hideous howls every half-hour, which woke every one up. The lugubrious cries which they uttered would have satisfied any sinner, abruptly roused from a troubled nap, that he had at last awoke in purgatory. A whole army of crickets keeps up a din as infernal as Vulcan's smithy. One of this tribe, a small insect, not more than an inch long, utters a prolonged note as loud and shrill as a Neapolitan bagpipe, and keeps up its hymn of praise to its tutelary saint quite as long and monotonously.

Then, perhaps, a rat, with a very interesting large family, will plunge down upon the canopy of your mosquito curtain, which is of muslin; and you lie calculating the probable amount of resisting power in that fine fabric. You dare not disturb the curtain, for then the mosquitoes would rush in and devour you. Whilst you are speculating upon this, and the number of olive-branches which cheer the heart of madame la mère, you dose off, but are speedily aroused by the malignant disputes of two cats, with knots in their tails, or nobs at the end, which never catch either rats or mice, but confine their combativeness to their own kind. To any person who may wish to drive a wealthy relative raving

mad into a lunatic asylum, I recommend as a sure receipt to place about the house, say six tropical cats, with knots in their tails.

But cats were not the only disturbers of my slumbers. If I did fall into a delightful dream, which is the only real happiness I know, I was roused by the morning bugle at that most unhappy hour of the twenty-four, that which precedes dawn, between or about four and five. Those of a religious turn of mind would fancy it the trumpet of the angel; or, if they had ever belonged to a cavalry regiment, the call to water the horses; but, finally coming to your clear sense, you comprehend that it is the "réveil," and would fall into vague wonderings as to the necessity for rousing soldiers up in the dark, for it is always dark in the tropics so early in the morning.

It is no use trying to sleep again, for the buffalo-horn will be sounded at six to call up the coolies and bring them to their labour; and this bellow is kept up for such a time that, even if they were in their graves, they would be tempted to arise rather than have this din continue.

CHAPTER XVI.

CEYLON: THE GREAT DALADA.

THERE is an old familiar line, which says,

"What dire events from trivial causes spring!"

and if we trace the history of some little things, and consider their influence upon the great things of the world, we can easily verify the truth of the quotation.

A tooth, for instance, is an infinitesimal portion of a man; yet a tooth has figured in one of the most ancient lines of kings—influenced, nay, controlled, their history, and played its part in one of the longest dynasties on record.

I speak of the tooth of Ghautana Buddha, which is considered by some fifty millions of people as the most sacred and heavenly object left upon this terrestial globe.

The tooth is certainly the oldest tooth in the annals of time, for it dates its existence from six

centuries before Christ, having passed ninety years of its infancy in a man's mouth. The tale of the tooth is a romance of history as marvellous as the story of the great Kohinoor diamond, or the Marie Antoinette necklace, yet far surpassing these in antiquity, and in episodical variety of influence, for the latter had their intrinsic value to aid them, being always convertible into hard cash—a great advantage to romance now-a-days; for, as the modern world wags, £ s. d. is the greatest talisman. But this morsel of ivory derives it sole value from its repute of being the eye-tooth of one of the greatest men ever deified, and who have sent their names ringing down to ages and ages, and influenced mankind with their special theories from generation to generation. It is now enshrined, with much religious pomp, in a temple at Kandy, the late capital of Ceylon—of famous Ceylon, the Taphrobane of the Greeks, and the Serendib of the Arabian Nights, sleeping in the Indian Ocean, south-east of the peninsula of Hindustan, from which it is only separated by the Straits of Manaar, sometimes called Adam's Bridge, as he is reputed to have passed dry-shod over the rocks to the island of Ceylon, when driven from Paradise by the flaming sword; and

to have settled upon the great mountain which bears his name—Adam's peak.

The sun was just setting over Kandy, as we reached it. We had come from Point de Galle, the port of call for most steamers bound to China. Visitors to the far East are usually content with a drive on shore at Galle, and, except officials and planters, few Europeans travel in the interior of Ceylon. The sun was setting as only a tropical sun would dare to set, in violent splashes of purple, green, amber, and crimson; which, though, when described on paper, may seem to denote very bad taste of the sun, in reality was a gorgeously magnificent spectacle. The flowery hills round Kandy blushed a pale rose tint, as though they were not quite satisfied to reflect any of the deeper colours; but the tall mountains, rearing their heads eight thousand feet, plunged their purple peaks into the azure sky. Few people would venture to dispute the beauty of Kandy at any time; but, glowing with the brilliant sunset lights, it must win any heart not utterly callous to beauty.

At present, it may be described as a congregation of handsome objects rather than as a city. In the centre is a large artificial lake, one of the

famous tanks, or reservoirs, constructed in various parts of the island, about two thousand years ago, to irrigate the land, and perpetuating the glory of king and kingdom. Reflected in its waters, stands the Buddhist temple, with its numberless colonnades and towers, under which reposes the great dalada, the tooth of Buddha, enshrined in the midst of temples and altars and reliquaries of marble, ivory, ebony, silver, and gold, set with precious stones—sapphires, pearls, rubies, and topazes—for which the island is renowned.

Around the reservoir is a raised wall and promenade, shadowed by tamarind-trees and the male cotton, with its cherry-lipped flowers, which, falling, carpet the earth in zones of pinky leaflets. Below is a carriage-drive round the lake, of four miles. On the opposite side is the modern hotel, with its wide verandah, covered with creepers of every hue, and tempting lounge-chairs.

A little farther on is an old Dutch church, which, in its ugly simplicity, is a good foil to the graceful, elaborate dagoba opposite, and seems to be sneering, in a quiet, phlegmatic way, at all the vainglorious display of form and colour which transfuses Oriental scenery. A long, narrow, picturesque Chinese street forms the business portion of the town, and all around are the

planters' bungalows upon the green hills, climbing higher and higher up the mountains, and peeping out from a perfect world of coffee trees, whose white blossoms diffuse an ocean of perfume over the whole country, and whose scarlet berries, when the coffee is ripe, gladden the dark green of the landscape.

To return to the temple, the abode of this ivory trifle, whose history I am attempting to write. It is the core or nucleus of a vast establishment of Buddhist priests, who lift their voices in praise morning, noon, and night, with an accompaniment of drums, tom-toms, and big gongs. There is also a large stable of elephants and horses, with serving-men to officiate upon grand occasions when the tooth goes abroad and is exhibited to the faithful. This, however, it very rarely does, for it understands thoroughly that familiarity breeds contempt, and fifty years sometimes elapse between its appearances in public. The king, Kriti Sri, had been the last to worship it, in company with his subjects, so that very few persons in the island had actually seen it, though they earnestly believed in the potency of the relic, and that the sight alone would confer prosperity upon the beholder.

Great preparations were, therefore, made in

the city of Kandy—triumphal arches erected, and whole trees transferred to form bowers and altars as avenues for the procession to halt at or pass through. Every creature, man, woman, and child, that could use its own feet, came from around the island to witness the exposition, and partake of the consequent benefits, as Italian peasantry assemble at Easter in the vast amphitheatre of St. Peter's, to catch the small slips of paper which the pope entrusts to the wind as his messengers to convey pardon for sins and immunity from certain penalties. But the Cingalese consider that one divine benefit is enough for one life; therefore, this festival is not often repeated.

Formerly, the high-priest was associated with the king at the ceremony; but since the island and the tooth have fallen into British hands, it is, of course, the governor, standing in lieu of the queen. With subsidiary priests, private secretaries, aide-de-camps, and attachés, etc., they enter the sanctum sanctorum where this singularly long tooth dwells in costly obscurity. With the aid of a whole batch of attendants, the various tabernacles, dagobas, and altars are removed, when it is disentombed from its sumptuous caskets of gold and jewels. Then is

brought forth its out-door tabernacle, which is a pavilion of solid silver, with ornamented pillars, covering the bawsewige, a small octagonal cupola of burnished gold, with rows of blue sapphire and rubies, and beneath this the dalada reposes on a velvet cushion fringed with precious pearls, such as would make the fortune of a royal princess. These paraphernalia are placed on the back of the most majestic elephant, richly caparisoned in crimson velvet, with gold embroidery. This gentleman, like many high officials, has a complete sinecure, for his exclusive duty is to carry the dalada twice or three times in his life, for which performance he lives in clover all the rest of his existence, which is somewhat longer than the average of a man's.

Upon the occasion of this public appearance, he is attended by his mahouts, and scores of lackeys, any one of whom would give his head for a situation equal to that beast's. All the high officials, clerical, civil, and military (the two latter British) join in the procession. When the dalada elephant appears at the gate of the temple, a long double line of elephants kneel down to receive him, when the nobles, priests, and populace bend their backs to right angles, and, projecting their arms forward and slightly above their heads and joining their fingers, they

raise a shout of triumph appalling in its power and vehemence, which is caught up by the multitude, and far and wide from every throat it spreads over the whole city, one mighty, solemn peal of adoration.

"Horrible idolatry!" exclaims a prudish Protestant.

So it may appear. But what, then, is the Fête Dieu in France, or that of the Holy Cross in Rome? What is our own impassioned embrace of a faded photograph not seen for years, which rouses the yearning tear? We do not, all of us, understand our own emotions, let alone those of the Cingalese. We reverence a tangible object by a tangible form which represents a spiritual idea.

The elephant, bearing the sacred dalada, and followed by the whole retinue—civilized and savage, sacred and profane, priest and parson (no doubt the British chaplain would have to be present), richly-robed Cingalese nobles, unclad Malabars, Tamulmen, and Madrasmen—proceeds through the leafy avenues prepared for it, and tramples with dignified tread the world of flowers spread for the sacred feet which bear the sacred load, until it reaches the altar, or reposoir, into which it is lifted by the ancient adikar;

and then the British governor, holding back the velvet curtain, displays the relic to the ravished multitude, whose hosannas evoke the echoes of the purple mountains, and swim along the valley, waking the nightingales, who, thrilling, pipe their exultant song to the still heart of every dell.

All that can be effected by evergreens and flowers in our own country, falls short in comparison with the aggregation of Eastern exotics: the graceful palm-leaves and waving bananas, the luscious magnolias and gorgeous sun-flowers and shoe-flowers, and the wonderful decorative taste possessed in such an extraordinary degree by semi-civilized people; and the glowing light, and the soothing perfume; the yellow-robed monks and the rich dresses of the nobles, the grand background of purple mountains in the distance, and the nearer amphitheatre of green coffee hills; and the quaint old temple, and the mirror-like lake—produce a combination of scenic effect unparalleled under our duller sky.

The dalada, or sacred tooth, is a piece of discoloured ivory, over an inch in length, and broad in proportion. The owner must have measured at least from seven to eight feet, to have grown such a tooth, which was declared

by the Portuguese, when they conquered the country, to be an *ape's* tooth. Its history, after it quitted its native jawbone, is as follows: The body of Ghautana Buddha was burnt, according to the Indian custom; but, before its entire destruction on the funeral pyre, a priest rushed forward and rescued the eye-tooth from the flames. It was then venerated as miraculous, as being part of the body of one who, after his mortal career terminated, was absorbed into the Supreme, and so himself became divine. This took place some five centuries before the Christian era. As in all religions, schisms soon arose, and kings and nations quarrelled, and went to war over this bit of bone, as Christians have over equally important matters, one side declaring it was infamy to worship an inanimate bit of rubbishy discoloured ivory, and the other protesting that it was the actual substance of God the All-Omnipotent, and that it was a sacrilege to profane it.

The tooth had been kept in great state in a city called Dantapoora, from *danta* (tooth), and *poora* (city), and the king, Kalinga, neglecting Vishnu and Siva, worshipped only the tooth, for which he was called to account by another king, Pandowaï, the chief sovereign of all India, who sent forth a mandate, and issued orders to his

generals and his armies to invade the country, and stop the idolatry; in the name of the true God, to kill, and slay, and give no quarter, but to bring back the heretic king, and the wretched bit of human bone he was adoring day and night. The great general marched forth, fought and conquered, captured the dalada and its devotee, and conveyed them to his master.

And now commenced the trials of the tooth. The chief sovereign, to prove his case, was resolved to go to all extremities, and decided to burn up the piece of bone, and so have an end of it. He, therefore, had prepared in the yard of his palace a pit filled with glowing embers, into which the dalada was cast, and would, in the usual course, have been speedily reduced to powder; but the legend of the relic, like that of other miraculous objects, tells quite a different story. The tooth rose out of the flames unscathed, emitting from itself a radiance which ascended to the heavens and illumined the universe—at least as much of it as the writer of that period was acquainted with.

The tooth having thus displayed itself fireproof, the king, disgusted at this open defiance of his power, forthwith ordered it to be buried deep in the earth and trodden down by ele-

phants; but, spurning the earth above it, it sprang up on the leaf of the lotus—the emblem of the virgin mother of Buddha. Still the king was not satisfied, and naturally imagined some fraud had been practised; and so he ordered the tooth to be placed on an anvil. The ponderous hammer was raised to crush it; but the tooth (it must surely have been a wisdom-tooth!) sagely embedded itself in the iron, and the hammer fell harmlessly upon it.

The priestly enemies then declared that the fraud consisted not in the relic itself, which no doubt was part of the god Vishnu, but in the assertion that it was Ghautana's. To prove this, the king ordered them to pray that worthy, Vishnu, to release his own tooth from the iron shackles into which he had put it. The priests commenced a series of incantations and supplications, enough to move any god; but the obstinate tooth, like so many of its successors (as dentists will vouch for), refused to be extracted.

The king, who appears to have been a practical, logical man, said—"Now you priests have failed, let the Buddhists try;" whereupon great offerings were made to the dalada, and all the saintly deeds and holy acts of Buddha recounted; and this operation was rewarded by the tooth

getting up and showing again. The king then, delighted, placed it in a gold goblet; upon which it was graciously pleased to float on the water. These miracles confirmed the wavering, and converted the king, but not the priests. Pandowaï, however, discarded the heretics and loaded the wihara (temple) with treasure, and, abdicating, retired to a Buddhist monastery, where he died in what we should denominate the odour of sanctity.

He entreated Buddha's forgiveness for his doubts, not failing judiciously to point out that his sins had, after all, a beneficial result (proving the authenticity of the axiom that "all's well that ends well"), and hinted at a principle, since termed Jesuitical, that evil might be committed that good may result; and here he equivocated a little with Buddha, suggesting that, if he had not believed in the happy result, he (King Pandowaï) would never have permitted the indignities.

The tooth, after this triumph, went back to Dantapoora, to the keeping of Goohasina. Shortly after this, another king, Ordaini, came to worship at the shrine of the dalada, and made rich offerings. He also adored at another shrine—killing two birds with one stone—that

of the fair Ranawale, the king's daughter, whom he married. But scarcely had they outlived that one blissful period of human existence, the "honeymoon," when the wicked nephews of Pandowaï (why are nephews always wicked?) waged war against the tooth, and came down upon the city of Dantapoora to sack and otherwise destroy it.

Now, the happy pair were still staunch adherents of the tooth; and, fearful that even ivory could not resist such an army, they disguised themselves in the garb of the despised and inimical priesthood, and carried the treasure away to the sea-coast, where they buried it in the sand; but, as the war waged fiercer, Ranawale, with true woman's wit, wove it into her long luxuriant tresses, and, drawing near to the ships, awaited the result of the battle then raging around the doomed city of Dantapoora. A red flag was to be the signal of defeat and despair, when the fair guardian of the relic was to embark and proceed to Ceylon, which island had been foretold as the future residence of the dalada. Thus, when the setting sun cast his lurid beams upon the bloody signal, and the whole Eastern heavens blushed in shame, the devoted heroine attained the ship, and passed with her sacred

burden to the friendly shores of Ceylon, where she was received by the king with royal honours, and every mark of distinction heaped upon her head, and especially upon her hair, which had performed such a wonderful service.

History does not say so, but I have a shrewd idea that the king also married her, for her spouse Ordaini had been killed in the battle; not that the fact was material, for a Cingalese woman has from time immemorial been allowed to take two or more husbands.

The king also dedicated the island to the dalada, and built for it the richest of shrines; since which time (A.D. 309) it has shared the fate of the Cingalese, and undergone the vicissitudes of that country—sometimes in triumphing over a million of heads bowed in worship or reverence (for I do not believe the Buddhists worship the thing they clasp their hands and kneel to, any more than the Catholics worship every wayside cross they bend the knee before), sometimes wandering from place to place for safer custody, and to escape the ferocious onslaught of the Malabar invasions. But, wherever its sacred presence beamed, it influenced the destinies of the country; and its history forms a large portion of Cingalese chronicles. They placed

every confidence in its power to produce peace and prosperity for the nation with whom it dwelt.

The Portuguese, knowing this, sought and obtained possession of it by force, and asserted that they ground it down in a mortar, and publicly burned it as an idol and a false god; it was asserted that the adikar (Buddhist priest) offered three hundred thousand ducats for its recovery, which sum was refused by Constantine de Braganza, the Portuguese leader. Nevertheless, another tooth is said to have been forged so to resemble the dalada, that the priests were deceived and accepted it. The Cingalese, however, declare that the real Buddha tooth was carefully hidden away, and that Constantine de Braganza was palmed off with an ape's, which he burned. The latter is much more probable than the former. This was in the sixteenth century.

In 1815, when the British became rulers of the island; they also became guardians of the sacred dalada, which was held as a sort of emblem of royalty, like the crown jewels or regalia. In the rebellion, in 1817, the first act of the Cingalese was to steal the tooth. A priest, one of the guardians of the sanctuary, surreptitiously conveyed it and himself away to the mountains, where he wandered unsuspected. The people,

knowing this, considered their triumph over their new lords and masters as a foregone conclusion; but the secret escaping, a strict search was made, and the priest eventually captured with the tooth upon him; his bald pate affording no concealment, like the locks of the fair Ranawale. It was restored to its former shrine and temple in Kandy, and, this being made public, the effect was magical on the people, who became convinced that the guardians and possessors of the tooth must triumph, and that it was the will of Buddha that the British should rule over Ceylon.

When peace and tranquillity were restored, the guardianship of the sacred relic was divided between the governor of the island and the high-priest, and the reliquary was so constructed that it required two keys to open it.

In 1828, it was publicly exhibited for the benefit and adoration of the faithful; and thus the Queen of England, sitting high upon her Protestant throne, in the far-advanced nineteenth century, is virtually the showman to a deluded multitude of a very large-sized tooth, much too monstrous for any human mouth save that of a giant; but firmly believed to be a tooth of their great prophet, now absorbed into the deity.

CHAPTER XVII.

WOMAN'S PARADISE.

ONE of the supposed locales of the Garden of Eden is in Ceylon. There Adam's Peak rears its mighty head, dominating eight thousand feet above the loveliest of Nature's lovely spots—a very Garden of Eden such as God Himself could make no more divine, warm with glowing sunshine, tempered by moderating breezes, laden with spiced odours; where fan-leafed trees shade their luscious fruits of custard-apple, mango, and cocoa-nut; where the joyous-hearted birds, bursting with exultant gladness, fill the air with one long stream of melody; where the glowing-eyed sunflowers, congregated by the thousand, turn their heads with vesper hymns to the setting orb of day; where nothing is discordant, and the very frogs peal out their incessant longings like silver bells tinkling in the distance, and the

blacksmith-bird gives out his solitary note like the sound of a forge.

This, in truth, was a paradise; and men and women, sur tout, were beautiful—and here the latter had their full rights until that horrid British Government, having got possession of the island, enacted a law circumscribing polyandry, and only five years ago making it a punishable offence to have more than one husband!!

There is masculine tyranny for you! There is the march of civilization! While the Western woman mounts the rostrum and proclaims in a badly-modulated voice her right to keep her own property, and to wear what sort of neckties and bifurcated integuments she chooses, her right to vote about anything and everything, her right to choose any man she pleases, and shoot him if he does not hanker after matrimony with her—(what though he may have committed himself in that line already, and nine children have blessed their union?)—her right to ride astride a horse, and to part her stubbled hair on one side; whilst these highly-civilized Latin and Greek reading ladies are obliged to fight and struggle, *vi et armis*, for their rights, obliged to talk until they are hoarse to sneering puppies of reporters, whose only forte is making bad puns in

newspapers; while they have to sit in court for days and weeks together during the trial of a female, in order to keep the malignant male judge to his duty; whilst all the up-hill work is the destiny of the woman of the period, the Eastern beauty has been deliciously lapt in her bed of flowers, in an atmosphere couleur de rose, with as many lords, her slaves and admirers, as she can manage to command, or, to be more exact, as many brothers or cousins as there chance to be in the family into which she is introduced.

It is not uncommon in the barbarously masculine age in which we live, to hear a brute of a man exclaim that he does not intend to marry his wife's "family"—in fact, the British law goes so far as not to allow him to marry his deceased wife's sister, whereas, the Cingalese woman takes to her heart the whole half-dozen brothers; and it is recorded of a queen (Anoola) who took to husband seven of her ministers, that when they chanced to annoy her, or not fulfil some promise made under the holy halo of love's sacred fane, she very properly poisoned them, to teach them their duty (or rather their successors) not to break their paroles d'honneur to ladies.

Yet, in the matter of woman's right to shoot, poison, or otherwise destroy, the Western world is coming on apace, as a recent trial for murder in America of a lady who had shot a gentleman because he refused to marry her and divorce his wife, sufficiently demonstrates.

Let the Western woman cast a retrospective glance over a space of a few thousand years, more or less (for the history of the kings of Ceylon is said to be the longest record of a dynasty extant), and behold this elysium of her Eastern sister in the luxury of dolce far niente, in the full enjoyment of the whole of her senses, and the full command of a number of male creatures, sometimes ruling as a queen (for history gives about twelve of them, waxing sleek and comfortably stout, fed and tended, like mother-bees, by her devoted male subjects, who approach her with salaams, and provide her with the choice produce of the orchard and the chase—snipes and widgeon, which to this day abound on the tanks; where, practising without preaching woman's rights, I went shooting; but, failing to hit, had to rely upon the only masculine I had for the moment at my service.

These happy Cingalese women were supplied with deer and elk preserved in honey and

buried for twelve months, which, when disinterred, eats quite tender. These queen-bees are of the Veddah tribe, the authentic aborigines of the soil, whose history goes back into the depths of time, and nobody knows at the present day how they originally came here, unless they grew out of it, or are the lineal descendants of the real Adam and Eve; in which case they have found it convenient to discard the fig-leaves; and, indeed, if the hypothesis is correct that this glorious land was the seat of Paradise, then the fig-leaf must be fiction, for the fig-tree does not grow in the island, whereas the talapet-palm, which gives a leaf that would make either coats or petticoats, writing-paper, or cement, umbrella, or roof of house, is always to be met with.

This remarkable tree, which amuses itself by growing gigantic fern leaves for about one hundred years, suddenly puts forth a magnificent flower, or a pyramid of flowers, about thirty-six feet above its trunk, already of one hundred feet; and this wonderful heap of white lily bells perfume the atmosphere for an immense distance whilst they last, but, having accomplished this bouquet de grace et de congé, it subsides and dies out, and nothing of the flower, or fern, or tree is visible some two months after. But the vampire bats

and flying squirrel have gathered the seeds, and borne them away as hoards to a distant part of the forest, where the undevoured remains of the feast germinate and commence another hundred years' growth. Thus talapet is much more useful than the fig-leaf, which is absurd (above all things) for a dress; and the Veddahs equip themselves in a scanty modicum of it. It is probable that the ladies indulged in plurality of husbands before the country was invaded by the present race of Cingalese (B.C. 543).

Wijaya, the invader, espoused Koovani, the daughter of a native prince!, or, more probably, she settled the difficulty between her father and him by marrying him, like Pocahontas. Polyandry seemed to have been very generally practised from that day until the present, when even the fear of punishment cannot control these capricious dames.

I was greatly amused by a case which came before the resident judge, or secretary, in the ancient city of Anarajapoora, where the lady applied to be permitted to take a second husband, she having had enough of the first after three weeks of the honeymoon. Legally speaking, she was applying de jure for a divorce, but de facto to have another husband immediately without

falling foul of the British law. Another case was certainly a puzzler for the judge. A man claimed family jewels of his mother, as heir to three fathers, her contemporary husbands!

The story of the landing of Wijaya on the coast of Ceylon, as related in the poetry of the country, bears such a singular resemblance to Homer's history of the landing of Ulysses on the island of Circe, that one cannot fail to remark the coincidence. Wijaya sets sail from his native shore of India, and is driven upon the island of Ceylon. His followers disperse themselves over the lovely island, no doubt coveting it for themselves. They come to a splendid reservoir, or tank, built of solid granite, and upon the steps, which are carved elaborately, is seated a beautiful woman about to bathe, and, floating among the lotus-lily leaves, peep up the rounded shoulders and busts of other nymphs.

These hardy mariners of Wijaya, who (singular to say) from that day to this seem ever to have retained the same character for gallantry, must needs make the acquaintance of the aquatic damsels, and, as usual, found themselves made captives. But when the chief, Wijaya himself, appears, the Circe (under the appellation of Koovani) yields to his superiority; at least she

made the pretence of submission, so much was she enamoured of him.

Being the daughter of a prince she weds him, and assists him to become ruler of the country. But an ancient Chinese traveller and historian represents the aborigines of the island as a species of sirens, who allured ships to their own destruction, by transforming themselves into beautiful women of an amphibious character, courting the mariners with exquisite fruits and flowers, feasting them, and wedding them; but finally, becoming weary of them, shutting their lovers up in caves, like the great Queen Bess, but subsequently eating them, possibly preserved in honey like the deer meat.

Polyandry is in practice in Ceylon, not only amongst the aboriginal Veddahs, but also among the Kandyans; and, even since the island has come into the hands of the British government, they have been obliged to recognize it in courts of law in questions of succession. The Buddhist priests do not reprobate the custom, and no social disgrace is attached to it; on the contrary, it is practised chiefly amongst the more wealthy, among whom one wife has as many as seven husbands. Thus it is no uncommon case for a child to be doubtful as to his father.

It is asserted by the Cingalese of the present day that the usage is merely one of convenience, to keep property in a family—a very poor and illogical excuse, as it is clearly shown by many writers that the custom dates from a period long prior to considerations of utility. It appears to have been in vogue among many tribes of India, and is half sanctioned by the Institutes of Menu. The heroine of a poem, Drawpadi, is the wife of five Pandu brothers. It has existed beyond all historical record, in the valley of Kashmeer and the mountains of Thibet; amongst the Coorgs of Mysore and the Naims; and it regulates the law of succession in the Dekkan. Humboldt found the custom of polyandry in one of the Canary Islands, and some older writers assert its practice in Great Britain at the date of the invasion by Julius Cæsar. However, the power which this custom must give to a woman can scarcely be over-estimated. It is exemplified in the influence our double and treble widows exercise over their male acquaintances, in spite of Mr. Weller's admonition to the contrary; and it is truly proven by the ladies of the demi-monde, who choose their partners according to their merits, and dismiss them at their convenience or pleasure.

The facility of divorce in America has a tendency to bring people into exactly the same state. In that country it is not at all uncommon to find a woman with two or three living husbands; she has been divorced from the one or two, and is legally living with the third, and there is no law to prevent her casting him adrift and uniting herself with as many more as she likes. This is simply a mild but legal form of polyandry, and society regards it with no distaste any more than in Ceylon. The consideration of the terrible degradation and, I may say, death of the *divine sentiment* of love in these curious unions, alone reconciles one to the opposite extreme of binding, for weal or for woe, a man and woman together for life, even when such a tie makes their mutual existence a premature hell on earth, and fails to secure the fruition of the holiest and most sacred aspirations of our nature.

The King of Ceylon, Wijaya Bahu VII., who was reigning at the date of the Portuguese invasion (they built the first fort of Colombo), had one wife in common with his brother; and another king, Rija Snigha, was born in polyandry. Donna Catherina, the daughter of Weera Bahoo, King of Kandy, was educated as a Christian by the Portuguese, and proclaimed

Queen in opposition to Wimala Dharma, who, nevertheless, succeeded in capturing and marrying her. He also was a Christian; and at his death she married his brother, who, until then, had been a Buddhist priest, and whom she elevated to the throne, adopting his faith; but at his death it is asserted she again returned to Christianity.

Curiously coincident with the ancient legend of the mermaid denizens of Ceylon, is the fact that here is to be met with the "singing-fish" which may be heard, but not seen at the same time. They are named Gudong (half-woman, half-fish), and they certainly have very womanish faces, with large, soft, sympathetic eyes, reminding me of the seals in the Pacific; the fins very like arms, and the head and neck very human.*

Ceylon is also the land of the lucent pearl and the glowing sapphire, with which woman loves to adorn herself; and for head-dress, what can be more elegant than the bright feathers of the

* By the way, I cannot forget the strange effect the seals had upon me in the bay of Saucilito, when they came and stared at me through my bedroom window which overhung the water. I think that in the piscene kingdom they approach as near to humanity as apes in the animal.

flamingo and the peacock? With all these ornamental advantages, what can a woman ambition or covet more than to be fed on nectar and wild honey, and wrapped in an Elysian atmosphere, to exercise her couleur de rose influence over a dozen lords, commanding their votes, their worship, and their affections. This queen-bee institution, therefore, should surely commend itself to Western women-rights. Mormonism should be destroyed, cut away root and branch, and polyandry gracefully planted in its place! There should be no need for a woman to go to Chicago to get rid of a bankrupt spouse, before taking another, and a wealthier one; nor should there be any necessity for murder—the penalty sometimes inflicted on the man by a too ardent lady admirer, for his contumacy in opposing her wishes as regards marriage. Why, the Ceylon sirens not only killed but ate their men for similar offences! whilst our gracious Queen Victoria could not elevate her beloved spouse to the rank of king, which the princess did for Wijaya two thousand years ago. What retrogradism! What a come-down of woman's rights from the time of Koovani to that of Victoria! The woman's-rights ladies of the period ought to see to this. With all our female education, with Greek, and Euclid, and

philosophy—to say nothing of the guitar and skating—is the world to go backwards? Are nineteenth century women only to sew on shirt-buttons, darn stockings, and make puddings, while their less fair sisters (they are copper-coloured)—the Cingalese, have been holding sway, queening it so far back as six hundred years before the Christian era, and even now stand up for their rights by applying to the constituted authorities for second husbands after spending a couple of weeks with the first, and when British legislators are called upon to decide upon a man's property which hangs on a plurality of paters? It behoves Mrs. Stanton to visit Anarajapoora and study the manners and customs of the country.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PILGRIMAGES TO BUDDHIST SHRINES.

FINDING that I should not succeed in seeing the interior of the island of Ceylon, unless I undertook the journey (a drive of some four or five hundred miles) individually, and upon my own responsibility, I resolved to hazard it, and, with the assistance of a fine mathematical Scotch head, belonging, I ought to say, to a gentleman employed by government as surveying engineer, I laid my plans, and he calculated my distances; and I asked him, in case that after a sufficient absence I did not re-appear, to have search made for me. Fortified with these, I set forth. I bought a vehicle like à dog-cart, a horse who would not run away, whom I called Dobbin, and a groom (who did) named Kadmal, with the option that I might re-sell them at a certain price if brought back in good condition. This

was the best bargain I could make. I also took a native servant to do my small amount of cooking. At every large village through the island, there are places which are called, facetiously I opine, "rest-houses," and resemble cattle-pens with a roof on. They are a kind of government hotel for the use of which you pay a trifle. In them you can throw down your mat, boil your coffee, grill your chicken, and cook your eggs which you can always buy in the villages, together with plenty of fruit and vegetables of the country.

The mathematical head having made a map of the roads which were good to travel upon, and noted all the places where I should have to diverge and walk, and having myself read up Sir Emerson Tennent and several other authors, I packed up a certain amount of provisions for a month's absence—tea, wine, and a soda-water-making machine—and went my way, Dobbin going at a measured trot; and soon discovering my habit of pulling up under a shady tree to make a note, he would gaze longingly at every umbrageous spot, and if I chanced to be ruminating, and the rein slackened, would walk deliberately under it and stop, often leaving me and his own tail out in the sun. I usually started

after sunrise, never before, for I believe it is the greatest mistake that Europeans make in the East—the custom of inhaling the damp morning air before the sun has cleared away the vapours. I drove until half-past ten or eleven, when the sun became too strong. We then came to anchor near a clump of trees, gave Dobbin his feed and allowed him to go free and crop the fresh grass or dwarf clover, with which all the roads are bordered. Yoannas with two sticks lighted boiled my coffee and my eggs; and I then wrote my notes, went to sleep (according to my moral or physical state) or marched off to examine any piece of interesting antiquity. What a delightful time it was, with all nature's glories around me and nothing but Kadmal to tease me! For he would not feed my Dobbin, but rather would pocket the money, for which offence I waged on him fierce war by withholding his rations, to let him experience the pangs of starvation.

Poor Dobbin! he would find his way gently into my sleeping compartment through the door, or poke his head through the open shutters, and snuffle as plain as a horse could speak: "I have had no supper! that rascally Kadmal took away my paddi the instant you turned your back!" I spring up from my couch in a rage, make two

steps across the verandah to where the dog-cart stands, and sure enough, there in the well is the sack full of paddi. That slippery Malabar has pocketed the money, and reserved the paddi for the next morning's meal, when he will again repeat the process, until Dobbin falls down from sheer inanition. I rouse him from his slumber on the verandah by the application of a little water, for shouting is of no avail, and make him attend to Dobbin's supper, whom I hear crunch, crunch, crunch for three-quarters of an hour. The Malabar believing that I discover his crime in dreams, and am some sort of sorceress, hereupon ran away, and I had to feed Dobbin myself, until I fell in with two English officers, out on an elephant-shooting excursion, who caught the runaway and belaboured him considerably. This may sound very shocking, but such are the customs of the country. But except Kadmal, I had no other trouble, and I returned to Point de Galle with no other bad effects than two shades of a deeper red on my face and hands.

In the principal towns there resided a government agent, or deputy governor, and from these officials I met with a kindly welcome and an overwhelming amount of information, which

made me better acquainted with the history of Ceylon than I was perhaps with that of my own native island of Great Britain.

The early history of Ceylon, as I have before observed, in its details, reminds one of the Iliad and the siege of Troy—the wars of Rama and Rawana, and the impregnable city of Lanka-poora—and the stealing of the princess Seeta, who is another Helen of Troy, forty centuries ago. The ocean now rolls over the glories of this famous city of Lanka-poora—for it is related that a great flood, in 2387 (B.C.) covered the island, which was five thousand miles in circumference, and reduced it to two thousand—it was considered, of course, as a judgment of heaven.

By the further advance of the sea, it was again curtailed to its present dimensions, 928 miles.

Through the hospitality and ciceroneship of the agents, I was enabled to explore this very interesting island and enjoy myself immensely. One of the greatest curiosities is the cave temple of Dambool. The rock in which this Buddhist cave-temple is situated is about five or six hundred feet above the hill forest which surrounds it, and about two thousand above the sea. This rock, like a huge monster, rises from out the

smiling foliage; and upon the south side and within a hundred feet of the summit overhangs, forming a long deep cavern a hundred and seventy-two feet by seventy-five. It is called the Rock of Gold, from the profuse gilding which it encloses. Considerable labour must have been expended to work the flooring perfectly smooth, but the ceiling seems to have remained in its natural state in flakes of rock, like waves of the sea, and, as the whole is thickly covered with arabesques of the most brilliant hues and much gilding, the effect is singularly quaint and barbaric—no doubt the most remarkable ceiling in the world. It is about twenty-one feet high, but gradually decreases in the arc of a circle towards the floor, leaving no division between the wall and ceiling. Frescoes of battles are grotesquely depicted upon the wavelet surface with a curiously good effect, where the voyage of Wijaya, the first Cingalese king, is represented in a ship; only the fishes are as large as the vessel, and seem to threaten the king with the fate of Jonah, such wide mouths do they open. The great dagobas at Anarajapoora are also portrayed, but had the architect been as reckless as the artist of proportions, those dagobas would never have stood for two thousand years.

There is also a single combat between Doothaganum and Elorro, the former a great Cingalese king, the other a Malabar who invaded Ceylon. There are numbers of other subjects, too numerous to mention, most weird and startling.

This temple contains the statue of the King Walagam Bahoo, who founded the temple 86 B.C. Also of Kriti Nissanga, who repaired it, after the dilapidations caused by the Malabar invaders, in 1193. He ornamented the fanes and gilded the statues, and lavished so much gold upon it that it obtained the appellation of the Golden Rock.

In this temple is a finely-proportioned small dagoba.* A large earthen vessel is sunk in the floor of the temple to receive the water which drops only in one spot from a fissure in the rock, and which is regarded as sacred, and used only in the temple. It is a singular fact that this water drops continually, although the cave is some forty or fifty feet below the top of the mountain, and that there are many months in the year when no rain falls.

Thus the priests consider it miraculous; but the kind old monk, being quite delighted with my slender knowledge of Buddhism, allowed me

* Dagobas are used for preserving relics.

to drink a little of the water, for which I was very grateful, as I was parched and footsore from walking so long on the rough hard rock, and wearied with sight-seeing.

The principal figure of the sleeping Buddha, said to be of solid stone, is forty-seven feet long, and all gilt, representing him clothed from head to foot after the fashion of the Buddhist monks. The expression is not so beautiful as it is in the statue at Angkor Wat, on account of the face being painted and the eyes staring. It is surrounded by six standing and six sitting figures of stone; these are certainly solid. A light is kept burning perpetually before the statue, and has never been extinguished for hundreds of years, like the lights in some of the old Romish churches. The whole is frescoed in the usual Buddhist style.

There is also the celebrated statue (over life-size) of Vishnu, where formerly oaths had used to be sworn and trials held. Even since 1832, when trials were obliged to be held in the British courts, the witnesses would all retire to the statue of this god to repeat their oaths.

We passed the ruins and fortress of Sigiri, once the capital of Kandy. This vast rock rises four hundred feet perpendicularly from the sur-

rounding country. The base was built round, like a rampart, and several galleries had been cut in the rock where there was a little slope. The top is crowned with a mass of trees, and there is a tank upon the very summit. Around this natural fortress, a tower of strength, a large city had been built by Kasyapa the Parricide, the murder of his father being only the middle act to a tragedy yet more horrible. It is related in the Mahawansa that the king had two sons and a daughter : the latter he gave in marriage to his nephew, who, for no crime in her, but out of sheer wickedness, caused her to be scourged till her garments were soaked with blood. The father, indignant at seeing his daughter in this condition, retaliated upon the husband's mother, his own sister, whom he caused to be burnt alive. Then the nephew, in revenge, created animosity between the father and the son, with whom he conspired to usurp the throne. The king was taken prisoner, and loaded with chains. His unnatural son then appeared before him, robed in all the insignia of royalty, demanding from his father that he should point out where the treasure had been hidden. The wretched father, foreseeing his doom, refused to reply ; whereupon Kasyapa ordered him

to be walled up alive in that very rock which was destined to become his own tomb; for the younger son of the king took up arms in behalf of his father, and a ruthless and bloody warfare ensued, which only terminated in the death of the wretched parricide in the fortress of Sigiri, which he had made, as he thought, invulnerable, but which the avenging son found means to penetrate and there destroyed him. This blood-stained rock therefore is the adamantine annals of the family crime.

This drive of about five hundred miles I can only remember as one series of delights; sometimes winding through the long, weird-like shadow cast by Adam's Peak, 8000 feet high, or still higher Pedrotallagalla; sometimes taking my noonday rest in a plantation of 1000 acres of cinnamon-trees, which shed their bark for that most palatable spice; sometimes on the highways, which are the perfection of roads, watching the strange groups of coolies returning to their loved homes on the coast of Malabar, Coromandel, and Madras. They had terminated their three or five years of bondage to the coffee planter, and were now going back with their earnings, upon which they would luxuriate as

long as they lasted, and then sell themselves over again for another term.

They were tramping the whole distance (a few hundred miles) to Jafna, where a little steamer waited to take them over and land them on the main coast of India. They were accompanied by their women and children, the former splendid looking creatures with eyes that seemed to radiate different hues like diamonds; their black hair enveloping their bodies as in dark clouds; and their ears, noses, and lips loaded with ornaments, rings, and clasps. The children were the most lovable, pretty little creatures I ever saw; and I was struck with the fact that, however young they might be, their little limbs were in perfect symmetry, so rarely seen in a European child, whose head is generally too big for its body, its legs and arms too fat and unshapely for its hands and feet, with a dab for a nose, and ears sadly too large. But the Malabar babies and children were both beautifully formed and intelligent.

Whenever we passed a party or an encampment, I used to pull up and commence a vigorous bargain for the gold ornaments (I did not intend to wear them in my nose) or a baby child. Of course I beat them down from the price they

asked. Some women would not sell their child if it was their only one; but when they did agree upon a price, then arose the difficulty where the child was to be left until I could take it, for I could not carry it about with me in the dog-cart; and when I paid them the money to leave the child at a certain village, they walked off with the child and money too; and again, if I desired them to stop at a particular rest-house where I should arrive that night, they were sure to march through, and I never saw them again.

I have heard of ladies going shopping who could not resist beautiful articles offered to them. I suppose I must have had the similar mania upon me, for I could not resist bargaining and cheapening the lovely children, saying that it was probably a mischievous child, or cried a great deal. Had I remained in Ceylon, I should have had a swarm; but I finally secured a great beauty.

More interesting still than the Tamul and Malabar babies were the strange creatures called Veddahs, the aborigines of the island, supposed to be one of the oldest barbarian tribes of the human race; they are tranquil and inoffensive. They live in the dense forest to the west of Trincomalee.

The Veddahs are rather whiter than the Cin-

galese. They do not speak Cingalese or any of the Indian tongues. They preserve their meat in honey, but do not climb their bee-hive-trees like the Dyaks, who take the whole nest, but strike them, when the honey is shaken out and comes down in a stream. They live in families like the Jackoons, whom they much resemble.

A learned author notes, as a proof of their degradation, that the Veddahs have no marriage ceremony. The man simply presents the woman with some trifling ornament, or food, or fruit, which, if she is pleased to accept, she follows him into the forest, and the nuptial contract is complete. Thus even it is a trifle more elaborate than the form of a Scotch marriage, which the most shrewd and intellectual people in the world refuse to give up. Where polyandry is practised, according to an ancient Portuguese writer, the ceremony is infinitely more complicated.

The Veddahs are of small stature and ill-made—large heads, with an enormous quantity of hair falling in elf-locks almost to their middles, like the Jackoons. An attempt had been made by the British Government to civilize them by giving them implements of husbandry and seeds, and building huts for them, and providing them with a missionary; but, with the exception of a

few families who still remain in the huts, but little good was accomplished. They were supposed to become Christians, that is, they renounced the practice of their own superstition, or "Devil Dance," as *we* call it, which, rightly considered, means merely prayers for the sick, or to avert calamity. In illness they believe an evil power afflicts them—a superstition common to most religions. How many ceremonies have at different periods been in vogue among Christians to avert evil—extreme unction, relics, blessed charms, prayers before battles to secure the victory, &c., &c.? It is said that they do not know of a God, but this is a paradox, for a God is the overruling Power, under whatever name you please to nominate Him. The Jews feared a vengeful and a jealous God, but these unfortunates argue rather logically that if the Power is a benevolent one, He will not hurt us, but if evil we must pray and beseech Him. David and dervishes *danced* their prayers; and among Asiatics beseechment and worship are expressed by movements of the body, whether in the cause of love or of religion.

At home we have only to study a revival meeting, the Jumpers, the Shakers, the Ranters, to see this idea carried out in our own

civilized country; and I have witnessed in America a complete country dance of prayer, where they all shook hands, bobbed their heads together, and besought the Lord in the most absurd terms not to take vengeance upon them. Some of the women, who wore distended dresses, took off the steel cages which they had on, to facilitate their leaps into the air. To a dispassionate mind the two performances of the Veddahs and of the Jumpers would produce the same feeling. I fancy that one must appear just as much a Devil's Dance as the other.

One evening we came up with a party of these Devil Dancers, about to perform for the benefit of a sick man. They had constructed a palanquin of fresh split bamboo, the young fibres all twisted and curled with the greatest taste and delicacy. This palanquin was carried by two bearers, and inside was placed another man to represent a corpse, and he was not to move or to stir. The friends formed a wild procession, wailing, shrieking, and moaning as though they accompanied a corpse. They wound their way into the densest part of the forest, where two men, the chief mourners, kept up a perpetual jig or wriggling of the body all night. The funeral party returned to the dwelling of the

sick man, leaving the "Devil Dancers" with the supposed corpse. They kept up the jumping and swaying until daylight unless the sick man was reported better, when the pretended corpse springs up and the party walk home; the Devil has been propitiated for the time. They argue that the Great Good Spirit will not hurt us, but that it is the Evil One we must coax by offerings.

It is a fact worthy of note that nearly all savage tribes recognize a spirit of evil as well as of good, the former being the inferior. These curious people rarely enter a city or even village except when they are in need of choppers or rude knives. Then they will bring skins, or ivory tusks, or deers' antlers, which in Ceylon are extremely beautiful, and lay them near a blacksmith's shop during the night. The smith perceives the objects next morning, and takes them away, and leaves in their place what he considers an equivalent in choppers and knives, which on the following night are carried away. Of course they do not need money. They require no one thing which civilization has to bestow but choppers. This comes nearer to trusting in Providence than anything I have yet discovered.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANARAJAPOORA.

ANARAJAPOORA was founded about five centuries before the Christian era, and has been the capital of Ceylon before Kandy, and subsequently Colombo. Ninety kings are said to have reigned in succession in this ancient capital. Its extent in temples, dagobas, walls, stone bridges, tanks, and shrines seems to have been about ten or twelve miles. These ruins spread over a large tract of country; some overgrown with verdure, others completely buried in the earth — the latter very perfect, some of the sculpture and mouldings being quite fresh; whereas those above ground, such as the dagobas, are surmounted by forest trees, whose roots have twisted and gradually insinuated themselves until they have displaced both masonry and

stone, and forced the bricks down from their position to the level ground.

One of the great features of the Anarajapoora is the Brazen Palace, so called, now only a vast arena of sixteen hundred columns of the finest marble. The capital of each column is carved to represent a tooth, as it is asserted that this magnificent Wehara was built to hold the Buddha tooth when brought from India. This building, intended for the monks or priests, was said to have nine roofs of brass, diminishing as they rose until they formed a pyramid. There is no doubt that such buildings were generally open in colonnades, or chambers formed of columns, like the temple of Angkor Wat. The brazen tiles must have looked gorgeous in the glowing sunlight of Ceylon. The finest brick-work is everywhere to be seen—clear, bright-coloured, and still sharp-edged after two or three thousand years' service. The mortar shows the remains of the pearl oyster-shell which was burnt for its manufacture with the greatest care.

From my room in Anarajapoora I could behold a long vista of park-like scenery, soft green sward overshadowed by hoary trees, under which the yellow-garbed priests sauntered in solitary meditation, or strolled in a long string

on their march to collect their tithes. Through the glades of foliage I could see in the foreground groups of slender columns, some upright and perfect, others bending until their capitals seemed on the very eve of falling off; some with broken shafts, others resting upon the carved slabs which had formed the guardians of the steps, the entrance to the palace of a king; all in a light gray granite, which has bid defiance to time for some two thousand years. In the distance I could easily distinguish the mighty mountain dagobas towering with their flowery heads above the surrounding forest, even without the pinnacles in brass (comparatively modern additions) which surmount them. Their symmetrical shape, which the over-growing verdure has not been able to efface, would at once proclaim them works of art and not mounds of rock, such as Sigiri, which rises vertically about the same height, four hundred feet, from a base of about one hundred and fifty. The dagoba has a speciality of its own which, once seen, can never be mistaken.

These dagobas are not supposed to be temples like the Weharas or Wats, but are more of mausoleums, or reliquaries for preserving precious objects. They have the form of a bell,

and are perfectly solid like the pyramids of Egypt, with the exception of a cave chamber underneath, approached by a subterranean passage, the entrance to which is probably in some Wehara or monk's habitation. They are built of bricks, about twice as large as the bricks of the present day. These are laid solidly together and cemented, the most perfect form being carefully preserved.

The highest dagoba is supposed to have been about three hundred feet, with elevations of various terraces, one of which, now much in decay, is supported by three hundred and sixty-five buttresses, in the form of elephants life-size, whose tusks are said to have been of real ivory.* What a gorgeously imposing wall it must have appeared! Another terrace is formed of solid masses of stone fitted into each other with the most wonderful precision, in the manner of the Via Appia. All the terraces environ the dagoba, and it is a good half-day's walk round them all. On the upper terrace are Weharas, or altars, generally of stone or marble, and on some of these the natives lay their offerings of fruit and flowers to the present day.

* Curiously corresponding in number with the days of the year!

Four grand gateways give entrance to this monster reliquary, and each terrace is reached by a flight of carved steps, and adorned with sculptured figures, round which the lizard still gambols as he did thousands of years ago; and flocks of goats, with very long legs and rough red coats like shaggy calves, nibble a delicate pasture of very fine clover, growing in the crevices of the ornamental stonework, and greatly assist in its destruction.

The mornings broke in a volume of liquid music, which seemed to roll in wave after wave with a boundless swell, incalculable as coming from the little throats of birds. The mist rolled up like a fine gauze curtain of silver tissue, glittering and transparent, and hung in patches among the broken columns and ruins, or pillowed itself upon the crests of the dagobas. Then a piercing ray of sunlight shot through, and transformed the whole into sparkling dew-drops, which rested like gems upon the rosy-lipped cotton-trees (which bear the cherry-coloured blossom, whilst their mates yield the more useful cotton-pods, used principally for bedding and stuffing), and bestrewed with pearls the broad leaves of the almond and yak tree, and soaked with moisture its delicious fruit

notched upon its robust trunk like an unnatural excrescence, nestled in the opening eye of myriads of convolvuli of every shade and hue, catching prisms of the morning light, and floating airily away. Over all there is a placidity—even a stillness—in spite of the song of birds, which rather resembles passive mellifluous air than actively uttered music.

Herds of milk-white buffaloes, with their pink nostrils, soft pensive gaze, and crescent-horned coronets, are gently moving and grazing on the sward—"the green mould that the graves of kings enfolds," and are gradually developing their white flanks from the shadowy mists. But even in the noonday heat these vast lawns are shady, only admitting the ardent glances of the sun in dazzling streaks and kaleidoscopic patterns, and reflected rays from the brass pinnacle of the dagoba. But through this clear light I can descry the thousand columns of the Brazen Palace, which is said to have contained one thousand dormitories for the monks, and to the right (a little beyond) the great quadrangle of three hundred feet, which walls in and is shadowed by the patriarch of the vegetable kingdom, the sacred bó-tree; the most venerable, as also venerated, tree on record, and which spreads over the

largest space of ground. It was planted in Anarajapoora, by Mihindo (B.C. 300), who brought it from the bó-tree in India, under which Buddha sat when he was translated into his saintship. I can see its quivering bright-green leaves, something like the aspen in its sensitive movements, and like the Lombardy poplar in form. It is under the guardianship of the yellow-robed monks, who see that it is never desecrated by profane hands cutting or breaking it. The trunk is earthed up in terraces for about fifty feet, ascended by finely-sculptured steps and "moon-stones," wrought in semi-circles of flowers and animals, like the signs of the Zodiac—elephants, geese, and lions; the two former being in perfect drawing. The steps are flanked by janitors in wonderful alto-relievo, the drapery and accoutrements and helmets fresh and keenly standing out as though they had been chiselled but yesterday. Upon each terrace is an offshoot of the mother tree, which, like a blooming daughter, rivals the parent in amplitude; their wide-spreading branches mingling and interlacing with each other.

This great tree is inhabited by a swarm of monkeys, who frolic and play amongst the sacred leaves, not seemingly deriving any saintliness

from the contiguity, for they make a terrible overhead onslaught upon strangers, lying in wait for any piece of mischief that opportunity might offer; and, although I have never heard of a monkey missing his footing or grip, yet it is the most nervous thing to have them jumping and playing and executing the flying trapeze just over one's head. Sometimes when I was making a sketch of some bit of ruin, they would approach and assemble over me in a crowd, blinking their roguish eyes in wonderment, and chattering amongst themselves, as though saying, "What on earth is this new creature, and what can she be doing? Then, like a rabble of rude boys, they urged each other to mischief, grinning and jeering, and making such fearful springs and plunges, I was fain to depart.

Many more dagobas, palaces, weharas, and tanks—one of fifteen miles in length—we visited; which, although infinitely interesting to the traveller and explorer, might become a little monotonous to the general reader in mere description.

CHAPTER XX.

SPAIN: THE ALHAMBRA AND ITS ROMANCES.

HAVING arrived in Gibraltar, viâ the Suez Canal, from the far East, I had a very vague idea of the state of Europe, and of Spain in particular.

Our party had made up their minds to return home through that country, instead of going round by the Bay of Biscay. Great, therefore, was our disappointment, when we were informed that it was in a very disturbed state—the Carlist in open warfare, the Republicans fighting amongst themselves, and the Infanta party only waiting to join in. Upon this, there was a general wavering amongst our party.

Horrible stories were related to us of the terrible cruelties perpetrated up in the mountains by the priest leader, Santa Cruz—a modern Torquemada; of the burning of atheists and socialists alive; of the flogging of women; of

the destruction of the telegraph and the railroads; and of the shooting of the engine-drivers. We read in the *Times* that communication between France and Spain was cut off, and that it was not possible for any traveller to reach Madrid from that side. As the *Times* is an authority which no Englishman presumes to doubt, the whole party speedily decided on returning to England by water. I hesitated still, first, because, of all seas, I most dislike the Bay of Biscay, having once been tossed about there for a week and half-wrecked; secondly, because I felt interested to see what was actually doing in Spain in the present crisis, and how the Spaniard looked as a republican; thirdly, because I am averse to all retrograde movements, and have a pertinacity in carrying out a project; and fourthly, because I have an incapacity for realizing any danger yet unexperienced.

I could not, for instance, believe that the Battaks would eat me, nor that the Dyaks would cut off and cook my head; and the fact remains that my head has not suffered in any, the slightest degree, and that my body has not been as much as nibbled at. On the other hand, I had become so thoroughly imbued with admiration of the marvels of bygone ages, and the

ruins of splendours which our own day vainly strives to surpass, that I could not resist the temptation to add the Alhambra to my list of prodigies of art; and, although the word has been hackneyed, ad nauseam, yet I am disposed to believe that there are comparatively few who have more than a very vague idea of the Alhambra.

I had an intense desire to visit the place, and, resolving to gratify this wish, proceeded on my way alone—not quite alone—I had with me a pretty black mite of a Cingalese boy whom I had (I will not say purchased but) obtained for love and money: the love being between the child and myself, and the money absorbed by the parents. The child danced and sang like some sprite from the regions of Erebus, and amused my lonely hours. How I ever succeeded in bringing him alive through Spain, remains a mystery to myself. He was perfectly savage, had lived in a state of nature, and could barely walk in shoes, but slipping them off, he would clamber like any monkey up to the top of the diligence; then roll under the wheels of the steam carriages; again he would be discovered amongst the coal of the engine tender, or outside the window of a five-storey house, sitting

on the coping stone, or fingering the locks of the Carlist fire-arms, while his mistress was undergoing examination. If I let go his hand, he was sure to steer foul of some one who looked down upon the little dark object with astonishment and amusement.

I accomplished my journey to Granada without any other difficulties than being turned out of the train at midnight and having to walk a considerable distance owing to the line being up, and the vivacious rolling of the little steamer which conveyed us from Gibraltar to Malaga, where the first instance of republicanism was the boarding of a number of armed men from the Douane, and subsequently the insistance of republican boatmen on being paid more than one shilling for each parcel, no matter how small (be it umbrella, shawl, or handbag) so that, although I had brought only one trunk for convenience, the landing of my baggage cost ten shillings. This is the republican idea of "biens en commune," viz.: if A is possessed of one pound, and wants his bag to be carried, he must give ten shillings to B for carrying it; and this equalizes property.

The magnificent scenery of the Sierras fully compensated for all inconvenience. To describe

their incomparable beauty would take too much space. All this portion of Spain was republican, and a motley crew of all sizes, ages, and costumes, with as great variety of guns, were constantly drilling, drumming, and parading. They were rough, rude, and ill-mannered, far too much impressed with their own importance to imagine for a moment that their neighbours required any consideration. The boys were the most ferocious gamins I have ever encountered out of Paris; and meeting a gang of them, I was obliged often to use my umbrella as a bayonet to ward off the personal attacks upon my black protégé. Many were singing the Marseillaise most horribly out of tune. In point of order or decent behaviour, they were infinitely worse than Chinese, or Battaks, or Cambogians, or even the tailed monkeys of the Bó-tree. But I do not mean to say that all Spaniards are guilty of this unnecessary rudeness. At the Alhambra I spent as pleasant a time as any in my life, and fared on the fat of the land—young peas, new potatoes, lamb, strawberries (in April!) and delicious wine—which after my long sea voyage really made me feel epicurean.

In that blissful abode I continued for the

space of fifteen days, and there I fain would have spent the remainder of my life in a sweet, pensive dream.

The Alhambra is a large, straggling series of square towers, castellated walls, ramparts, courts, barbicans, &c., which dominate the ridge of a precipitous hill, only accessible to goats or chamois on the one side, but approached on the other by a number of delightful avenues of beech and elms planted by the Duke of Wellington, whose representative has still a fine estate near Granada.

These avenues reach from the town, about half a mile distant, to the various gateways, and are perhaps the most beautiful promenades in Spain. Stone benches are placed all along, and here and there the walks open into circles, with fountains in the middle, fed with the abundant supply of water from the mountains. These roads are cut on the side of the hill, and at frequent intervals artificial waterfalls gladden the scene. Here the nightingales warble their plaintive love-songs, not only at night but in the morning; indeed, all the wooing seems to be done at night and early morning.

As you pace through the streets of Granada you see a dusky indefinable form leaning against

the grated window, or under some balcony, and you may also perceive that the shutter is a little open, and that there is a gently blended murmur of two voices, like pigeons cooing. It is a cavalier muffled in his cloak whispering "soft nothings" to his lady love. It really seems charming, and one cannot help feeling like Biddy Phin :—

"If a somebody had been by to make love to me thin,
How charming 'twould be for your friend Biddy Phin."

But lovers are not so enterprising in Spain as in America, where a freight clerk employed on a steamer, to whom I had addressed some questions about my baggage, shortly after responded in the following terms :

"CHARMING 'MISS' (I hope you are),—

"I guess you have no objection to keeping company? I don't know your name, but that is no matter, you can take mine, which is a *good* one. I don't care how soon we are made *one*, and am yours, with love and devotion,

"MR. JEFFERSON P. N. JOHNSON."

I received this flattering epistle from the hands of a black Mercury whilst taking a sketch on the banks of the river, ten minutes after the

inquiries about my baggage. No such luck in Spain!

To return from this love-making digression to the Alhambra. In its entirety it must have occupied a large space of ground. But the barbarous pride of Charles the Fifth induced him to build a palace in the very centre of the romantic courts and marble chambers. This palace, in rough stone, never completed or even roofed, would be handsome elsewhere, but thrust as it is into the very heart of the delicate fairy-like work of the Moorish palace, it looks coarse and unseemly, and one has scarcely patience to admire this wretched attempt to destroy a monument with which it could not compete or excel. The centre of the overbearing, arrogant building is a circular court or coloseum, surrounded by colonnades and galleries, whether intended for bull-fights or tournaments is not certain, but to my mind it is the bête noir of the Alhambra; had the monarch had the good taste to build it upon one of the other hills, it would have remained a monument to his honour, as there is some handsome carving about it. As it is, it looks vulgar and pompous, and vindictive in destroying some beautiful portions of the Alhambra; to have done away with

the whole of which was, no doubt, the intention.

The Alhambra is more remarkable for its elegance and bewitching beauty than for its imposing grandeur. It does not create the feeling of awe and breathless surprise inspired by the Egyptian pyramids, the wats of Siam, and the dagobas of Ceylon: but occasions in the mind of the beholder more the sensation of delight and rapture. A thoroughly practical, prosaic mind would be very little affected by this exquisite wonder of Moorish art, though upon coming en face with the former he would surely stand erect and exclaim, "By Jove!" Their grandeur and towering magnificence would inflame a feeling of admiring wonder in the breast of the merest clod, whereas the exterior of the Alhambra presents only a view of rich barbicans or gateways, square towers, neither very high nor massive, and low buildings, with little remarkable about them but their variegated tile-roofs. Nor is the interior overpoweringly grand. It is exquisitely tasteful, the minutiæ of elegance and gracefulness, gradually elevating to the sublime.

I had not formed any very precise idea of what the Alhambra was like, though I always

felt that the tawdry imitations I had seen conveyed no idea of the reality; but I had imagined it to be one of the architectural miracles of the world, and in that respect only were my expectations not realized. No one can be disappointed with the artistic beauty, the delicate tracery, the brilliant colouring, the marvellous character of the arabesques, the slender symmetry of the white marble pillars, the singularity of the honey-combed domes, the brilliancy of the tesselated pavements, the ripple of the numerous fountains, the fairy-like chambers, while the magical light artificially cast over the whole gives it the character of a palace of enchantment, the most romantic structure on record. No wonder that stories of magicians and enchanted princesses are rife. Anything is credible in such a place, so provocative of the imagination.

After much investigation and reflection, I formed the theory that the great charm of the Alhambra is in the secret of lighting it. Tradition asserts that the builder declared that he would place the windows in such a manner that the inhabitants could not see outside, but yet they should convey sufficient light to see his beautiful workmanship inside. Thus, the light

thrown from the Arabic arches, casements, and Moorish doorways (without doors) has a witchery indescribable. The creeping shadows cast by the hundreds of marble columns, the tender minute filagree work of the myriads of tiny arches, give a softness and mellow light which must be seen to be realized. The delicate, clear blue of the Spanish sky peeping through the mullioned windows or alcoves; or, in the lofty chambers, the *chiaro-oscuro*, lit from the cupola, with its rich honeycomb of blue and scarlet, is unsurpassed.

I will not say that the Spanish sky is superior to the Italian, as the absence of several years would not justify me in making the comparison; but, in its charm of blissful beauty, it far exceeds the Eastern sky, especially in the spring. There is a poetry and exhilaration, a romantic insouciance, a pure freshness, which contrast with the fierce, glowing colouring and heat of the tropics. It is the difference between a civilized and a savage sky, if I may use the expression.

However this may be, I had never seen any building so peculiarly affected by light as the Alhambra. Hence it has no more resemblance to the Alhambra of the Crystal Palace than the

sun has to the moon—the form is the same in both cases, but the effect is totally different.

There is now very little prominent colouring—except where it has been renovated—in the building. The general tone is a rich cream colour. Where it remains bright, it is like a minutely illumined panel, or missal. No doubt, the mediæval Christians copied on paper what the Moors had worked in the wax-like stucco, for the composition is so fine that it takes a polish, and closely resembles ivory. The large white marble slabs of the flooring contribute to the pale clear light; and when a stray sunbeam, escaping through the deep embrasure of some portal or open niche, falls upon an emblazoned text from the Koran, the effect is perfectly magical. It is a spot that seems to wind round your sympathies and affections; and, if one has leisure to yield to its seductions and allurements, it becomes more difficult every day to tear yourself away from that dreamy state—half reverie, half sensation—which seems to enfold you as if in another planet.

Shall I ever forget that Sunday in Granada? What a delicious air! what millions of flowers, of roses, lilies, and laburnums the cool breeze wafted from the snowy peaks of the Sierras

Nevadas! The Scottish poet declares that of all the winds he dearly loves the west: but I think the wind which blows off snow-clad mountains is fresher, purer, more bracing, and in that happy region it made everything joyous.

I took my way through those glorious avenues of elms planted by the Duke of Wellington, to the Alhambra. A dreamy stillness reigned through its courts and brilliant chambers, and I took my seat on the edge of the fountain, where the blood of the Abencerrages still stains the purity of the white marble, and seems to tinge the very water through its transparency, for it is true there is no stain so permanent as blood; and, if left lying for a certain length of time, it is almost ineradicable. I could see, through a vista of Moorish arches, the Court of Lions, with its fountain supported by twelve lions; and the cloister surrounding the Chamber of the Sisters; and the orange-grove in the garden beyond, so sweet, so delicate, so tender! The very architecture speaks of love, and peace, and pleasure; yet, through this avenue of luxurious beauty, I seem to see the unfortunate Abencerrages introduced, one by one, into the exquisitely beautiful chamber, with the pale light descending from its lofty tower-windows; with

its honeycombs of vermilion and gold and cobalt; with its porcelain-tiled walls and white marble floor. I see them enter proud and stately, one by one—those gallant cavaliers of an illustrious line. They are seized; their haughty heads are forced over the brim of the fountain, and then severed from their bodies; and there the large basin and great patches on the floor still attest the tragedy. I could not help reflecting, if it were on a day like this, so sweet and placid, and thinking how such a butchery must have been repugnant to the place where it was committed, to the pure marble that it sullied, and to the delicate tracing of the Mosaic walls, which, splashed, must have shrunk in their loveliness from the brutal pollution of the deed. And this pure light of heaven, penetrating through from the towering roof, must have fled back to bear testimony against this revolting massacre, more cruel than that of the Janissaries, more brutal than that of St. Bartholomew. At the other side of the court, and above the Chamber of the Sisters, there is an elegant and delightful balcony, of exquisite workmanship, whence, it is said, the royal tyrant looked down on this bloody work, feasting his eyes on the last agonies of his enemies.

Surely the sun might hide his light over such a deed, and cast into the depths of Erebus alike the vices and the talents of man! Still these tragedies are played before high heaven every day, and yet we see not the angels weep!

Looking out through these arches, we can see the Court of Lions, with its one hundred and twenty-five columns, where the glowing sunlight plays and trembles. Though not large, this is perhaps the greatest gem of a cloistered court in the wide world. Every column has a sculptured capital, and supports a Moorish arch. The corners of the square are formed by a group of seven pillars, which diminish in number to one, which is the centre of each side. The whole of the wall and archways of the arcade are as if made of the finest lace, with delightful pearl edgings; much of the lacework so celebrated as "Spanish point" has had its pattern in this stucco work of the Alhambra.

The Chamber of the Two Sisters is equally elaborately finished, though more spacious, and with ante-chambers or bedrooms. Above is a walled-in gallery, which extends all round, with casement windows looking into the main chamber. These chambers were no doubt for the musicians, or if at any time inhabited, they

would serve for the houris of the harem to look down upon the festivities below.

The loftiest tower of the Alhambra contains only the Hall of the Ambassadors, a fine spacious chamber, but so lofty as to look small. The elaborate carving of the sandal-wood and the coloured ceiling are lost in the altitude. Around this chamber are nine delightful alcoves or embrasures, cut in the solid thickness of the wall (which measures over five feet in depth), terminated by Arabic double arches, over which are small perforated stucco apertures of the same elegant style, which admit the light with a softened ray, tinted by the colour of the painted fretwork. The stucco arabesques, which cover the entire walls, are filled with Arabic inscriptions, illuminated in relievo by carmine, ultramarine, and verdigris—the whole making it indeed a fit shrine for the luxurious Moorish monarch to be enthroned in, and to hold his court for the reception of the various ambassadors. There is no gallery to this apartment, and therefore the ladies could not satisfy their curiosity, even at the risk of their heads.

The walls are now nearly white, or cream-coloured, conveying the idea of rich solid lace, or a beautifully decorated wedding cake, as fine as

Chinese ivory carving. Indeed, I dreamt, the night after seeing it, that it was one endless and eternal multiplication of my Canton card-case.

From each of the nine alcoves the view was different, but equally beautiful and entrancing. The monarch, like Satan, might point out and say—"Behold the glory of my possessions!—the snow-clad sierras, like fleecy clouds, vanishing into the ether; the purple mountains covered with luscious vines; the city, with its many cupolas and campanelles, lying still and tranquil in the glowing sunlight, within the massive wall which enshrines her; the strong tower, where my foes are secured; the rushing Darro, whose sands are of gold; the vast green plains, which vanish in the distance, rich with corn; and the sloping hills dotted with flocks of sheep, and the furious Andalusian bulls for the arena; of miles and miles of shining orange-groves, shaded by the darker olive."

But hark to the trilling of the mule-bells, as the long train winds round the foot of the mountain; and to the muleteers, with their black velvet hats, bright sashes, and silver-buttoned gaiters, singing their joyous chorus! From another of the pleasant alcoves can be seen the open gallery which leads only to the

small tower—the sultana's toilette chamber—an open belvedere with an inner room, from whence she could have a panorama of east, west, and south. Nay, if her lord chose to show himself in the alcove of his audience chamber, she could beam a glowing smile upon him; and no doubt many a loving one has been wafted over the tops of those tall trees, which rise in a waving forest five hundred feet from the plain below.

But, alas! the records tell of other than love-scenes—of hatreds, and jealousies, and bitter marital wrath, and infanticide. The last but one of the Moorish kings, Muly Hassam, having been made to suspect his wife's fidelity, closed her up with her child in a grated chamber or gallery, a hundred feet above the ground. The only view from this prison was a circumscribed peep of the vast plains and mountains, or, at the other side, of the garden of Lindaraxa, with its alabaster fountains weeping diamond tears for her sorrows, amidst myrtles, and roses, and citrons; of the cool grottoes; of the marble baths, where she never more might lave, or recline in the delicious siesta. But her worst grief was at hand, in the intelligence that the king had resolved upon the death of her child.

Then the mother's nature rose superhuman over the toils of man, over the bolts, and bars, and walls, and towers. With the scarves of herself and attendants she lowered the child through the window to a faithful adherent outside, who, descending the hill to the plains, bore him swiftly upon an Andalusian charger to a safe retreat.

Now I roamed into the Chamber of the Three Princesses, and could not wonder that into this romantic fairyland the mischievous god should have found his way; until then the flowers to them no longer wafted any perfume, or the fountains any cool freshness, and the gorgeous tracery of the vermilion walls became dim; for where love is shut out, life and light and joy remain outside.

The story of these three princesses is briefly told. They were the triplet daughters of the Moorish monarch by a Christian wife, who had been taken prisoner. They had come into the world together, and had lost their mother. The horoscopes, being taken, predicted great danger to them at the age of marriage. The king was therefore warned never to allow them to range out of his immediate protection. An old duenna, who had been taken prisoner with their mother,

was placed near their persons, with orders not to lose sight of them for a moment. Their lonely apartments were decorated with Oriental splendour, with rich damasks and velvets. Their boudoir overlooked the garden of Lindaraxa; but this was like a nun's garden surrounded by a cloister, from which there was no outlet. When they went abroad, it was in the company of their father, closely veiled; and an order was issued that no eye should rest on the princesses, under pain of decapitation. Thus they never beheld a male being, except their father, and the few hideous slaves who were selected for their ugliness.

But the wily urchin laid his plans; and one day, whilst the three precious princesses were out riding with their father, the cortége came across a company of soldiers escorting prisoners of war, amongst whom were three handsome Spanish cavaliers of high rank, and who would be shortly ransomed by their family at Cordova. The troops, unable to get out of the way, and mindful of the royal ordinance, threw themselves flat on their faces; but the haughty cavaliers refused this act of abasement even to their conqueror, and remained upright. The left-handed king, furious at the indignity, drew

his scimitar, and was about to deal a blow which would surely have cleared off the heads of his proud prisoners, when his three daughters flung themselves about him, and besought him to spare the lives of such beautiful things—for of course they could not possibly guess they were men. In the scuffle their veils fell back, and presented to the view of the Spaniards the sylphs who were about to save their lives. So much beauty and gratitude combined, what could they do but fall in love with their preservers?

But a still more weighty reason was urged by the commander of the troops, who suggested that their ransom would be very heavy and readily paid, as the cavaliers were of high rank. The king, therefore, savagely decided that their lives should be spared, but that they should be put to *travaux forcé*. Thus they were shut up for the nonce in the vermilion tower, but not alone; for they carried with them the hearts of the three princesses, each one discreetly and fortunately falling in love with each other, and not following cross purposes, as romancists are apt to make lovers do.

Then the next event (which must inevitably occur in Spain) was that the cavaliers played so

exquisitely on the guitar that the princesses could do nothing but listen, and respond in Arabic verse. It did not matter that the gallants knew not the language: heart speaks to heart without the lips millions of miles away, and there is no danger of being misunderstood. In fact, I think it is rather an advantage than otherwise; for lovers speaking long together are apt to stumble into the expression of sentiments which are not always rightly understood, and tiffs and spats are often the result. Not so with this blissful trio.

Ere long, through the medium of the duenna, who was aged enough to coax a man adroitly, the prisoners were placed *en travaux forcé*, right under the only balcony whence the damsels could look over the tree-tops of the lofty hill upon which the Alhambra stands. Now flowers of every hue and perfume grew in the enclosed garden; the language of flowers is common to the whole world, and Love flew swiftly from the Mosaic balcony to the plain below, and vice versâ.

Now the three princesses no doubt sang, "Green grow the rushes, O!"—meaning, in Arabic, of course, myrtle and orange-blossom; now the roses bloomed, and even the gold fish in the

alabaster fountain got fed from their fair hands; for when we are thoroughly in love with one, we take all nature to our heart, so expansive does it become. Glorious sentiment, which turns the whole earth, sea, and sky into a boundless Elysium! Why is it so evanescent? What is the meaning of Paradise, of Heaven, of the Happy Land, if it be not this? Tell me not of sweet music, if there be no one by to listen! Talk not of the grandest scenery if there be no responsive eyes to view it? When is the moment of thrilling delight? Surely it is when, gazing upon the marvellous and beautiful, you turn to your companion *pour mirer dans ses yeux tes yeux*, and catch the glance of reciprocated pleasure.

Even the smallest of souls expands to nobility and grandeur; and when imbued with this divine passion, what hardships and trials have not the tenderest of women endured for her lover? Girls of tender age have followed their soldier fiancé through the cannons' smoke and the crash of artillery, which made every nerve in their tender frames shrink and quiver—through pestilence, and famine, and horrors that paled the rosebud cheek with awe and fright—all in the vague hope to minister to his needs and to

share the agony of his fall. When has man done nobler deeds than when he has been inspired by woman? For her he ceases to be selfish. For her he subdues his natural ferocity. Love makes man a hero, and woman a divinity.

Thus with the three princesses, when once the tender flame had warmed their hearts, they were capable of everything; so that now, when the time of the ransom of the cavaliers was at hand, their energies rose to the occasion. The duenna's services were secured, the guards were bribed, subterranean passages leading from the Alhambra down to the valley of the Darro were discovered, their home of splendour was left willingly behind, their father's wrath was defied, —death was boldly braved for the awaiting love's paradise.

The cavaliers, now free, dressed as Moorish guards, patrolled at the gates; swift, black, Andalusian steeds waited in the distance, and, like the brave Lochinvar,

> "So light to the pillion the lady he flung,
> So swift to the saddle before her he sprung."

But the youngest of the princesses, Zaïde, hesitated when the steep ladder had to be descended alone; a flood of varied sentiments—fear of the

descent, dread of her father, shyness of her lover, whom of course she had never before approached —all interfered to cause her to waver. Such pauses are mostly fatal. Adverse elements rush in and take a cruel advantage of the propitious moment.

The sound of voices is heard in the distance. Further delay, assuredly, will be fatal, and her two sisters, unless she joins them, will be lost to her for ever. Still Zaïde cannot summon resolution to act, and is therefore left behind, to mar the unity of the arrangement, and to controvert the theory that Love conquers every difficulty. It is clear, however, that she could not have been overwhelmingly in love: the spell had not acquired full potency over her; and it only remains to add that her sisters went off with their cavaliers, and Zaïde, left to unavailing repentance of her irresolution, pined to death within those gorgeous halls.

CHAPTER XXI.

A PRISONER IN THE HANDS OF THE CARLISTS.

I HAD to hurry down one morning, at four o'clock, amid the songs of larks and the light clouds of rising mists, which hung here and there like the spirits of slumber, taking their farewell of the earth for the day. Bright tints of aurora began to glisten on the tops of the mountains, where the snow still lingered in broad patches, and the old Moorish towers rose up grim and stern against the azure sky. Old convent bells were pealing out the matin Angelus, and the dark-eyed peasantry, with gay petticoats and black mantillas, were flocking to early service.

Soon we were mounted in a diligence drawn by nine mules, with twenty bells apiece, a gay postilion riding the leader. After much shaking of bells and cracking of whips, we set out from the historical and Moorish town of Granada;

through the narrow streets enclosed with the high walls of palatial residences, churches, and convents; through the grim Moorish arches, the gateways of the ramparts, to the city; through pleasant vineyards and cornfields, and isolated little churches, which made one wonder where the congregations came from to fill them. Then to the left and to the right rose more hills, till they developed into a vast range of mountains, the road winding serpent-like up the side, and trying the united capacities of our nine mules to drag us up the steep incline; the scenery expanding into grandeur as we rose, and the temperature becoming several degrees colder, till I envied my companions their great Spanish cloaks, which took up so much room, but were so picturesque.

Beside me were a smart little Spanish girl, in one corner (and there is scarcely anything sweeter), and a dreadful old duenna, who sat sideways, occupying twice the space she had paid for—a woman who uttered continued sighs and "Ah! yahs!" all the journey.

Thus travelling alternately in diligences, and carriages, and railways, we reached Madrid. I noticed throughout the disposition to be rude and rough; and I fancied that, like the Commu-

nists or Republicans of the past French revolution, it sufficed to have a refined face and a gentle voice to excite their ire.

This portion of Spain required more careful steering on my part than even the lakes of Tonli Sap. Fully impressed with this belief, I acted accordingly, avoiding anything like a collision, and arrived in safety at Madrid, where our ambassador was the first to express his horror at my temerity, and I could see it plainly depicted on his face :—

"Now, here's a peck of trouble for me. Here is a lady who is certain to be carried off by the Carlists, or put into prison by the Republicans; and I, as the English ambassador, shall have the botheration of getting her out."

He even hinted that I should take the same conveyance which had transported me thither, and go back again for the purpose of re-embarking at Gibraltar, which I considered an ignominious retreat! Then he suggested that I should leave Madrid on that very day, and, taking advantage of a temporary lull, proceed forthwith on my journey to the French frontier—anything to get me off his hands.

To all this, I replied that I rarely went back. *Je ne recueil que pour mieux sauter*, and as to

leaving Madrid without feasting my eyes on the masterpieces of Murillo and Velasquez, was not to be thought of, that I would sooner face Santa Cruz himself.

I forthwith bought that terrible man's portrait, and examined it, and decided to remain in Madrid, regretting, of course, to be a nuisance to any official; but otherwise I might never have the chance of seeing those pictures again.

I noticed in Madrid a strange rowdyism which I had little expected to find. The city itself is a poor mixture of Brussels, Paris, and New York, and with little or no Spanish characteristic about it. It is the least interesting and decidedly the ugliest portion of Spain.

When I did leave Madrid, the railroad took us about a day's journey, when we came into the Carlist country, and found the rails pulled up and the carriages rolled over the embankment.

The engineer, a short time before, having refused to stop the train at the command of the Carlist soldiers, had been shot dead, the carriages ransacked for arms or papers, and the passengers left to find their way as best they could to the nearest station.

We slept at a quaint inn, evidently Carlist, for, instead of assuring me that I should cer-

tainly get murdered, they seemed to regard my coming through the country alone as a sort of compliment; and I met with twice the polite attention that I had known in the republican part of Spain.

A sort of omnibus was offered us, and we continued our journey into the very thick of the fight. Sometimes upon reaching a village we were stopped by Carlists on one side, and by Republicans on the other. Suddenly, from off the lofty mountains, would appear a solitary figure standing in the middle of the road pointing a carbine at us. Then the driver drew in rein, and came at a slackened pace towards him. By the time we reached him, there were a dozen or a score more of fierce-looking fellows, ill dressed, but well armed.

I had taken trouble to learn my catechism well off in Spanish; so I immediately said, "I am an English lady, travelling home from India," and in proof the dusky mite was produced. "I wish to go to the South of France, as I have friends there. I have neither arms nor papers, but you are quite welcome to look, and here are my keys."

The keys were generally refused, the carriage being searched in preference.

Once, when our horses were required and

taken (no doubt the beasts were Republicans), I asked if I was to sleep in the carriage all night?

An officer stepped forward.

"Certainly not, madame, unless you wish it, and then you will have a guard. But the head-quarters are not far distant, if you will accept the hospitality of the general in command."

I said I would, and was conducted there. They treated me with every kindness and consideration, sent a long distance for a lady to come and bear me company, and gave me an excellent supper.

There were several officers of distinction: one, the Marquis de —— B——, in particular interested me, for various reasons—because he was handsome, because he had thirty wounds from balls, sabres, and bayonets (several of the former still lodged in his body), and because he had done one of the most dashing, daring, self-devoted exploits ever performed since Curtius jumped into the gulf.

The Carlists were besieging a city held by Republicans, when this gallant officer conceived the idea of surprising the place by scaling the ramparts, letting himself down at the gateway, and opening it to his comrades before the sentry should become aware of the strategy. In any

event, whether the scheme succeeded or failed, his life would be required as the sacrifice. He carried out his plan with marvellous courage, but unavailingly. He was shot down before he could open the gate, and the ruthless sentinels stabbed and hacked him almost to pieces; and, having wreaked their vengeance, threw his corpse (as they believed) over the ramparts, where he was subsequently discovered and rescued by his friends.

How he escaped with life is miraculous. He was still full of courage, and hoped that he would recover, and was ready to lose another life in the cause.

I could almost have fancied myself living in the old Cromwellian times of the cavaliers and the Roundheads, while noting the contrast between the Carlists and the Republicans.

Sometimes there was a skirmish going on in front of us, and we had to pause; sometimes a battle seemed imminent behind, and we had to hurry on; and once we travelled with a man whom I suspected to be a spy, and I became rather alarmed to be found in his company, as neither my catechism nor my passport might have availed to save me from the penalty of such a position.

But no dangers or inconveniences could ever outweigh the delights of that magnificent scenery of Spain; and, traversing the Sierra Nevadas in a carriage was far preferable to dashing through it by rail. I have enjoyed and described so many mountain pictures, that I refrain from trying the patience of my reader. I will only say that they never palled upon me, nor could their striking grandeur ever wean the lover of nature.

I reached the French frontier a little beyond Irun, and claimed to be allowed to cross over to French soil.

I had to descend from the very lofty stage where I had been seated beside the coachman, and undergo the inquirendo of the Custom House. I repeated my catechism, and showed my passport, which had been visé'd for this place.

"Da!" exclaimed the douanier, "ces dames Anglaises ont elles du courage? Da!"

And now my tour of the world was complete at Paris.

If the reader who has followed me through these pages has only felt the faintest reflection of the pleasure I enjoyed in the course of my

peregrinations—smiled over my dilemmas and sympathized with my occasional troubles—my end in writing will have been accomplished.

Profounder works will afford more elaborate and minute information upon any of the topics touched upon in these volumes, and allusion has been made to them if sufficient interest has been excited for the reader to wish to consult them.* I have merely essayed to give my own experience of the world and the impressions it made upon me individually.

* Upon ethnology, geology, botany, theology, &c., &c.

THE END.

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